# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Volume 201, Number 7

AUG. 18, 1928

5c. THE COPY
10c. in Canada

Norman Rockwell

E. W. Howe—Earl Derr Biggers—R. G. Kirk—George Weston—Will Payne
Don Marquis—Commander Ralph D. Weyerbacher—Leonard H. Nason

# And oh, say!...*Just* TRY *Muffets!*

Has no one said that to you yet? Then someone will! And you'll know the reason for it with the very first Muffet you see!

About the size and shape of a patty shell—and as light! Its butternut-browned, crinkly round top a promise of crunchy crispness—a promise kept by every spoonful that crumbles in your mouth, from the first to the last.

That's your Muffet! Being pure whole wheat, it gives you calories, bran roughage, body-building minerals. Cooked, baked, toasted, it gives you easy digestibility.

Conveniently broken up in your cereal dish, sprinkled with sugar, doused with cream, or with fruit added, fresh, stewed, preserved—downright good eating!

Why wait for others to tell you about Muffets? Try them for yourself, at breakfast tomorrow morning, and *you* can do the telling!

The Quaker Oats Company, Chicago; Peterborough, Canada.

# Why these hosiery shades are correct FOR FALL

**LUCILE *of Paris* tells why, out of a thousand possible color variations, she creates these particular autumn colors for Holeproof Hosiery and what gives them the indelible stamp of smartness**

AUTUMN! Bronze and rust tones appear in costume fabrics! The new shoe styles reflect a returning interest in beige; in grege, that subtle blending of beige and gray. Evening things demand a new delicacy of tint. Hosiery colors take on a new and beguiling interest.

But one must use such care in selecting. For that reason, Lucile goes over and over the fabric predictions; she examines the newer color trends in every department of fashion before creating new shades for Holeproof Hosiery each season.

You may select hosiery in any of the colors Lucile now sends from Paris with the assurance that your costume is perfectly harmonized. You need not have an endless variety. Whether your clothes budget is limited or plentiful, the plan of selecting these Paris-approved shades is quite the wisest.

## Hosiery news this fall includes:

. . . . . the beige and brown tints that will harmonize with (not match) your newest frocks; such colors as the new Chantilly, Mignon, Morocain, Parisienne;

. . . . . the soft gray and gunmetal that autumn changes in costume color require (Lucile's versions in Holeproof Hosiery are called Chateau and Militaire);

. . . . . a bizarre, bronze-lit color for wear with black, certain yellows and greens (called Ficele);

. . . . . the delicate silver, mauve and pink shades which are decreed for evening time—Duvet, Soiree and Lisette.

Every one of these colors was created with a definite "style picture" in mind. Every one carries Lucile's enthusiastic recommendation.

Lucile colors in Holeproof Hosiery are obtainable at better shops throughout the country. From the sheerest of Picot top chiffons to the clearest of sturdy service weights, these stockings are uniformly lovely; skilfully full fashioned, finely woven, exquisitely finished. Priced moderately up to $3.75.

*Chiffon tea gown by Lucile, in Coquille D'Oeuf (Eggshell color), with brilliant gold embroidery inserts. The wide sleeves are gathered at the wrist, where another embroidery insert ends. With this gown —self-color silk moire slippers and Holeproof sheer chiffon stockings in Lisette—a new color by Lucile-Paris.*

# Holeproof Hosiery

New York City; and London, Canada

© H. H. Co.

# WHY HART SCHAFFNER & MARX KNOW WHAT UNIVERSITY MEN WANT

A staff of style observers are continually making the rounds of the leading universities. They hunt out the new things—our designers then produce these clothes exactly as University men want them

Copyright 1928 Hart Schaffner & Marx

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President

George H. Lorimer, First Vice-President
William Boyd, John B. Williams and Walter D. Fuller, Second Vice-Presidents
Philip S. Collins, Treasurer

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street Covent Garden, W. C.

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1928, by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain. Title Registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Can.

George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Frederick S. Bigelow, A. W. Neall, Thomas B. Costain, Wesley W. Stout, B. Y. Riddell, Thomas L. Masson,
Associate Editors

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., St. Paul, Minn., San Francisco, Cal., Kansas City, Mo., Savannah, Ga., Denver, Colo., Louisville, Ky., Houston, Tex., Omaha, Neb., Ogden, Utah, Jacksonville, Fla., New Orleans, La., Portland, Me., Los Angeles, Cal., Richmond, Va., Boston, Mass.

*Volume 201* *5c. THE COPY* *PHILADELPHIA, PA., AUGUST 18, 1928* *$2.00 By Subscription (52 issues)* *Number 7*

# PLAIN PEOPLE

## By E. W. HOWE

*ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT JOHNSON*

I COME of a long line of plain people, my immediate ancestor being Henry Howe, and his father an Englishman who married a Pennsylvania Dutch woman. In reading biography I have observed that while the writer's ancestors are frequently poor, they have usually been distinguished in some way, but I cannot recall a distinguished man or woman related to me. Indeed, in my youth, Howe seemed an uncommon name. A certain Lord Howe early attracted my attention, but I got no comfort from him, as I found that in the Revolutionary War he fought my countrymen.

Quite recently, while in New Zealand, I met a London man who had visited Pennsylvania long before, and who believed the Pennsylvania Dutch the best people mankind has produced. This compliment for my grandmother greatly pleased me, for though I had long known my grandfather sprang from a notable race, I have been prejudiced against the English because of unpleasant things they say about us.

I know the addresses of none of my relatives except a brother who lives next door, and of his children and my own. In visiting homes, I frequently see old pictures, silver or furniture coming down from ancestors. I have nothing of this kind. The only relic I have of my father is an old spectacle case. I have no picture of my mother, nor anything touched by her hands. I do not believe she ever had a picture taken. Whether my father was born in Pennsylvania or Ohio I do not know certainly, but recall that he had brothers in Ohio, and am rather of the opinion that he originated there. Pennsylvania confuses me somewhat in thinking of his early history, because I occasionally heard him talk Dutch to amuse his neighbors, who regarded any other language than English as a curiosity. I often heard father say his mother was "the better horse" of his parents, as she ruled the family; a statement which attracted my attention, as I had heard Englishmen are dominant husbands. His people were farmers, and he engaged in that calling all his life, except that he added schoolteaching and later Methodist preaching as ornaments. I heard little about his relatives in Ohio beyond a brother Samuel, who late in life concluded to quit tobacco. Soon after, he became very ill, and the doctor said that as Uncle Samuel hadn't long to live, he might as well solace his last days with his old bad habit, whereupon my Uncle Samuel began chewing again, and soon recovered his health. I think father told this story as an apology for his own use of tobacco.

We also heard of a sister Susan who became a clerk in one of the departments in Washington. It was one of our family boasts that she was an expert in her line, but I do not recall what it was, and we may have exaggerated her skill. She had sons who engaged in the development of an addition to the city, but we later heard they "broke up"—a misfortune attending a good many of the men in our family. I recall another relative who, in a distant place, was reputed to be a coachman wearing gorgeous livery, but though we were proud of this distinction, we did not boast as much about him as of Aunt Susan.

We wondered a good deal that she worked outside her home, as there was no such type in Fairview. All the women we knew were what is now called old-fashioned and devoted to their homes and menfolks, from necessity or pleasure. We knew one husband a little submissive, but his meekness was resented frequently by the other men, who said they would like to wring her neck when speaking of his wife, or told what they would do should necessity compel them to deal with her. Lately I met an elderly widow and daughter who spoke so submissively of "father" that somehow I was reminded of the old days in Fairview. If at mealtime there was a larger number than the table would accommodate, the boys and men ate and the women and girls waited on them. This custom, tainted with inheritance

*He Frequently Rode About on Horseback to Preach and Pray in the Homes of the More Distant Neighbors.- I Often Accompanied Him*

*That Was a Day of Child Whipping, and in Strong Contrast With the Indulgence of Today*

as far back as Indiana, Ohio and possibly Pennsylvania, may have influenced me unfairly later when called upon to consider the new woman.

I do not know the year, but early in life my father moved to Indiana, where he married a woman named Roby. At her death, which seems to have occurred six or seven years later, he married my mother, who brought up two children by his first marriage.

I know in a dim sort of way that he lived in a heavily timbered section of Indiana in 1853, where I was born on the third of May of that year. Many years ago I met an elderly man from that section who told me more about it than I had known before. He said my father was very religious, and at the head of what was called a Holiness Association, memory of which continued in the vicinity a long time, though no such shouters are known now. But the leader did no shouting himself; he merely inspired it, as an eloquent speaker is rewarded with applause.

My informant further said a village called Treaty was later built on the site of our farm, and that it might as well never have been built, as Treaty is now almost no town at all. My informant believed father's first wife was a widow with one child, but I had always regarded this girl as my half sister.

I have never been to Treaty since I left it when three years old, in a covered wagon headed West, and have always understood some of our neighbors, including my mother's father and his family, followed us. Of this journey I actually remember nothing, although I learned something about it later from the talk of my elders. My recollection begins in Harrison County, Missouri, where the travelers found land to suit them. Whether this was wild and free to anyone, or whether they paid a low price for it, I do not know. They all selected prairie farms, although in the distance could be seen timberland, from which they later hauled their wood. The settlement was early called Fairview, and is so known to this day. I have heard my father say that the work of clearing the Indiana farm of heavy trees made him prematurely old, and all the neighbor men talked of the Indiana woods as of a nightmare. I frequently read statements that pioneers should be given credit for hardships in opening up the West. I have always lived in the West, and the many pioneers I have known seemed to feel they were better off than they had been before.

Many years ago I met an old Methodist preacher I had known in Fairview. He told me some gossip about my family that rather disturbed me, and I believe he told it for that purpose—that my father's second marriage occurred within a few months after the death of his first wife, which I have heard him mention as though there had been some criticism among the neighbors, his explanation being that with two little children on his hands there was nothing else for him to do. When he talked in this strain, my mother said nothing.

Not far from the house we built in Missouri was a combined church and school, in a corner of our field, and I have always understood that my father not only built it but preached without charge for his services. He was the only pastor the church ever had while I lived in its vicinity. In addition, he frequently rode about on horseback to preach and pray in the homes of the more distant neighbors. I often accompanied him on these journeys, which usually began Saturday night, but we were always home early Monday to begin the week's work.

I visited a good many families in the course of these journeys, but do not recall many of them distinctly, except that as a rule they lived in one-room houses built of logs. On one side was a fireplace in which they cooked. On the opposite side of the one big room were three four-poster beds, and under each one a trundle-bed for the children. I recall how the women cooked in the fireplaces by means of hanging pots, and in what they called spiders—great skillets with legs. The skillets had iron tops, and live coals were placed on these to assist in the cooking. At bedtime father and I were compelled to undress in the presence of the family, and my first recollection of politeness is of parents and children steadily gazing into the fireplace while we were exposed.

In addition to his circuit riding, every summer father held camp meetings, where collected people from a large territory. I always went with him when he selected the sites, and helped clean up the brush for the platform and benches and the covered wagons and tents in which the people lived five or six days.

The first wickedness I ever heard of came with attendance on these camp meetings, for on their edges collected strange men who sold keg beer and whisky in bottles, and their patrons engaged in rough language and fighting. In our immediate neighborhood all were at least afraid of the church, but here I found a good many who were not. Being curious and active, I went everywhere, and heard men ridicule the services for which we were assembled.

All the other children joined the church early, but I never did, nor was I invited to. This seems remarkable, but it is my recollection. I was always so much of an unbeliever in the religion of my father and his neighbors that they let me alone. I recall that my brother Jim, after joining the church, was moaning in bed the night it happened because of his sins, and I mocked him. He soon lost his temper and we engaged in a fight, and mother caught us at it. On hearing the cause of the disturbance she joined me in laughing about it. Jim soon forgot his anger and laughed with us. Many years afterward he used to say that if he went to hell I would be responsible, as he once started right and that I made such fun of him that he again became a sinner.

My mother was Elizabeth Irwin and, so far as I am able to recall, members of her family were not religious. Her father was Charles Irwin, a quiet man who made shingles, and his wife the doctor for all our neighbors, with backwoods experience her only diploma. Except my mother, who was weakly, their children were all large men and women and disposed to good looks. Father was a smaller man than the Irwins, and may have been disposed to envy their finer stature, for he always said they were shiftless.

From going about with him, I had very intimate knowledge of the people attending his religious services, and some of them acted in a way that seemed queer to me. These I mocked in private, greatly to the amusement of my brothers and sisters and other children with whom we came in contact. I recall giving a performance of this kind on one occasion, my brothers having agreed to do my evening chores as reward for the impiety. Suddenly my mother appeared, and as I loved her and wasn't afraid, I continued. I recall to this day that she laughed good-naturedly at my imitations of characters she knew as well as I did. Afterward, when I engaged in mocking our neighbors, some of the children would run to call mother, if father was not at home. But she frequently warned me not to let father catch me. He did once, and her warning was well timed, for he gave me a whipping.

That was a day of child whipping, and in strong contrast with the indulgence of today. Whether the old plan was better than the new I am not able to make up my mind. I learn and come to conclusions slowly; when I reach my final days I shall say of a great many other things, "I do not know which is best." If the old Fairview men could come back now and see present changed conditions as to children and women, I often wonder what they would say. Probably they would be as helpless as the men are now.

A recollection of my childhood is of a father attempting to whip a big boy, of the boy resisting, crying and screaming he was too old to be whipped, and that he had repeatedly given notice he would not submit to it again. My father ceased whipping me only after I went away to work for myself, at about the age of fifteen; but I have observed that I have been whipped steadily since, when deserving it, by the frowns and grumbling of the neighbors. The old Arabs said the whip was sent from heaven for our good; certainly we never escape it.

I was brought up in my own father's family like a bound boy, for if he ever had affection for me I never knew it. He drove me to work early and kept me steadily at it. One of my recollections is of his saying that I had been an expense to him until I was seven years old. I think I was naturally a lazy boy, and now confess his driving me to work was a benefit. Early in life I so thoroughly acquired the habit of industry that I have never recovered from it; to this day I work rapidly. Almost every afternoon, now that I am old, I work in the field for exercise with my brother, an industrious man. Frequently he says to me, "Don't work so fast. You will hurt yourself." I learned the habit of quickly completing my daily task that I might have time to play.

I could not have been of much assistance on the farm from the age of seven, when I was put to work, until eleven, when we moved to town; but I had my regular hours of work, as the others had. We threshed wheat by placing it in circular piles and driving horses over it. My work was to drive the horses. We cut wheat with old-fashioned cradles, and I carried jugs of water to the cradlers. I stripped sorghum in the field, helped when the juice was pressed out, and later in boiling, to turn it into molasses. I husked the down row at corn-picking time. Another of my regular duties was to help mother make tallow candles, using a tin mold holding six. I have seen houses lighted at night with a rag burning in a saucer of grease, but we always used candles. Another of my duties was to grate corn meal for mush. Probably I did this only in the fall, when the ears were young and tender, but at this distance it seems to me I did it every day. We had what we called a long killing of hogs in the fall and a short killing in the spring, and I helped in these operations.

I do not believe I ever heard of Christmas while in the country, and we had no luxuries except a taffy made from sorghum molasses. Sometimes we were permitted to parch corn, grind it in a coffee mill and eat it with cream.

It always seemed to me father was unnecessarily harsh with all of us. Once I had a toothache—possibly one of the more stubborn of my first set. He knocked it out with a cold chisel and a hammer. It was an efficient way, but nearly killed me, and he whipped me for crying. The whippings were not brutal, but painful and humiliating, and I scarcely escaped a day. My Aunt Sarah, who was at our house a good deal and whom I sincerely loved, used to say that when I was whipped I dropped to the ground at the first stroke and screamed as though losing my life. This caused father to let up somewhat, and Aunt Sarah used to laugh at my way of protecting myself, from which I imagined she did not think I was very severely punished. My half brother Jim was stubborn and would not cry, which resulted in the switch being laid on harder.

I am disposed to believe that, in managing me, father did what he considered his duty. He was brought up as he brought me up, and knew no other way. I am grateful that I have found life less harsh. He seemed to be a natural backwoodsman, and usually left a community when it became civilized.

He was a singer, and used the talent in his religious services. I think he really had an unusually agreeable voice. There is a famous Italian barytone named Amato. I have his records for the phonograph and frequently play them, for the voices of the two men were actually much alike, although one was world-famous and the other an uncultured backwoodsman. He could write music and arranged duets in which my childish treble fitted well with his mature voice. I am sure he took me with him on his trips because of my ability to assist him in his songs, for my company did not seem to please him at any other time.

Shadows of men and women come and go in my memory, but I am able to recall distinctly only a few of our neighbors at Fairview. I specially love the memory of George Meek and his family, who lived nearest us. I was frequently permitted to go to their house after I had completed my tasks, and most of the enjoyment I knew while on the farm I have them to thank for, although my mother's brother, Joe Irwin, and my half brother Jim, both older than I, were kind to me.

The first special friend I ever had was one of the Meek boys, but it was so long ago and there were so many of the Meeks that I do not recall whether it was Henry, Pascal or Abram. I have not seen him in more than sixty years. If he had wife or children I do not know it, I am so completely separated from my youth.

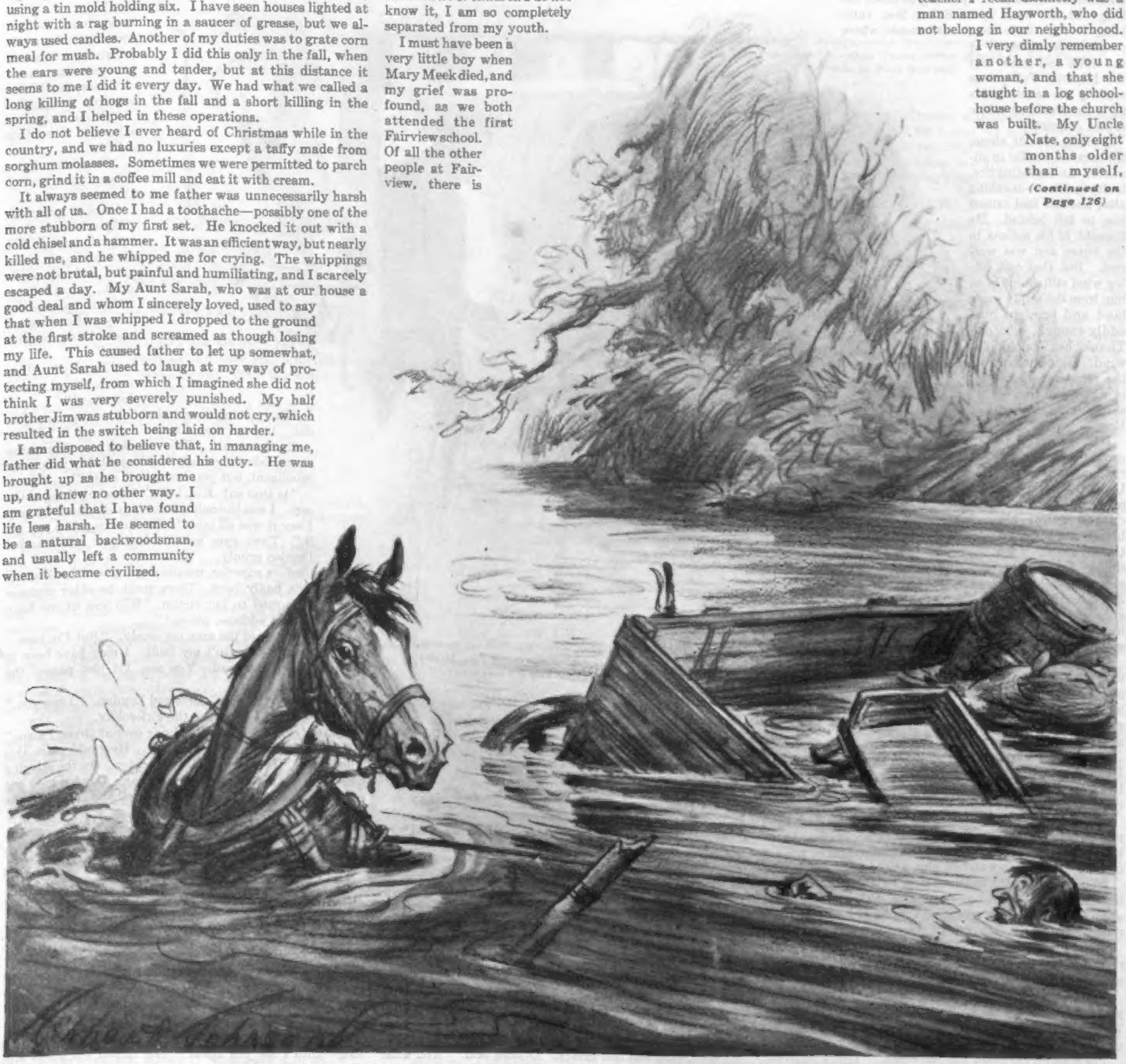
I must have been a very little boy when Mary Meek died, and my grief was profound, as we both attended the first Fairview school. Of all the other people at Fairview, there is something unpleasant to recall, but of George Meek and members of his family I have only pleasant recollections.

Not long ago I read the biography of Henry Wallace, whose son became Secretary of Agriculture. I was greatly impressed, because Henry Wallace's family was as religious as ours and lived in a rural section—I think in New England. But the neighbors and parents were kind, and they lived comfortably, pleasantly, usefully and intelligently. I believe we might have so lived at Fairview, for all seemed intelligent enough. I do not recall a fool in the neighborhood. But there was some dominating influence that was wrong. I have often regretted George Meek did not control in all Fairview as he did in his own household.

Another neighbor I recall distinctly was named Veazey Price, famous because he had no children. Large families of children were the rule when I was young, and so Veazey Price and Aunt Mahala, his wife, who had none, attracted our wonder. After moving to town I knew a man who had only one child, but a married couple with no children at all was unknown to me until many years later. It is common enough in these days, but I never hear of such a case even now without wondering how it happened.

During the winter there was school in the church, but the only teacher I recall distinctly was a man named Hayworth, who did not belong in our neighborhood. I very dimly remember another, a young woman, and that she taught in a log schoolhouse before the church was built. My Uncle Nate, only eight months older than myself,

(Continued on Page 126)



*The Stream Was a Terror in Our Neighborhood, and When a Man Went to Town His Wife and Children Begged Him to be Careful*

# NINA AND THE BLEMISH

## By Earl Derr Biggers

ILLUSTRATED BY SAUL TEPPER

THE desert caravan in which Jim Dryden rode traveled only at night. Long nights they seemed to Jim, with the wind howling in his ears, the sage and the mesquite lying in a deathly hush under the pale unfriendly stars and the gray sand whirling ahead of him down that lonely stretch of macadam.

He stepped on the gas and glanced at his speedometer. Thirty miles—thirty-two. Vainly he sought to catch the whir of his motor above the roar of the wind. Was it running smoothly now? He hoped so. Dawn ought to find him close to his journey's end. For day and the sun's heat in that country meant that the precious cargo at his back in the truck would perish. He bent over and, skillful from practice, lighted a cigarette, his wrists guiding the wheel.

A romantic figure? The idea would have startled him—called forth that slow, surprised smile of his. A young man, lean and tanned, in khaki shirt and trousers, doing his job. Speeding on down the long road that leads by the Salton Sea; rumbling through little desert settlements where people awoke suddenly at the noise and knew that the Imperial Valley was sending its cantaloupes up to the breakfast tables of Los Angeles.

Tonight he rode alone; the caravan was far in advance. An exploding tire, faulty ignition—one thing after another had caused him to fall behind. He thought of his melons in the boxes and was worried. But that cold biting wind still swept in on him from the sandy waste land and brought him, oddly enough, comfort. Thank heaven for the wind. Better than the refrigerator cars in which the freight shipments traveled East.

His headlights caught a sign on the road ahead: Stop! U. S. Officers. One more delay. He cursed under his breath and threw on the brakes. Two sleepy immigration men with flash lights and absurdly large guns greeted him as he leaped to the ground.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" said one of the officers. "So far behind the rest of the gang we almost missed you."

"Well, I guess I could 'a' lived through that too," Dryden grinned. "What can I do for you? Breakfast? I can give you a real nice melon, but I'm a little short on coffee an' rolls."

One of the men climbed onto the truck and his flash light played over the crates. The Imperial Valley lies close to the border and smuggled aliens on the melon trucks are not unknown. Dryden watched him, a tired smile on his face.

"You're the most suspicious guys I ever met in my life," he commented. "Ain't you ever goin' to trust me? What would I be doin' with smuggled Chinks at a measly three thousand a head? Me, I ain't got no use for money."

"Is that so?" replied the other man. He dropped to the road and rolled under the truck, where his light flickered uncertainly.

"You be careful, buddy," said Dryden. "If that gun o' yours goes off, you'll blow up all Southern California. What gets me is you guys goin' around with nothin' but a cannon in your belt. Brave, I call it."

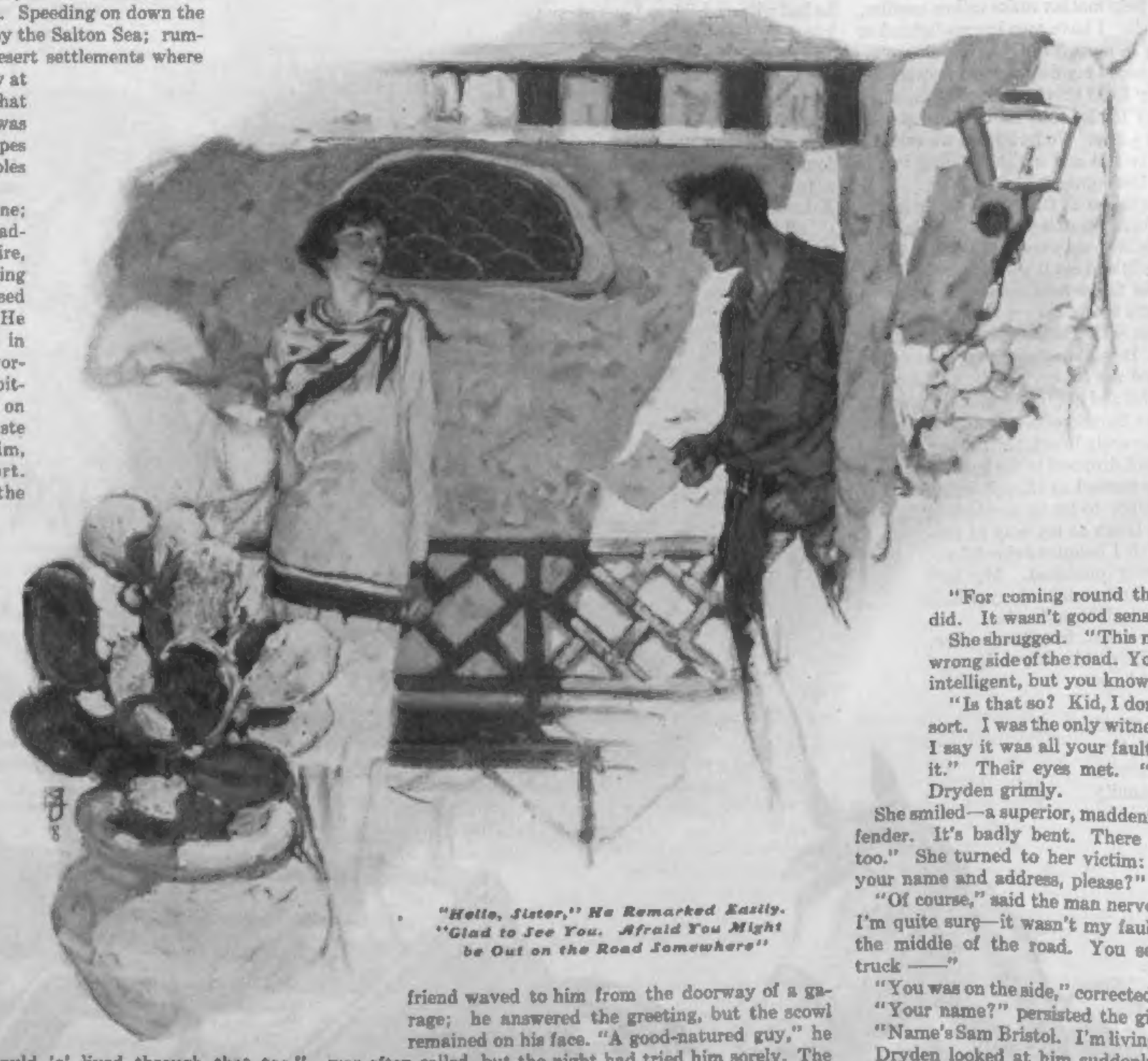
The man on the truck jumped down. "Got a cigarette, kid?" he inquired.

"Oh, is that what you was lookin' for?" Dryden proffered a package. "And me thinkin' all the time you was after the Chink I got curled up in a melon in that back crate. Will the cigarette be enough, or are you all out o' matches too?"

The officer took the sign from the road. "Go along," he suggested.

"I'll do that," Dryden answered, and swung onto his seat. He leaned over, harassed and sarcastic. "You must come and see me sometime," he remarked, and the truck leaped off into the grayness that presaged dawn.

Dawn was a fact as he rolled into Indio. He went down the main street like the Limited on a falling grade. A



*"Hello, Sister," He Remarked Easily. "Glad to See You. Afraid You Might be Out on the Road Somewhere"*

friend waved to him from the doorway of a garage; he answered the greeting, but the scowl remained on his face. "A good-natured guy," he was often called, but the night had tried him sorely. The town dropped behind; the flaming sun peered over the wall of the hills, turning their dusky red to rose. The beauty of a desert sunrise filled the world. An old story to Dryden; he was thinking of melons.

As he approached the road that turns off to Palm Springs a battered little flivver came up behind and screeched by him, down the center of the empty highway. Dryden watched it idly—then suddenly his hand was on the brakes. For a glittering roadster had shot out of the Palm Springs road at fifty miles an hour. It struck the flivver amidships. There was a crash, a woman's cry, and Dryden stopped just in time on the edge of the wreckage.

He leaped to the ground. The solitary occupant of the expensive car was still at the wheel—a handsome girl of about twenty. Though she had been betrayed into a cry of fright, there was nothing of distress in her brown eyes now. She regarded Jim Dryden coolly, impersonally, as though he were part of a rather uninteresting landscape.

"Well, that was real pretty," Dryden said. "And what are your plans now?" More delay. He was inwardly raging. "Back away, if you know how it's done, and let's see what was runnin' this other car."

Her eyes flashed indignantly, but she backed off. A man disentangled himself from what was left of the flivver. His hair was prematurely gray; he was thin and ill-looking, trembling all over. He said nothing.

"You hurt, buddy?" Jim Dryden inquired.

"No—no, I guess not." The man's pale face twitched nervously. "But my car—it's—it's done for now, I guess."

Dryden looked at the wreckage. He was about to mention the junk heap, but hesitated. Some sixth sense told him that this was tragedy.

"Don't you worry," he said soothingly. "The young lady's goin' to pay you for the damage. Say, sister, do you always travel onto a main road at that speed?"

She had alighted and stood there on the highway. Slim, hatless, with bobbed brown hair, the modern young woman at her best—or worst.

"Since when?" she inquired haughtily.

"Since when—what?" Dryden asked.

"Since when have I been your sister? It's news to me."

Dryden grinned. "My mistake. And lucky for you it is." Her manner, arrogant and self-confident, roused him. "If you was my sister you'd get a good spanking right now."

"Really? How interesting! And for what?"

"For coming round that corner the way you did. It wasn't good sense."

She shrugged. "This man was traveling on the wrong side of the road. You're probably not overly intelligent, but you know that much."

"Is that so? Kid, I don't know anything of the sort. I was the only witness to this smash-up, and I say it was all your fault. You ought to pay for it." Their eyes met. "And you will," added Dryden grimly.

She smiled—a superior, maddening smile. "Look at my fender. It's badly bent. There must be other damage too." She turned to her victim: "Will you let me have your name and address, please?"

"Of course," said the man nervously. "But I'm sure—I'm quite sure—it wasn't my fault. I may have been in the middle of the road. You see, I'd just passed the truck ——"

"You was on the side," corrected Dryden. "I saw you."

"Your name?" persisted the girl coldly.

"Name's Sam Bristol. I'm living over at Green Palms."

Dryden looked at him suddenly. He could place this fellow now. He stepped to the roadster. On the steering wheel was the certificate of registration. Dryden took out a soiled bit of paper and a stub of pencil and copied off the name and address.

The girl turned. "What are you doing?"

"Never you mind, Miss Brockway," he answered. "You'll hear from us later. Got insurance, I suppose?"

"That happens to be my affair."

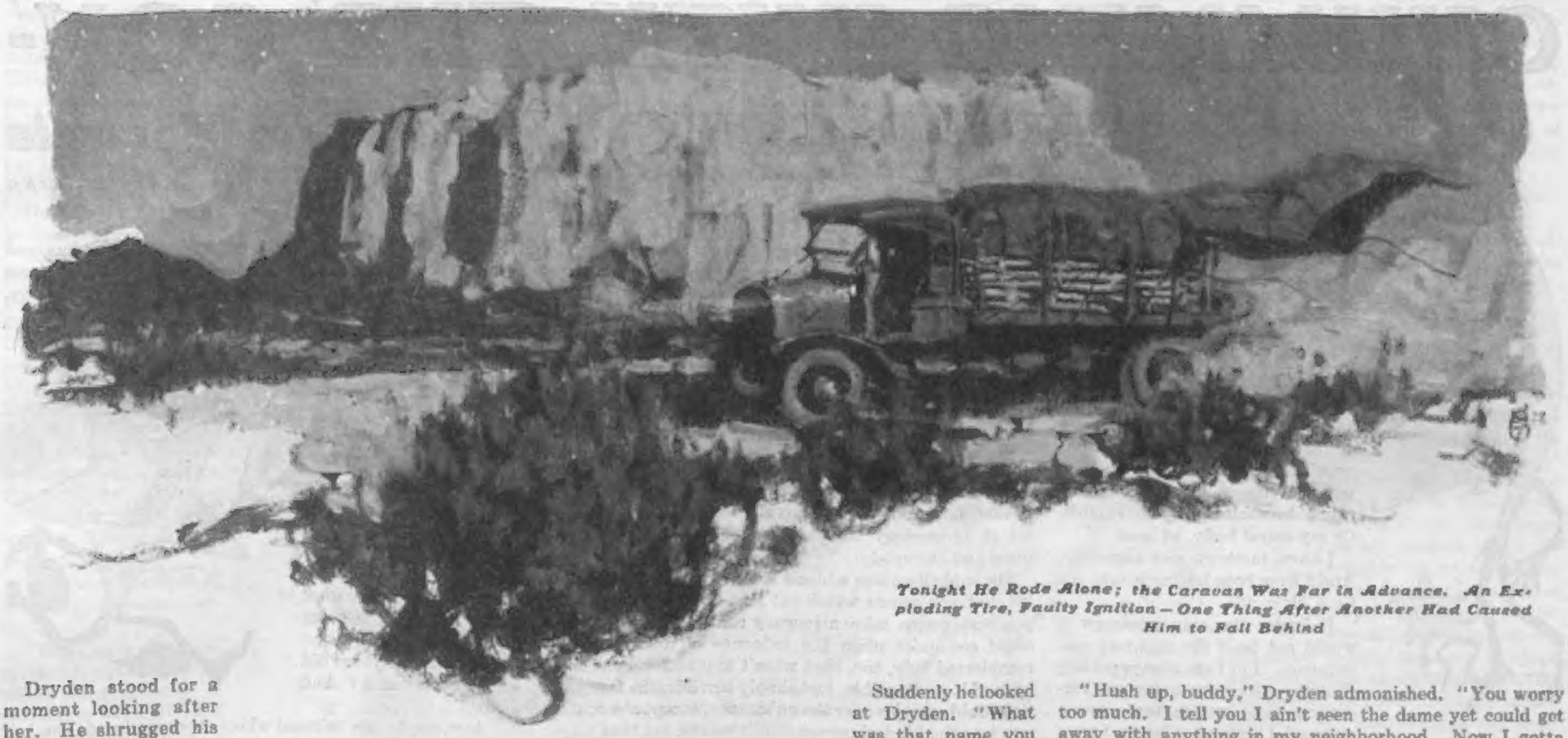
"Yeah? Well, we'll let you know how much you owe us. I guess your check will be O. K."

She came over and got into her car. "You seem rather sure of yourself," she remarked.

"The same to you, kid," he answered. Again their eyes met. "One of us may have to back down," he suggested.

Her eyes defied him. "It's a little habit I've never formed," she said.

"Funny," grinned Dryden. "I'm that way too. So long—until I see you again." She turned the wheel and swept grandly off toward Indio.



*Tonight He Rode Alone; the Caravan Was Far in Advance. An Exploding Tire, Faulty Ignition—One Thing After Another Had Caused Him to Fall Behind*

Dryden stood for a moment looking after her. He shrugged his lean shoulders. "I know her kind too," he said, as one who boasted wide acquaintance among women. "Queen of the world, in her own opinion. Tourist, most likely. A few of 'em still hangin' round, infesting a pretty good state. From New York, I suppose."

"I'm from New York myself," said Bristol, with a touch of asperity in his voice.

"Yeah? Well, what you goin' to do, buddy? What about this pile of tin?"

"Might as well leave it and walk back home," replied Bristol hopelessly.

"What? Say, now, don't quit on me! Leave it—hell! Hop on board my truck an' I'll take you into Banning. Fellow I know there runs a garage. We'll tell him to come an' get your car an' fix it up."

Bristol shook his head. "I haven't a cent in the world. The garage man would know it too—no credit."

"That's all right. He'll fix it if I say so. An' we'll make that high-an'-mighty dame pay for the job."

"She won't," objected the other. "I could see that. More likely she'll send me a bill. She's that kind."

Dryden snorted impatiently. "Say, buddy, I'm late as it is. Get aboard here an' let me handle this. Never saw the dame yet could put anything over on me."

Reluctantly the owner of the wrecked car helped Dryden push it to the side of the road, then climbed aboard the truck.

Again Jim Dryden and his cantaloupes were on their way. For a time neither man spoke. Bristol's face still twitched, his hands trembled.

"Pretty hard lines losing the old bus just now," he said at last. "They're doing a movie over by Palm Springs next week—a big war picture. I'd been promised a job as an extra—five dollars a day, real money—and I wanted it pretty bad."

"War picture, eh?" Dryden's voice was filled with scorn. "The movies cashing in on the war again. Trenches an' actors in nice new uniforms—love among the hand grenades. It won't be your first time in the trenches—hey, buddy?"

"How did you know?" Bristol looked at him. "Oh, yes—Green Palms—it's a sort of label, isn't it? It's true, I'm one of them. Gassed and a few bits of shrapnel. I've been trying for ten years to get right again."

"If anybody's got any call to make money out of the war, I guess it's you, hey, old-timer?"

"Maybe—but how am I going to do it now? No car to get to location. I promised two of the other fellows I'd take 'em along. Gosh, they'll be sorry!"

"Sorry about what?"

"About my not having a car."

"You'll have it. Quit kidding yourself."

"But the money ——"

Dryden shot nonchalantly past a big limousine, leaving it just an inch of leeway. "I tell you that dame's goin' to pay. I was a witness, wasn't I? You leave it to me."

Bristol was silent for a moment.

Suddenly he looked at Dryden. "What was that name you called her?"

"Brockway—Nina Brockway. It was on the registration card."

"Palm Springs?"

"Yeah."

"Good Lord!" Bristol's voice was awe-struck. "You know who her father is?"

"God help him, whoever he is."

"But he's Henry C. Brockway. You know what that means?"

"It means nothing to me, buddy."

"Why, he's got millions—millions! Cleaned up in Wall Street. Somebody told me he was at Palm Springs. I used to hear a lot about him in New York. He's a big man."

"One man's pretty much like another out here," said Dryden. "It don't matter to me who he is. Don't be so easy impressed, buddy. You give me a pain in the neck."

Bristol relapsed into silence, thinking his New York thoughts.

They swept up before a Banning garage and the proprietor came out smiling.

"'Morning, Bill," Dryden cried.

"Hello, Jim. You're pretty late, ain't you?"

"I'll say I am. . . . Listen, Bill. This is Sam Bristol, a friend of mine. Some jazzy dame nicked him out by the Palm Springs road an' wrecked his car. Go out with him an' pick it up an' put it back in shape. He's got to have it by Saturday night."

"Sure will," agreed Bill.

"An' say, give him a statement," added Dryden. "The dame will pay it, an' if she shouldn't, I'm responsible."

"Oh, no, I couldn't let you ——" began Bristol.

*"You're Looking at My Pictures, Ain't You? Sort of Carry You Back, Don't They?"*

"Hush up, buddy," Dryden admonished. "You worry too much. I tell you I ain't seen the dame yet could get away with anything in my neighborhood. Now I gotta leave you. These here melons is cryin' to be et." And he dashed away down Banning's main street.

II

IN THE big house he had rented at Palm Springs, Henry C. Brockway was lying in a darkened room on the second floor, taking his afternoon rest. Three thousand miles were between him and Wall Street, that brief thoroughfare where he had picked up twenty million dollars, high blood pressure, a neuralgic heart and a little asthma on the side. "Rest," the doctors had said—"you must have rest." He lay there tense and unrelaxed, seeking to attain that rest, going after it like a born go-getter, but unlike the millions, it eluded him. He sighed.

He heard a car in the drive, and then the voice of his son-in-law, Arthur, Edith's husband, who had been playing solitaire on the veranda.

"Hello, Nina—back at last. . . . What's this, my girl? Another smash-up?"

Henry C. raised his head, alert and frowning. He waited for the voice of Nina, his younger daughter.

"Oh, pipe down," she said. "Father will hear and hit the ceiling again. Had a little accident, that's all." Henry C. crept silently to the window. "Someone got in my way, as usual."

"Who was it this time?" inquired the blasé Arthur, glad of a bit of excitement at last.

"Who? What does that matter? Just a blemish—that's all he was. And another blemish got down from a truck and had the nerve to say it was my fault. They stick together, these blemishes do."

Wearily Henry C. put on his shoes, his coat. Going below, he followed his wayward daughter into the garage. He stood for a moment staring at the car.

"Again, eh?" he inquired.

"What do you mean—again?"

"You know what I mean. I'm sick and tired of it, I can tell you. Drive like a wild woman —— I've a good mind to take this car away from you."

"Now, dad, don't get excited."

"Who wouldn't get excited? Every time you go out on the road —— No wonder they canceled your insurance. . . . It wasn't your fault, of course."

"Of course not."

"I don't believe you. But even if you were right, you couldn't prove it—not with your record. Well, by heaven, you'll pay for it this time—out of your own allowance! I've signed the last check for you."

"Neither of us will pay. I'll see to that. . . . Calm down."

"Calm down? That's good. Calm down—rest—keep quiet. That was the idea out here. But with you around ——"

She frowned. "I'll leave if you say so. If I'm in the way here ——"

"Now—now!" There was a note of panic in Brockway's voice; he was, oddly enough, fond of her. "I didn't mean, Nina—you understand—I'm on edge all the time."

*(Continued on Page 107)*

# CHUMMING WITH THE CONSTELLATIONS

By Don Marquis

DECORATIONS BY WYNCIE KING

I HAVE recently hitched my wagon to a star, not to mention several prominent planets, fashionable constellations, well-received satellites. I am hitch-hiking across the firmament. Should you observe, some evening, a comet doing its speed-demon stuff among the interstellar spaces and giving the effect that the gas has been most resolutely stepped on, powerful lenses might reveal me riding breathlessly in the rumble. Or my astral body, at least.

I have, in short, met astrology. And I have been letting it take me for a little ride.

If I were the only passenger it would not be of the slightest consequence. For I am always getting chummy with cults today and forgetting their names tomorrow—although I remember faces. I am a born believer, of one sort; a constitutional joiner of nearly everything. And I am a style hound; I suffer unless I am in touch with the very latest thing in the way of neckties, surgical operations, philosophies and golf putters—the *dernier cri*, as the fellows say in the House of Taurus, which is symbolized by the Bull.

### *Graduating From the Midway*

HOW frequently I have given a vibrating yell and plunged headforemost into a vortex of credulity! Any dotted line fascinates me to such an extent the salesman can't get his talk finished; before he can spring his fountain pen I have leaped eagerly upon it and signed it with a burned match. Naturally, when you sign something with a burned match a good deal of the signature blows away.



Therefore, I suppose, my own little ride doesn't amount to anything. But it may astonish you, perhaps, to learn that a good many serious-minded and really important people in New York City today have seriously and importantly booked continuous passages and are solemnly circumnavigating the universe.

It astonished me when I began to poke around a little and investigate the matter some weeks ago. I knew in a vague sort of way that there was a lot of that astrological stuff around, but I didn't realize that the town was just plumb infested. But I have become convinced that astrology has entered during the past few years upon one of its popular and influential phases again. I don't know how much influence it really swung in ancient Egypt and old Babylon, but I do know that in New York, which is getting used to being called the world's financial capital, a powerful and imperial city, a surprising number of influential persons habitually consult astrologers today about their personal and professional affairs.

When I thought of astrology I thought of the traveling faker in her little booth at some county fair, ineptly made up as a gypsy, handing out her obvious patter of hocus-pocus and hooey, and doing a little easy palmistry and crystal gazing on demand. I didn't know that astrology had come in out of the weather. You probably have run across the fake gypsy I mean.

She frequently called herself Isis, although she might be a little shaky on the pronunciation of the word. Sometimes she was an "escape artist," as well as a palmist, a mind reader, a crystal gazer, and so forth—I believe that "mentalist" is the accepted all-inclusive word in the argot of side show and street carnival. Isis could probably do a bit of phrenology too—and, for all I know, double in brass and chiropody.

She said there was a blond lady a-gonna come into your life, but you wanna watch out f'r a brunet gempman, and you was gonna take a journey sometime soon, and she could see quite plain the infloonce of a kind o' dark-complected lady, too, that wasn't any better'n she should be, and it was turrible, just simply turrible, the fasc'nation you could exercise over the op'site sex, except she could see you was the kind o' person didn't wanna act that way.

On one side of Isis' tent was a cane rack, and several of the village sportamen were gathered there, wearing little artificial rosettes in their coat lapels out of which they could squirt water in your face if you smelled them; and these boys were enthusiastically trying to throw half-inch rings over the knobs of walking sticks which were three-quarters of an inch in diameter, the cane you ring being the cane you get. Dr. Cartwright Karson, the old pitchman, had his stand upon the other side of Isis' pitch, with his synthetic Indians; and busily all day long he dispensed the Magic Herb Remedy—which was known to the aborigines of Oregon long before the Paleface came, and contained absolutely no deleterious chemical ingredients, being Nature's own remedy for all diseases, compounded of buchu leaves, juniper berries and the bark of the wild cohosh.

The clangor of the striking machine, the rattle from the shooting gallery and the appeal of the barker pointing out the educational advantages of viewing the dog-faced boy blended with the voice of Isis as she went on to say she c'd see you was born under a most forchn't star, and now you could cross her palm with silver, an' f'r five dollars she always give a much fuller'n more sat'sfactory readin'—and mebby you could use a pack of the magic cards which would 'nable you to tell forch'ns an' forecast events f'r yourself?

If you patronized this dusky prophetess you were careful to do so in company with two or three companions who realized that it was a lark; and you were careful to laugh all the time, to save your face. You did not want to be mistaken for one of the persons who took her seriously. And for the most part, she had no great expectation that you would take her seriously. Next week she might be working at something else, on another midway—perhaps charming some poor old worn-out snake who had seen so many charmers come and go that he had begun to hate the sight of a woman, or figuring as the eastern half of a pair of *Ersatz* Siamese Twins, or even splitting the buns at a hot-dog emporium.

There are undoubtedly numbers of these weary witches still on the midway, but there is also a lot of astrology that isn't like that any more. The 1928, six-cylinder model has come to town. It has moved into the modern office building, got rid of the appurtenances and atmosphere of Isis, changed the tone of its conversation, surrounded itself with secretaries, filing cabinets, highbrow students and efficiency equipment, and garnered unto itself a clientele of Believers and Customers who are, in their various ways, Some Punkins.

It is quite possible that the next time you buy stocks or bonds you will deal with a broker who has got chummy with Saturn the day before, and has his eye peeled as to what Aries the Ram is going to think about the transaction. Where did he get this hunch? And how?

And maybe the railroad whose stocks or bonds you buy is partially controlled by some executive who wouldn't think of straightening track, tunneling under a mountain or scrapping his obsolete rolling stock unless the operations were celestially underwritten—or overwritten—by Capricorn, who otherwise answers to the name of the Goat.

This executive is under the dominion of the Goat, and the executive knows he has to be as conservative as a liberal politician. Capricorn could come butting in with avalanches, earthquakes, or what seismic seizures have you, and spill the beans; as Capricorn has often gayly done before.

Business men of all sorts are squinting at the stars today. And as for Wall Street—there are sections of Wall Street that are just one vibration after another.

### *The Sign of the Fishes*

WHEN Ted Parker, whom I knew at Prairie Center many years ago, bought a pamphlet from a traveling faker telling him how to throw his voice to incredible distances I was not surprised. Ted's cranium wasn't the right shape and people generally in the village were sympathetic toward his desire to master ventriloquism. They knew that Ted planned to use it one day in his career as a great detective.

The same man who sold Ted the booklet, or the fellow from whom he purchased his annual supply of electric belts, could have convinced Ted, had he thought it worth the trouble, that Ted might be taught to throw his voice as far as the moon and have it come back speaking Chinese.

But what are we to think when men and women who have made names for themselves in the arts and professions run to consult the astrologers? When they credit the theory that mysterious exhalations from the planets, emanations from the stars, vibrations from incalculable distances, influence them personally and individually in all their affairs? Some are engineers intrusted with big jobs, executives of publishing concerns which have a capitalization of millions, producers of plays, men of science, members in good standing of the faculties of universities—people of that sort.

Were they all born under the sign of Pisces, which is, in a manner of speaking, the Fishes?

Some of them I know, and I cannot dismiss them on the easy hypothesis that they are congenital saps or that they were dropped on their heads in early infancy by fascinated nursemaids engrossed in the parade of the visiting firemen. They have made good in their various lines. They are not people who habitually try to throw half-inch rings over three-quarter-inch canes. They esteem themselves, and are generally esteemed, as pretty wise and capable citizens.

How do they come to be believers?

That's what I wanted to know, so that I could tell you. In order to make a guess at it, I have gone through all the motions of belief myself. You have, no doubt, heard the old story of the village nitwit and the lost horse. Nobody could find it, but finally mush-headed Jerry, the community's most outstanding mental liability, led it triumphantly back to its owner.

The owner inquired of this locally prominent imbecile:

"What were the processes of ratiocination which led you, Jerry, to the discovery of this horse's whereabouts?"

When this had been explained to Jerry he replied: "Mister, I just thought of where I would 'a' gone myself if I had a-been a horse."

It is by a similar process that I have been trying to ascertain where the believers in astrology are going; and so, for the moment at least, I have become a believer.

As I explained earlier, my own belief doesn't amount to anything; if it lasts until I get through this article I shall be luckier than usual. I'd hate to think that my volatile temperament in regard to cults in general had caused anyone else to turn in last year's coupé for a new horoscope or swap his birthmark for a mess of potash. I admit that an old confirmed backslider such as I gets a certain thrill out of his transient moments of credulity sandwiched in between two periods of backsliding. And I think I have fussed with it enough to make a guess as to what certain persons do get out of astrology.

With one sort, it is Pep for the Ego. One type of person is unable to escape a feeling of pride because yon red and racing planet seven million miles away is shedding benevolent influences into his duodenum and cerebrum, raining down its dewy beneficence upon his purring plexus—his! It could so easily know little and care less about him; but it knows all and it boosts—that far constellation revolving there is his Celestial Rotary Club. The stars are aware of him—exquisitely, tenderly aware—and this induces in him a most agreeable expansion of his personality. He enters into a feeling of more intimate relationship with the mysteries of the cosmos. He sees himself as no longer in the sticks and suburbs of the universe, but in communication with its centers and capitals. He is nearer the Big Time.

You can understand that he feels a bit flattered, can't you? Maybe he is kidding himself, but he is having a good time.

I am sure that is the way astrology gets one class of customer—and must always have got him, through all the ages, in all its phases. Men have apparently always wanted to feel that they were in some sort of communion with the stars.

Even before men were men the animal which was almost man must have looked out upon the stars and thrilled and wondered and feared. Sometimes he worshiped.

Caliban he was, and those things out there had their moments when they looked rather personal. If a meteorite came bulging down through the forest, setting fire to a part of it, Caliban felt that some god or demon was talking to him like a Dutch uncle.

### *Brothers and Sisters of the Zodiac*

SOME animals today experience these simple primitive reactions. You have heard and observed a dog howling at the moon. It says something to him and he is talking back; that light touches him, nervously and psychically, and he sings his song to the source of it. And when the earliest priests and soothsayers and medicine men began to tell primitive men, who had experienced this thrill through gazing at the heavens, that the stars meant something to them personally, they found customers ready to believe. The magi confirmed in them a notion which they already had. They were but too willing to exalt themselves by welcoming the stars into partnership.

This is, possibly, the explanation of one type of believer. There is another type, the man of science; and I think I can make a guess as to how his interest in astrology comes about. I met one gentleman the other evening who is the real thing as a chemist and biologist. He is a researcher and inventor, and has filled important posts under a European government; he has invented a new type of engine which is being backed by responsible capitalists. He told me he was a believer in astrology.

I asked him how his interest came about. He said through his interest in radioactive energy.

For astrology, in some of its phases, has gone and cuddled up to and hooked itself on to a lot of modern theories and discoveries. Another gentleman, also a man of science, explained his point of view as follows:

"Our sun is what we call a fixed star. It is the center of our system, and the nearest star to our planet. We get from it our light and heat and energy. There are subtler emanations and radiations than the obvious light and heat, which have, of course, not been thoroughly studied. Is it incredible to suppose that from the other large bodies revolving in space we get emanations and radiations, just as we do from the sun? What we get from the sun affects all life upon this planet, including human life. What we get from the constellations and from the other fixed stars also affects all life. I became interested in astrology because of my interest in all the modern discoveries in radio-active energy."

This marks sharply the divergence from the sort of astrologers, such as Isis, who still follow the fairs and carnivals, and the astrology which is paying a good deal of rent in New York City and has taken on a set of followers who are not, at least, patronizing the cane rack and Old Doc Karson's Med. Show. One astrologer whom I visited recently has three floors of a big building, a dozen typists and secretaries galore tending to an enormous bulk of business.

It was, to me, when I began to dig into it, a most amazing phenomenon, the extent of this thing.

I don't know how many Brothers and Sisters of the Zodiac—Children of the Constellations—there are in New York, working at it professionally. I didn't get everywhere. Perhaps there are a hundred or so that are pretty fair, working more or less with the new-model outfit; and

(Continued on Page 121)

# VALOR

## By R. G. KIRK

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

FATHER JOE, naturally. He was bound to be called that. For his name was Joseph Priest; and he had a kindly, jovial, well-fed look about him; and he had his little flock—as sweet a flock of rough-necked, concrete-knuckled bridgemen as ever risked their lives to get up steel for any man. Yes, sir, you guessed it. Joseph Priest of Trap & Priest, Steel Structures, Ltd.

Sam Trap, Joe Priest—if you never heard of them, you never mixed in steel erecting any. A pair to draw to. Sam was the senior member of the firm, and so came rightly by the title Old Man Trap—with the accent on the Man. Old Man Trap and Father Joe—a couple he ones, brother. And they had men raising steel for them male men. Old Man Trap got 'em and held on to 'em, if they were male enough; and Father Joe made Christians out of them. And the strange part about it was that Father Joe, in spite of all his pious appellation, could not go up.

To go up, in bridge parlance, means to climb, to get aloft, and when you've gone as far as there is anything to climb on, there to work, there to stand, on a column top, some dozen stories up, and lean against the wind with a proper nonchalance, while a floor beam comes sailing at you through the air at the end of the derrick's chains.

Father Joe couldn't climb. He couldn't climb a back fence with a bulldog on his tail. You couldn't get him ten feet off the ground with a set of triple falls. But he could run a job of steel erecting. He's the only man alive that can boss a gang of leathernecks from the ground. And that's because, though Father Joe cannot go up, there's not a roughneck in any of his gangs that dares remind him of the fact.

A good steel erector boss is not, indeed, aloft much of the time. He can keep things humping far better from the ground. He does not need always to be shinning up columns and walking giddy floor beams and riding on the derrick chains. But he ought to be able to do it. The men have got to know that he can go up if he wants to or if necessity demands. And all wise field chiefs once in a while will step aboard a girder and ride up thirteen stories to where reported bad connections are, carelessly knocking pipe ashes out against a taut chain, while the ground drops, swiftly leaving large quantities of very thin air behind. It helps, a gesture of bravado such as that, occasionally.

The leathernecks will say, "Look it! The Old Man's putting on a show again! I saw his fingerprints in the chain last time when he stepped off!"

And they will sprinkle on the world below a contemptuous drizzle of tobacco juice; but just the same, they will feel that here's a man not totally unfit to boss their reckless breed.

But Father Joe could not go up. Yet he was king, nevertheless. If he couldn't go up, he could chase 'em up; and he could wait down on the ground and tell 'em clearly and concisely what a rotten bunch they were when they came down with a poor day's tonnage raised to show for their eight hours aloft.

Once in a while some steel erector with a specially rough neck would get into a jam with Father Joe and in the heat of words remind Joe of his inability to leave the ground. The proper thing for a timekeeper to do on such occasions was to get the office door open as swiftly as was possible.

*Father Joseph Said, "Hey! Hey, Kid! Leave It Shut This Time. You Call Up Chips Instead!"*

There was generally a nice glass in the office door with Field Chief, Joseph Priest, painted upon it nicely. There was no sense in shattering that to pieces every time somebody reminded Father Joe that he could not go up. I got to be good at opening the door in time. Father Joe got to depend on me for this. None of the other office boys seemed quick enough.

Out on the job, it worked a little differently, but was pretty near as interesting.

If there were onlookers, Father Joe would say, "Which of you wants him?"

And I would always speak up and say, "Me—I'll take him!"

And Father Joe would step him around till his back was my direction and then cold-calk him. I'd catch him every time and let him down easy. Father Joe got to depend on me for this too. Otherwise the man's head was liable to whang down into a mess of stocked angle irons, and if there was anything Father Joe hated it was to waste the blacksmith's time straightening up bent angle irons.

I always felt sure that a benevolent just Providence would fix up Silk Colporteur with the necessary body beating before it got eternally too late. He was entirely too handsome, this Colporteur, ever to amount to anything without it. I tried to fix him up myself. You can't hate a guy for trying, anyhow. But he had swung an ax before he took to bridging, while I had always pushed a pencil. That old tallow rabbit chased by an asbestos beagle into purgatory had a better chance than I did. The woods of the Dominion had given this big lad that splendid lean physique that many French Canadians possess, and he was even handsomer than most men of his race. But what had given him his self-esteem *le bon Dieu* only knew.

*Army Koskinen, the Passer*

Handsomeness in men may oftenest be classed as a deformity for which the unfortunate possessor should not be in any manner blamed. It is a curse. But such he handsomeness as Silk Colporteur had is a gift; and though gifts like that are splendid, they are by nature something to be thankful for, not to be cocky over. Beauty and strength of body may be different. They may be acquired in degree, but not such natural French-Canadian grace and symmetry and strength as were his. They were a gift also for which he should have been most humbly thankful to his God, instead of taking all the credit to himself. He came to us from Canada Bridge and Building, charged to the detonating point with arrogance.

"The raising gang," he stated, as I took down his name.

"Can't guarantee you that," I said, writing him up. "You'll go where Father Joseph puts you."

He rubbed me wrong first sight of him. I guess I was a little short. It didn't bother him a bit.

"Listen, Pencils," he said, "does the timekeeper run the field force on this job? No bolting-up gang and no traveler crew and no riveting for me. I work out front and up on top. If your raising gang's full up, I'll drift. Where's this Father Joe? I'll talk to him." And in the raising gang he went.

There never was a better bridgeman. He was as reckless as a fool, but with his recklessness, he was so beautifully sure of hand and foot that the daring things he did seemed commonplace with him as walking down the street. He never climbed the temporary wooden steps aloft. He always rode a load. He never clattered down them when the whistle blew. He either caught the derrick chains going down empty or slid like a streak down steel, or most hair-raising, spiraled a hanging line around his leg, swung out into a hundred feet of nothing and slipped down to the ground so swiftly that the rope, which would have turned his bare palms into one big blister, made his thick gloves smoke. Every move of him was a picture, every maul blow, every wrench twist a thing of ease and beauty, every careless step or swing through space of his big handsome body way up there aloft, sheer harmony. Silk was inevitably his nickname, so smooth he was. And how that big Canuck could fight, as I found out in just four punches—three of them mine that missed his grinning, handsome face. But just the same, I felt sure that a benevolent Providence would provide. He was too fine a specimen to let go to ruin for want of a proper pasting. But in fondest dreams I never visioned him reminding Father Joseph of this certain matter which was taboo with him, no foolin' whatsoever. And I, praise be, was the lad who had brought this absolutely perfect thing to pass, though not by plan.

I happened to be in the office when the big Canuck got on the carpet.

"Colporteur," said Father Joe —— We always said it with the accent on the Col, but

Father Joe put the accent just the other way about, rising toward the end. I might have known that it was French. I looked for it in my French dictionary afterward, to see if I could find a meaning for it—and there was the word itself. I howled. Father Joe had been right. *Col*—column, neck; *porteur*—porter, one who carried with his neck. A funny kind of word and name, till I took a chance and found it in the English dictionary too.

"Colporteur," said Father Joe, "you got to stop this fool circus bridging. It's not good bridging. What sense risking your neck more than you need to in this risky business? Oh, I know you don't risk yours—no more than a squirrel. But you got the others doing it. Your stuff's contagious; I've seen it many a time. You roughnecks ain't trapeze performers, you're bridgemen, and if they don't all quit swinging around up there like monkeys on a tree, someone's going to fall far enough to break his watch crystal. Someone's going to be gathered up in a sponge. So stop it, Silk. And about this knuckle-dusting too. You lay off my office force. They ain't tough enough for you. It takes a certain amount of pencil shoving to get up a bridge, and I don't want 'em all laid up.

"What if the timekeeper did call you a big dumb Frog when you claimed he shorted you an hour? That's what you are; but you can't help it, so it's nothing to get all burnt up about. You stick to knocking bridgemen kicking. They're your meat. And besides, a damn good body-beating will do you worlds of good, and if you just keep on hunting it you'll get it. No matter how good you are, my boy, there's always someone better. Take me, for instance. You'd never suspect it, but I am. . . . That's all now, Silk. Hop to that bridge. And don't you let me catch you riding up on an I beam. Walk aloft. That's what them temporary wooden steps are for."

You could have knocked that man Colporteur down with a ten-pound maul. He stood and looked, cockeyed and open-mouthed, at Father Joseph's back. Father had wheeled about in his chair, the interview at end, and had his pencil busy on a blue print.

Silk looked at Father Joseph's back—a back that had fooled many a man before Silk Colporteur—and his face went from red to redder.

I said, near by, low-voiced, "Hell, Silk, you licked me square. I never peeped about it!"

He didn't know I was alive. He didn't hear me, see me. All he heard were Joe's last words repeating themselves inside his handsome arrogant head. All he saw was Father Joseph's back.

Father Joe's careless is a fooler—smooth, rounded out, plump almost, but not quite. Benevolent—there's a word. You know. Some reverend fathers' bodies are benevolent, radiating kindliness and good-will toward men as plainly as their jolly faces. Friar Tuck—remember him, and what a tough bird he turned out to be? Well, in a manner, there was Father Joe. Beneath the smooth round pink exterior of Father Joe there still dwelt a hard-boiled bridgeman There was a time when Father Joe raised steel with his hands instead of with his head; a time when he was known as Tough Joe Priest and could go up as high as any man. But the shakes had got him one day on a job when men died to the right and left of him, high up; and once the shakes get you, you're done with bridging—unless, as Joe Priest had, you've got the brains and guts to raise steel from the ground.

And so, as happens oftentimes with men who change from brawn to brain to make a living, Tough Joe Priest had got a little soft—got to be Father Joe—but only on the surface. Beneath that smooth exterior, tough muscles dwelt; beneath the fatherly exterior, a leatherneck.

"Better man, eh?" That was Silk Colporteur now, contempt hot in his voice—contempt hot, plain and snarling. "Who else thinks so? Don't wonder that real bridgemen up aloft would make you nervous, running this job of work off of the ground. If this fine twenty thousand tons of bridge can't get you higher off the dirt than that chair cushion, you'll hardly get your pants seat off of it to show me how much better you are, will you? I never worked for any bridge boss yet afraid to go up or to get up. Gimme my time!"

Good old world! This was going to be sweet—sweet and sudden, and me right there to see it. A good old world, but hard, aye hard, on field-office doors. I rushed to rescue ours.

*He Was as Reckless as a Fool, But With His Recklessness, He Was So Beautifully Sure of Hand and Foot That the Daring Things He Did Seemed Commonplace With Him as Walking Down the Street*

But Father Joseph said, "Hey! Hey, kid! Leave it shut this time. You call up Chips instead!" Chips, on a bridge job, as on shipboard, is the carpenter. "You leave the door shut this time, kid. Chips can rehang it. I want to see if this big Frog's name is appropriate."

He spoke, his back still toward Silk Colporteur, his head still bent above his blue print. And then—chain lightning.

He gave his chair a sudden backward kick; he whirled in it; he leaped from sitting. He hit the big Canuck with everything. Silk told me afterward that it was the desk chair in his bread basket that made the birdies sing. But, personally, I don't believe that Mr. Priest hit him with the desk chair. With a head and fists and knees and feet like Father Joe has got, why should he bother with a desk chair?

He spun Colporteur as he hit him, and Silk's hard head went through a thin door panel like a clown's through a paper hoop. But his shoulders were too wide, and so, when he soared somersaulting down the field-office steps, he took the door along, hinges and lock and all. He hit the ground sitting, swaying dizzily.

Then Joseph Priest, field chief, went back to figuring his blue print. He sat down at his desk. I know he never hit Colporteur in the stomach with that chair. It held up Mr. Priest without a creak. It wasn't broken anywhere.

I went outside to Silk. I wanted him to get back up on the bridge. If he lost an hour out there in the yard, I'd have to short him that much on the time book, and then he'd raise hell pay day. And sure as I'd explain why I had shorted him, he'd think I was handing him a razzberry tart and let me have it on the lug. He'd done the thing before. But I'm timekeeping for Trap & Priest, Steel Structures, Ltd., and not for Silk Colporteur or any other leatherneck.

"Hey, Silk," I said, "get off your seat and up on that man's bridge. Think sitting there and looking dumb is what you're getting paid for? You can look dumb, if you enjoy it so, while thumping drift pins. Come on, get conscious!"

And then I saw—no foolin'—that he actually was out. Sitting up straight, and out—plumb out—cockeyed, glass-jawed and goofy. He'd have been down flat as a flapjack if he could have been, but he couldn't. I might have realized he couldn't had I used the well-known power of observation to the limit He was propped up. The office door was still around his neck.

A gleam of light came in his eye at length—a blank half-pleased and wholly cuckoo smile on his good-looking mug. The singing of the little birds had evidently wakened him. The dawn, in rosy mantle clad, and all that line of wash was tiptoeing into the darkened recesses of his skull. So I started in to count.

"One million and eight," I said. "One million and nine. One million and ten. You're out!"

He shook his head and got up. "You go to——" he said, and started straight for the field office. I'll say that baby likes his punishment.

"Hold on!" I shouted. "Gimme back that door! Here's Chips to fix it!"

Chips on a bridge job, as on board ship, is generally a Finn. Our Chips' name was Arny Suomanen; but be that as it may, I had called him up the minute Father Joe had said to leave the door shut this time. And here he was, already, to rehang the door. We got it off Silk's neck, Chips and I.

And then I bawled: "Sit down, Silk, and rest your chin and your left eye and your shins and your solar plexus for a while. I would a tale unfold. If you got to go back into that field office for some more, wait till Chips gets the door repaired. Think Father Joseph will have any fun throwing you through an open door frame after what just has happened? That would be anticlimactic, or something. Listen, my child, and you shall hear."

I knew that there was only one way to get that big French Canadian back up on the bridge. If a new man had any inclination to be tough, we never told him how it was that Father Joseph could not go aloft. We liked to see these hard-boiled eggs get theirs, and kept hoping that they would get into a jam with Father Joe and mention to him this peculiarity of the boss. We liked to see them come out

(Continued on Page 44

# ROMANCE FOR RENT

*"Miss Kohler," Said Chet, Leaning Over the Table, "What is the General Feminine Attitude Toward Life Today?"*

## By George Weston

*ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD*

IT WAS a dangerous place that shop of Gedding's. From the Avenue it looked like a reconstructed Elizabethan house; rather tall, to be sure, but authentic enough from the sidewalk. At one time a Canton shawl would hold the center of the show window; at another a chinchilla wrap or a set of silken mysteries which seemed to draw the ladies as apple blossom draws the bees. Thus attracted, a certain percentage buzzed inside and could only escape by leaving behind them some of that golden honey without which the hives of industry would presently cease to exist.

A dangerous place, yes—a trap, if you like, but a trap which wouldn't have been successful without the gift of imagination and a fine disregard for the perils of the deep. In far-off Kioto and Yokohama, in Shan-tung and along the shores of the Pearl River, in Calcutta and Madras, in Lyons and on both banks of the Seine, in Brussels and the Low Countries, in such widely flung islands as Luzon and Madeira, patient workers toiled and spun so that Gedding's might be properly baited with beauty—so that no woman born of man might enter without feeling her heart beating faster and her pocketbook opening.

A trap, if you like, or a world-wide web; and at the center of the web sat old John G. Gedding in his office on the mezzanine floor, looking at the card which his secretary had just given him.

"Chester Taylor," he read. "Who's he?"

"I think you asked him to call," she said. "Didn't he write you something about booklets and circular letters?"

"Oh, yes," said old John G. "Send him in."

He leaned back in his chair—having long ago graduated from the trick of looking busy whenever a caller was expected—and there he sat, a fine old spider in the middle of the web which had been his life's spinning. He had once been red-headed, but time had partly cured that; and he had no doubt once been slender, but time had changed that too. And there he sat, with shoulders so wide that a visitor seldom gave thought to the curve of his front, especially after looking into those quizzical blue eyes under their rusty lashes.

A young man entered—so young, indeed, that he had not yet outgrown his freckles. But he crossed the room with a grave and earnest step, as though his cargo were full of the noblest merchandise.

"Mr. Taylor," said old John G., motioning him to the chair by the side of his desk, "what can I do for you?"

The caller sat down, saying "I'll show you, sir," and while he unbuckled his brief case, the two men looked at each other across the years between them.

"Red-headed and freckled—like I was," thought old John G., "and probably thinks he has the world by the tail—like I did."

The young man thought: "A tough old turkey, but I think he's a good one. . . . I'm glad I put on a clean shirt this morning. . . . Darn these buckles, anyway."

He almost pulled the second one off—a touch of spirit by no means lost on the one who was watching him—and then from the open concertina before him the visitor drew a two-page circular.

"Mr. Gedding," he earnestly began, "we all seem to be born to do one thing well. You've done this." He made a motion indicating the encircling shop. "You know how good it is from the results you get from it. And I've done this." He waved the circulars. "And I know how good it is from the results we got from it. I was working in Springfield at the time—my first job—in the shoe department of Plaut & Mitchell. And one rainy day I wrote this. Mr. Plaut liked it. He printed it and mailed it to two pages of the telephone book. The results were so good that we went through the whole book, and that month our business in the shoe department more than tripled. I have a letter here from Mr. Plaut which says so."

And then, and not till then, he handed the circular to old John G. It was a simple little folder entitled A Regular Man Has an Awful Lot to Thank a Calf For. Old J. G. glanced it over, but gave closer attention to the accompanying letter.

"A few weeks later," continued the earnest young man, "Mr. Plaut called me to his office. 'Chester,' he said, 'I've been wondering if that circular of yours was a fluke. We've overstocked on fishing tackle. See if you can get out a folder that will move it.' That night I wrote him this one: A Line, a Hook, a Sweet Cool Brook. Inside a week we were ordering fresh tackle, and Mr. Plaut wrote me this letter of appreciation and put me in charge of the firm's advertising."

Again old J. G. glanced at the circular, and again he bent his rusty brows over the letter which went with it.

"I worked there a year and was so successful that I began to realize that this was the one special thing which I had been born to do well. It was then that I began to dream of coming to New York. I arrived here six weeks ago today and here are the results to date."

This time old J. G. sat back in his chair as he examined the further exhibits in the case of young Chester Taylor versus the hard-boiled City of New York.

"You're doing well," he grunted then.

"Yes, sir," said the other earnestly. "And so are those who are doing business with me. And now, Mr. Gedding, my terms are simple. I would like to write you a folder. If you don't like it when you see it, you owe me nothing. If you decide to use it and aren't pleased with the results, you still owe me nothing. But if you use it and are pleased with what it does for you, I then receive fifty dollars and an order for another folder."

Since laying down the last exhibits Mr. Gedding had been studying his visitor more attentively—and whether it was the young man's freckles or his hair or his earnestness, rich old John G. seemed to see himself again when he was a poor young John G. and had come to this same city with not much else than an almost fanatical belief that some day he would be driving his own trotting horses up and down Broadway.

"Have you had your lunch?" he suddenly asked.

"Not yet, sir," said Chet, his color rising.

They went to a near-by club—and by the time they had reached dessert, the young man from Springfield was telling his great ambition. When he had acquired sufficient capital he meant to establish a business of his own—a business that could be built up by folders and advertising until it was known throughout the world.

"Like—like Gedding's, for instance," he concluded. "Raising my own child, if you know what I mean, sir, instead of raising other people's children."

The older man grinned, his thoughts again traversing fifty years.

"Nothing like raising your own," he nodded. "But go slow at first. I've seen many a promising young man go broke because of too much overhead expense."

This time it was Chet's turn to nod, only he did it more earnestly.

"That's one of two things I vowed to myself before I came to New York—to keep expenses down," he said. "The address on my letterhead, I don't mind telling you now—that's my boarding house. And all my typewriting's done at a public stenographer's."

"That's the way to get along!" exclaimed old John G., looking back at the years when he had gone without his lunch in order to inch ahead that much further. "But you say you vowed two things. What's the other?"

This time it was a wonder that Chet's color didn't set his ears on fire.

"To keep away from the girls," he said, dropping his voice, but trying to look very serious indeed. "I noticed at school—and after I left school—that a fellow who chased a girl was never much good for anything else. They seem to take all a man's thoughts, all his spare time when he ought to be improving himself, all the money that he ought to be saving. And I may be wrong, but I can't see what they give for what they get. It seems like a one-sided game to me."

"That's the way to talk!" chuckled old John G., rising. "All right, son, let's get back to the office. I'm going to have you write me a folder—on the terms you said. Our silk-stocking department's been falling back lately. Let's see if you can give it a boost."

They walked back to the store together, the earnest young man and the still-beaming old one by his side.

"Of course you know they wear silk stockings," said the latter once.

"Oh, yes," said Chester. "In fact—er—I believe I know all the essential facts about them."

"That's good!" said old John G. heartily. "That's fine! Because in our business, you know, we must understand the ladies or we wouldn't be able to please them."

Arrived at the store, he led Chester to a tall blonde whose manner was that of a gracious young duchess who was doing this thing for a lark.

"Miss Dacher," he said, "this is Mr. Taylor, who is going to do some work for us. Will you please show him our line of silk stockings and—er—give him any other assistance he requires?"

II

A DOZEN times Chet started his folder for Gedding's, and as many times he crumpled the paper and threw it across the room.

"No good—no good," he groaned to himself. And finally, in something like despair—"What's the matter with me today?"

For inspiration, he turned to the successful circulars which he had written in the past, and there he presently made a discovery. All his bull's-eyes had been scored on appeals to men. Shoes, fishing tackle, gloves, a safety razor, a service station, shirts, income-tax accounting, radios—these had been his best pulling subjects. And although he hadn't told this to Mr. Gedding, since coming to New York he had fallen down twice—once on a millinery announcement and the second time on a folder which he had written for a hairdressing firm.

He tried again—this time with a title A Woman Has an Awful Lot to Thank a Silkworm For.

"Toh!" he muttered, tearing it up. "That's taken from my first title. Good Lord, have I come to the end of my rope already?"

Again he tried: Silk, Satin, Muslin, Rags. . . . Silk Stockings, Nightingales and Roses. . . . Imagine the World Without Them, and, Madam, Why Do You Wear Silk Stockings?

"Ah, that's it," he told himself, frowning at this last question. "If I knew that, I could write something that would pull 'em in the store! But do they wear 'em to draw attention to their legs? Or because they feel smooth? Or because of the colors they can get? Or because they're the style? Or—or because they look rich? Darn it!" he added, almost growing indignant. "Why should a woman want to wear silk stockings any more than a man wants to wear silk socks? That's what I can't see."

It occurred to him vaguely that Miss Dacher might be able to tell him—that tall blonde who had taken such cool interest in showing him the long tops and the reënforced band for attaching the suspenders. . . . Suspenders there again was something. . . . But instinctively he shied from Miss Dacher. She was entirely too decorative; too—too obviously clever.

Chet tried another title: It Makes No Difference Why You Wear Them; and although at long last he achieved two hundred words, the result was vague—the reflection, in truth, of his own vague thoughts upon the subject.

"Oh, well," he told himself with an earnest young frown, "I can't spend the rest of my life on this. Mr. Gedding may like it. And if he doesn't, I'll try again—that's all."

He put on his hat and went to the office of the public stenographers who did his typewriting. It was a busy office with a row of cubby-holes along one side—staccato retreats which, from the noise, might have been incubators for young riveting hammers. Miss Kohler generally did his work; and her door being open, he looked in. She gave him a businesslike nod and he took the chair by her desk.

"Another circular," he said. "I'd better wait while you copy it. Some of the changes and corrections have been pretty well chewed around."

He watched her as she silently slipped a new sheet of paper into her machine—an intent young girl and almost as serious as himself. She read the first paragraph without a change of expression, and then her finger tips started dancing over the keys.

"No foolishness about this one," thought Chet. "I—I wonder if she knows anything about dress—the kind of things one gets at Gedding's, for instance."

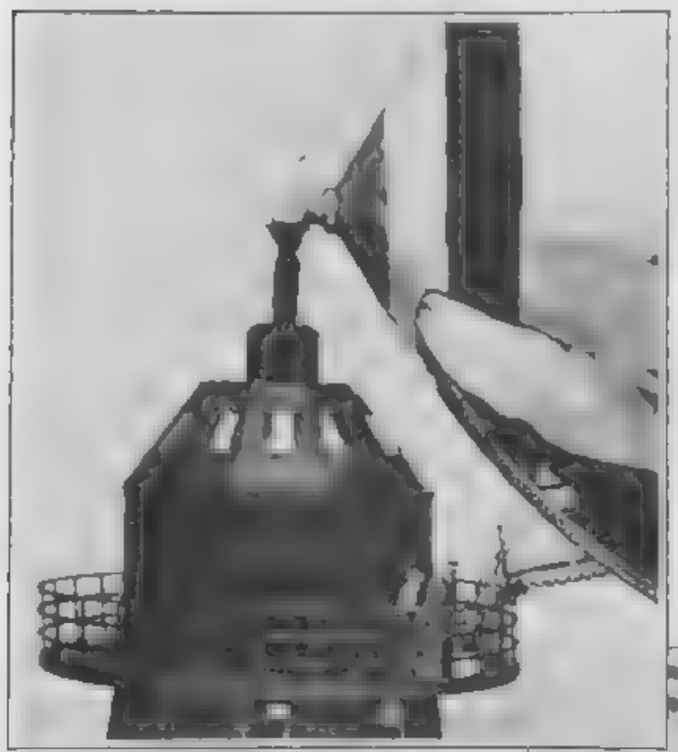
Her outfit, he thought, looked smart enough. The waist was silk—"Or do they call them blouses?" he uncertainly asked himself—of a quiet design something like tapestry. He wasn't sure whether her skirt was blue silk or serge, but

(Continued on Page 114)

*Above Them Was the Subdued Purr of the City at Play; Below Them, the Mysterious Quiet of the River*

# TRUNK LINERS OF THE AIR

## By Commander Ralph D. Weyerbacher, C. C., U. S. N.



*A Small Model Showing How Passengers Will Embark on the R-100, Which Will Fly From England to the United States and Canada*

THE amazing progress of commercial aviation constitutes one of the most interesting and significant chapters in all the history of transport. Ten years ago it was practically unknown and aircraft were distrusted as the fragile and unstable playthings of war. Today it covers nearly every civilized country with a network of scheduled lines which rival the railroads in regularity and surpass them in speed. In the United States these air lines span a continent from ocean to ocean, and carry passengers, mail and express over more than 31,000 miles of established routes daily. In Europe they join all the great capitals and commercial cities, and, in rare instances, press on across the Mediterranean. In South America and Australia they serve wide areas unprofitable to other forms of transportation. Everywhere they are growing in number, in popularity and in economic importance. In view of this swift expansion within the short span of one decade, there has developed a tendency to regard commercial aviation as an early successor to both the steamship line and the railroad in dominance of world-wide transport. Much progress must still be made, however, before that expectation is realized.

### *Leviathans of the Air*

THE successful air line, it will be noted, is still generally confined within national, or at most, continental limits. Even those which join Northern Africa and Europe cover no such distances as do the transatlantic or transpacific steamships. They span no great oceans on regular runs; they cross no wide deserts or other uninhabited regions with freight or passenger pay loads. Such feats are still beyond the ability of the airplane, which remains the vehicle of all present-day commercial aviation. Those planes that have crossed between the Old World and the New were stripped almost to the barest essentials for flight; were loaded to capacity with fuel; were manned by the most daring and skilful of personnel. In 1921 it was the consensus of engineering opinion that the longest nonstop flight possible to an airplane carrying any pay load was 1000 miles. Despite the rapid strides made in aeronautical development since that time, the estimated commercial flight limit of 1000 miles has not increased to any appreciable extent.

Meanwhile, however, there exists a type of aerial carrier which can traverse the widest ocean, the most desolate lands, with safety and assurance. Oddly enough it represents the oldest, rather than the newest form of flying. Long before the airplanes had borne their first commercial loads, it operated in regular and successful transport service. Twice it has crossed the Atlantic from east to west and once from west to east, carrying large crews and heavy loads of fuel and equipment. Sooner than most persons realize, it may be expected to engage regularly in scheduled intercontinental commercial service. It is the lighter-than-air ship; popularly known as the dirigible or rigid airship.

Today, in England and in Germany, three huge airships are being completed with such service in view. The English sister ships, R-100 and R-101, surpass in size and in capacity any previously designed. The R-100, planned eventually for service between England and India or other British colonial possessions, is 711 feet long, and has a gas capacity of 4,980,000 cubic feet, a displacement of 150 tons and a speed of 76 miles an hour. It can carry 100 passengers and 27.6 tons of mail and freight on a nonstop flight of 4000 miles. The R-101, still in course of construction, will be even more efficient. Its cruising speed, builders estimate, will reach 95 miles an hour, its flying radius 6000 miles, and its passenger capacity 160 or 170. The German airship LZ-127, scheduled for the Spain-South America service, is smaller than its British rivals, but equally practical. It is 775 feet in length, 100 feet in diameter and has a gas capacity of 105,000 cubic meters, or 3,708,000 cubic feet. Its pay load will consist of 20 passengers and 16.5 tons of cargo. The size of these great carriers may be visualized by comparing them with the Los Angeles, now the largest airship in actual service, which is 658 feet long, with a cubic capacity of 2,470,000 cubic feet; or by considering the relative dimensions outlined in the table that follows.

| | LOS ANGELES | LZ-127 | R-100 |
|---|---|---|---|
| Gas | 2,470,000 cu. ft. | 3,708,000 cu. ft. | 4,980,000 cu. ft. |
| Length | 658 ft. | 775 ft. | 711 ft. |
| Diameter | 90.5 ft. | 100 ft. | 130 ft. |
| Motors | 5 @ 420 H. P. | 5 @ 520 H. P. | 6 @ 700 H. P. |
| Horse power | 2100 | 2600 | 4200 |
| Highest speed | 79 miles an hr. | 81 miles an hr. | 82 miles an hr. |
| Average speed | 70.3 miles an hr. | 74.6 miles an hr. | 76 miles an hr. |
| Passengers | .... | 20 | 100 |
| Load | .... | 16.5 tons | 27.6 tons |

It is interesting here to note that the United States Government has authorized appropriations not to exceed $8,000,000 for two new airships of approximately 6,500,000 cubic feet capacity each, but these are designed for naval rather than commercial purposes.

Demonstration flights by two of the new European airships may be expected within the next few months. The British intend to fly their R-100 to this continent and back, then probably to the Far East. Terminal facilities are now under construction in India; while Egypt, Canada and Australia are erecting mooring masts. The Germans have under consideration a plan to circle the globe, visiting the United States on the first leg of their flight.

*The Promenade Deck and, Above it, the Observation Platform on the R-100. At Right - The Construction Work on the Grand Salon*

### *A Transocean Route*

AS THIS is written the LZ-127 is ready for service between Spain and Argentina, but actual operation of the line awaits the development of the necessary terminal facilities and operating agreements. None of the airship routes which may be expected to follow these flights will in any way threaten existing or future airplane lines. Their effect, instead, will be to encourage and foster new routes by establishing long-distance trunk lines from which the airplane lines may radiate as branches, much as the Transcontinental Airway developed the many short feeder systems which now cover most of the United States.

Such are the encouraging prospects for intercontinental commercial airship transport in the immediate future. From the engineering aspect, the project is both practical and safe. From the viewpoint of economics it seems equally feasible, promising a repetition of the success achieved on shorter routes by heavier-than-air transport in the past few years. Many factors contribute to the confidence with

which students of aeronautics regard this proposed conversion of the airship from a weapon of warfare into a common carrier of commerce. They may be summarized briefly as follows:

1. The airship is safe. From 1910 until 1914 the German Air Navigation Company operated seven Zeppelins on regular commercial service. In that time they carried 40,000 passengers without one case of injury. Crashes have occurred only in instances where airships were designed for military purposes, for hazardous exploration or for test flights, and where safety factors were sacrificed for specialized efficiency.

2. The airship is swift. Existing airships are capable of speeds up to seventy miles an hour. Those now being completed are designed to make ninety miles or more an hour.

3. The airship is comfortable. Even the military types provide ample accommodations for large crews. Commercial craft now under construction approach in luxury the most modern of transatlantic liners.

4. The airship is reliable. It can carry complete navigation equipment and many motors; it can fly around storms; it can be landed safely in fogs.

5. The airship can be made a paying investment. This has been demonstrated in Germany, where modern commercial Zeppelins have earned, even on limited runs, enough to cover operating expenses and depreciation as well as interest on investment—excluding terminal facilities. Its great pay-load capacity, the extraordinary service it offers, and the existing demand for swift intercontinental transport all promise generous financial returns to capital invested in its commercial possibilities.

*The Navy's Giant Dirigible Los Angeles Anchored at the Ford Airport Near Detroit*

*Below—In the Shops at Friedrichshafen, Germany, The Network of Girders Which is Now the LZ-127, Built by Dr. Hugo Eckener, Who Piloted the ZR-3 to America*

### *Proof Against Wind or Storm*

HERE, then, we see claimed for the airship each of the six elements considered essential to the success of all transport—namely, safety, speed, comfort, regularity, carrying capacity and ability to pay its way. Let us consider them in order and in detail.

Because of the nature of all forms of transport, the term "safety" must be relative. The airplane, under proper regulation and direction, has proved a safe and reliable vehicle. Since, however, it is held in the air by mechanical devices, there exists always the danger of a forced landing caused by failure of the mechanism to function. This is met by providing suitable landing fields. It is reasonable to assume that any airplane route over land is fairly safe if such landing places are spaced approximately one hundred miles apart, with emergency fields between. Land planes, however, should never fly above water for great distances. For this service there is the flying boat. In contrast to the land plane, it has unlimited landing space; but at the present time no flying boat can take off successfully after landing in rough seas similar to those commonly encountered in the North Atlantic. For that reason any flying boat forced to land in midocean would be in a serious position. Passengers and cargo could be saved by rescue craft, but the wings, tail surfaces and other structural parts would be badly damaged unless the sea was unusually calm.

The airship, which is kept afloat by its inherent buoyancy rather than by mechanical devices, is free from such forced landings. It has proved its ability to keep flying in every type of weather and in high winds. As one famous builder has pointed out, "A steady wind in itself does not exert any stresses on the structure of an airship in flight. The ship floats in the moving atmosphere, and it is only the fluctuations that can attack the ship—that is, the gusts or irregularities in the wind and concentrated air currents such as occur, for instance, in the immediate vicinity of clouds. . . . Everything depends on keeping the airship in full control in squalls and on flying it well trimmed and well balanced, exactly as steamships in heavy weather should be trimmed correctly, if one does not want to run a great risk."

The recent flight of the Los Angeles from Lakehurst to Panama and return, as well as the landing made on the deck of the airplane carrier Saratoga, shows that the airship is a safe craft in practically all kinds of weather and under varying operating conditions. The Los Angeles has not been used for long-distance flight to any great degree. Its principal mission has been the development of efficient and economical methods of mooring and handling on the ground. At first the high mooring mast was developed With this it was demonstrated that the ship could safely ride out a gale up to fifty miles an hour and remain independent of dock or hangar.

To moor the ship to the high mast is, however, a rather difficult problem, and Lieut.-Com. Charles E. Rosendahl, its captain, with his assistants, is working with marked success on a plan to moor to a short mast which keeps the craft in contact with the ground. In handling airships on the ground, all vertical motion must be avoided, for the ship may be in equilibrium and weigh nothing, yet its mass is immense, and any acceleration produced sets up great forces. Therefore, if the ship is secured at the nose, and provisions are made to permit its swinging into the wind, and at the same time prevent vertical motion, it can ride out high winds. In winds greater than fifty miles an hour the ship is safer in the air. Other mechanical devices are being developed also to reduce the number of men employed in the ground-handling operations.

### *The Unit of Travel*

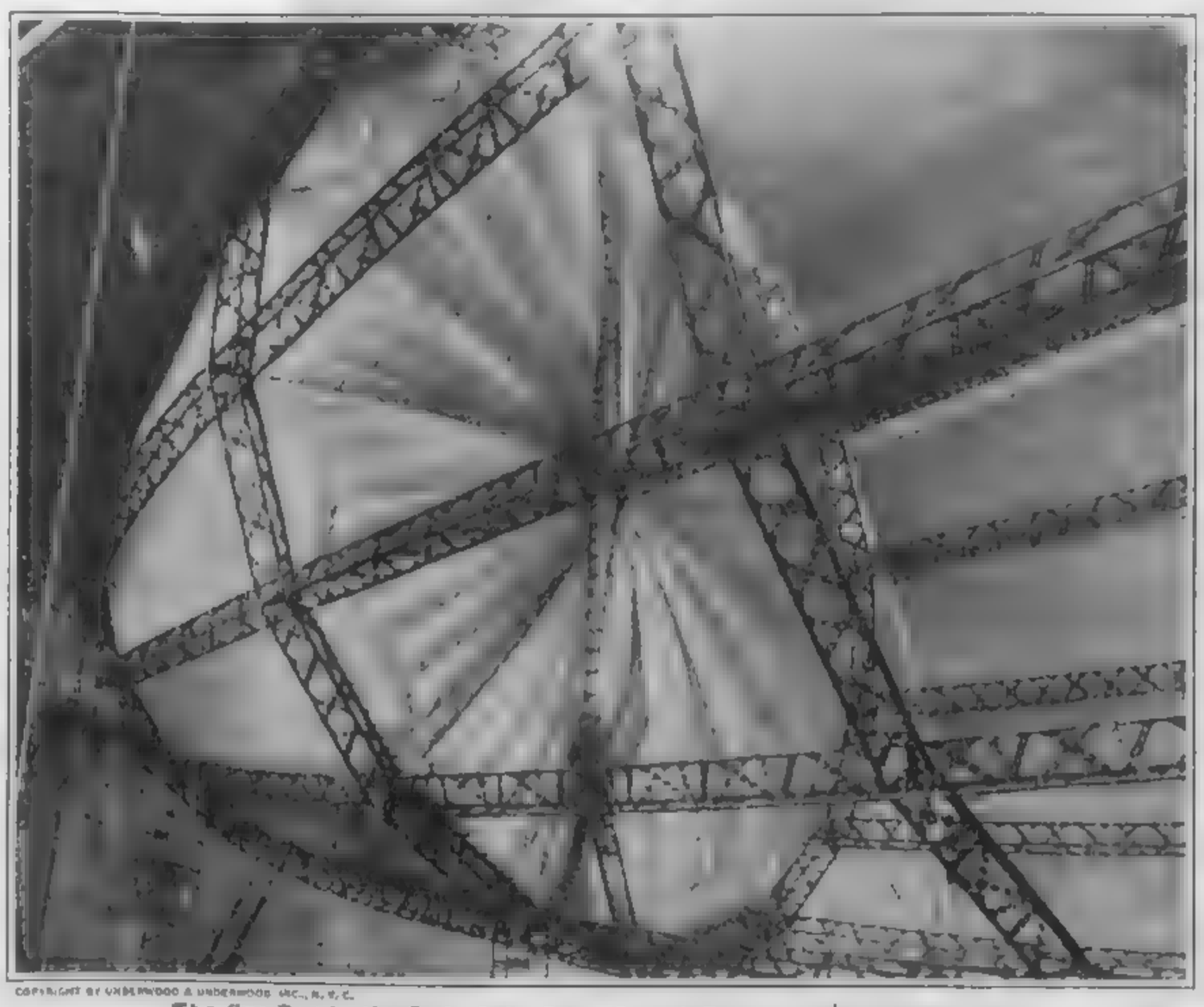
WHEN ground moorings of the type described are in general use, the airship hangar will be needed only in the sense of a drydock, as utilized for vessels. Minor repairs can be made, maintenance work can be carried on, and loading and unloading of cargo and passengers can proceed while the ship is at the stub mast. Such mooring stations, moreover, can be located near the center of cities—above railroad stations, for example, for the greater convenience of passengers. The dock itself can be at some distance from the mooring plant. In this latitude there is usually a lull in the wind at sunrise and at sunset. The problem of getting the ship in and out of the hangar can therefore be a simple one, particularly with the employment of mechanical devices now being developed.

The possible danger of fire has been virtually overcome. The use of noninflammable helium, although it seriously handicaps economical operation of a ship, obviates much of this hazard. Even the remote possibility of conflagration from gasoline used as motor fuel is being lessened by development of a new type of oil-burning engine by the Navy Department. Its installation in an airship inflated with helium would make the craft practically immune from flames. Electrical storms present no fire hazard to the properly built and handled dirigible.

It has become axiomatic to say that the unit in modern-day travel is time, not distance. The hope of aerial transportation for an assured future is based on the time-saving qualities of its superior speed.

Its present success is undoubtedly due to that quality, for commercial airplanes are now exceeding 100 miles an hour and promise to attain even a swifter pace. Though the airship's speed will average closer to eighty miles an hour—the Los Angeles now cruises at fifty knots—that speed far outstrips the fastest of ocean greyhounds. What this speed can mean is demonstrated by a tentative schedule recently prepared for the proposed British

(Continued on Page 43)



COPYRIGHT BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD INC., N. Y. C.

*The Gas Bag in the End of the Great British Transatlantic Airship R-100*

# PATIENT HEARS MOCKERBIRD

## By Oma Almona Davies

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

HENRY LENCKER went down the road highly entertained by the vagaries of modern science. And why not? Had such a foreigner from Kansas not stopped by his place and made him an offer for the cornstalks left standing in his rented field? To be made into silk—silk yet!—that slinky stuff the rich and stylish females wore at themselves. Silk out of worthless cornstalks oncet!

The thing was ludicrous beyond belief. And it had this funny angle too: Henry had always said deep within himself that he would never be one to clothe any female. Now it appeared likely that the stalks in that ten-acre field might clothe many females. Henry chuckled briefly at that. Yes, but he was getting paid for clothing them; that was where he was coming out ahead again.

Ahead? Oh, every which way! For now he could raise his bid if necessary when that field he had been renting from the Dischingers was auctioned off next month. The Dischinger heirs had been just to him; the old man had been dead for three months now, but they had postponed the sale until Henry as lessee had had time to remove his crop. Och, yes! Henry champed his back teeth hard together. He had to have that beautiful slope which so neatly adjoined his own, and it seemed altogether probable that he could manage it. Tobias Mittermaier was too close to bid much; the Argersinger brothers didn't have much with which to bid. These ten acres added to the ten he already owned a twenty-acre farm for a man not yet twenty-five, a man who had started with only his two hands—not so bad. But he must have that field; short of mortgaging the ten he owned, he must scrape together every cent for the purpose, and this extra bit for clothing the females in their slinky silk would help.

Not that he actively disliked women; Henry had not in him the disposition to dislike anything actively. It just seemed too bad they had ever been created, that was all—like flies and snakes and corn borers. They had caused him all the trouble he had ever had. That woman now at the Home who had disliked all the boys and had dropped him when an infant so that he would always have that slight limp; and then that little girl at the school with her round brass-colored curls who had jumped up and down one day in the ruthless ecstasy of childhood and had called out "Limpy Lencky!" The fact that she had cried afterward behind her geography hadn't helped—the name had stuck. The cruel name had stuck, reminding him always that he was different from the rest of them. It had curdled him back upon himself, had sent him to the beasts and birds for companionship. But that was all right too. Where otherwise could he find such good companions?—always friendly, always dependable, incapable of unkindness. He knew all the kinds of birds by name—it was his one secret pride—and his animals he loved almost with pain. Och, yes, thought Henry, going with his slight limp to survey his new astonishing asset in the Dischinger field, it wouldn't be kreistling him none to be clothing a few females—not under the circumstances.

He stopped suddenly at the turn of the road which gave upon the rented field and threw back his head. A mockingbird? But he'd never heard one in this section. In Iowa, yes, where he'd spent that one year with his uncle, but here never. But there was no doubt about it, for there it was again! He felt mild excitement. He went around the bend and stood running his fingers through the loose tous of his fair hair while his deep blue-gray eyes went searching from the elms just ahead of him to the oak in the Dischinger field.

Henry saw not a mockingbird in the oak, but a bull beneath it. The bull was not red, but after a breathless second Henry saw it so. Kochensparger's bull again! And as though to add defiance to insult, the bull, his little red eyes shrewdly upon Henry, began to paw at one of the precious corn shocks.

Henry went as fast as he could toward Kochensparger's. Kochensparger himself was in front of his lot, mending his picket fence. He could see the bull from where he stood. This seared through Henry's mind as he came swiftly down the road.

*It Stood Still and Out of it Came a Voice. "Was You Coming Into Your Senses Then? Look Now! Can You Hear Me What I Speak?"*

"Your bull's on my field!" he shouted.

Kochensparger turned deliberately, picket in hand. He always moved and spoke deliberately; that was one exasperating thing about him; at such a moment as this it seemed nothing less than meditated insult.

"Was it?" said Kochensparger, and squinted toward the field. He was a mahogany-colored man, and heavy like mahogany; his short hair was brown red; his eyes were brown red; and even his mustache added to his tropical flavor, springing in sunburned vigor from his wide lip.

"Well, make quick! Pack him out of there!"

"It ain't anyways my field," deliberated Kochensparger.

"You up and put him in there!"

"Was you seeing me put him in there?"

"He wasn't puttin' hisself there. The fence ain't busted."

"Ain't it?"

"You up and take and run him out of there! And make quick hurry at it! Look how he makes with them stalks; them means money and good enough you know it!"

"Then that cornstalk foreigner from Kansas was stopping by your place too?"

"This ain't no time fur conversations," retorted Henry. "You told him yourself where he could be finding me out." His eyes widened with dawning comprehension. He spoke slowly now, feeling his way from one hateful realization to the next: "You went to work and putten him there a purpose. You aimed fur to spoil down my cornstalks so I wouldn't be getting nothing off them." He drew a hard breath and spoke scarcely above a whisper: "You aim fur to bidden it in yourself at the sale!"

"It's a public sale, ain't it?" parried Kochensparger.

Henry swerved slightly backward as though dodging a blow, then steadied himself. Even the bull was forgotten in the face of this greater calamity. If Kochensparger were to bid at the sale—Kochensparger, better fixed than anybody in that section

"But you put a laugh on me for renting it, even. You said it was a dumb field and —— Och, yes, but I see you through now! You seen oncet what fur a crop I could raise out of it with my hard work, and now you ——"

Henry fell silent, his eyes in stunned misery upon the other.

The entire mustache shifted sidewise, like portable shrubbery, as it always did when its owner was amused. "When I see somepin I feel fur having I go and git it." Kochensparger swept the picket with expansive deliberation. "It could be mebbe a shote or it could be a hommie mebbe—or even a good-looking woman yet." His laughter hissed through his mustache like a breeze through lush grain.

Och, yes, Henry knew what he meant by this latter pleasantry. He had heard the rumor that Kochensparger was about to take his third, and it was that girl with the brass curls. She was a nurse now, and had come back and set up a kind of a hospital in her old home.

"Or it could be mebbe a piece land—or even a bull yet!" goaded Kochensparger, his richly colored head weaving a little from side to side.

The bull! Daring even to taunt him with the bull! All of Kochensparger's past insults, the bull before him, the mention of the girl with the brass curls—all—all leaped like a flame in Henry's brain and went crackling at his ears as he shouted:

"You hist that bull out of there or I will ——"

He choked, panting and heaving.

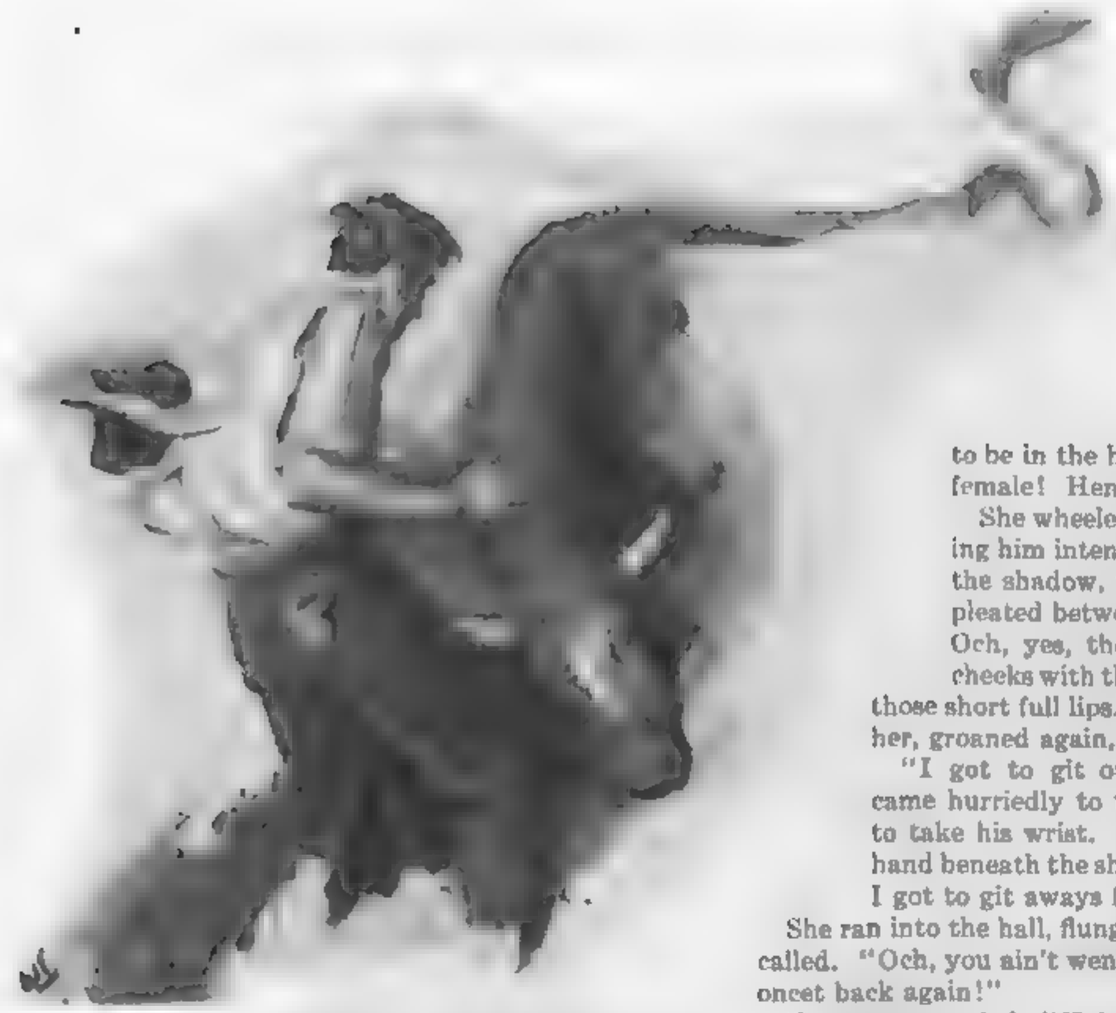
"You will ——" repeated Kochensparger, his yellow teeth gleaming richly.

Henry, beside himself for the first time in his life, wrested the picket from the other's grasp and tore for the cornfield.

"Look a little out, Limpy!" Kochensparger, stock-still, called after him.

The bull was near the fence. He stood, solidly planted, eying Henry with his little red eyes, just like Kochensparger's—just like Kochensparger's. Henry flung open the gate which gave upon the road; he shouted hoarsely and raised the picket. The beast retaliated by raising a tasseled tail so like the stalks he had been devastating. Henry lunged and missed; the bull lunged and did not miss. He scooped Henry neatly upon his horns, rolled him over once, then neatly tossed him over the fence.

Henry landed hardly, but he awoke softly—so softly that for a time he did not know that he was awake—did not know that he really was, in fact. He saw a white sky above him and he looked at that for a long time. He became aware of a blue-and-white cloud floating about.



*Henry Lunged and Missed; the Bull Lunged and Did Not Miss*

He closed his eyes and opened them and it was still edging about, closer now.

"Och, well," oozed from his lips, "stop still anyhow."

It stood still and out of it came a voice: "Was you coming into your senses then? Look now! Can you hear me what I speak?"

"No," said Henry.

"But you can anyhow!" The voice rang high like a clear glad bell. "And now look! Look hard oncet! Can you see me? Can you see me out of your eyes?"

Henry could, but he couldn't tell her. For it was a female's face close to him—close to him! And her hand was upon his forehead. Upon his forehead, a female's hand! He shuddered, threw his head to escape it; pain shot the length of him; he fainted.

He recovered and desired earnestly to faint again. It may have been late afternoon of that same day, after interims of waking and dozing, that Henry desired earnestly to lapse into some sort—any sort—of unconsciousness. For there in a slant of sunlight was a head tipped with brass-colored curls! Yes, there was no doubt about it; this bronze-headed, round-faced female who had seemed so puzzlingly familiar during his waking interims was that odious Bertha Krensz of his school days. Of course! For she was a nurse now—and it must be that he was in her house! Nausea overwhelmed him. He gripped the bedclothes. It was loathsome enough to be in the hands of a female—but of this female! Henry groaned.

She wheeled instantly and stood regarding him intently, her head, bronze again in the shadow, tipped slightly, her lower lip pleated between her thumb and forefinger. Och, yes, those round eyes, those round cheeks with their slightly high cheek bones, those short full lips. Henry, his eyes glazed upon her, groaned again, hollowly, continuously.

"I got to git out o' here!" he stifled. She came hurriedly to the side of his bed and tried to take his wrist. Henry in frenzy shuffled his hand beneath the sheet. "Leave be! Leave loose! I got to git aways from here!"

She ran into the hall, flung open a door. "Doctor!" she called. "Och, you ain't went, have you? Doctor! Come oncet back again!"

Footsteps sounded. "He's just fell awake," Henry heard her say, "and he's out from his head again."

A man stood above the bed. To Henry's distorted gaze, his beard seemed blown in one direction, his watch chain in another. But he was a man; he would understand.

"I want to git out of here," implored Henry.

The man took his wrist, held it. He turned to the Krensz girl. "Irregular again." He stood regarding Henry's frenzied eye, his distracted lips. "Nothing alarming. These recurrent attacks of delirium—mere matter of weakness. So long as he can see and hear—that's what I was afraid of—that nasty crack against the elm. Get me a glass of water. I'll leave some extra sedative."

She was out of the room. Now—now was Henry's chance! Now, as man to man —— "Looky here!" he pleaded. "You got to git me aways. I can't be stopping here. I got my important reasons. That woman she put a dirty name on me oncet. I can't be leaving her paw me ower. I can't - -"

The other shook off Henry's hand, which was clawing him feebly, and pressed it gently but firmly upon the bed.

"Now, now! Everything's all right; everything's fine. That woman's your best friend. You go to sleep now—go to sleep."

Go to sleep! . . . The Krensz girl was back now. "Hallucinations," said the physician, taking the glass from her. "Thinks you're somebody else."

"I ain't neither," groaned Henry.

"Shouldn't wonder if he's got you mixed up with the animal that pitched him," the physician chuckled. "He's rambling on about your pawing him. But just humor him. He'll be up and around in a few days now. At least I'll be very much surprised if he isn't; these young farmers are full of good bottom strength."

"But his eyes"—the Krensz girl was eying Henry doubtfully—"look oncet how they go rolling again. And the red at his face. And here for all day back he seemed so good. He said me the question was it the bull where made with him and I give him yes, and then he got into a little excitement and he says, 'What about my farm?' he says, and I quick told him my brother was choring it for him, and he never said nothing more till here I heard him give such a groan and if he hadn't up and went off his senses again."

"Senses oncet!" began Henry with feeble dignity. "What do you anyhow mean, my "

"Don't worry!" The physician picked up a sheet of paper and ran his eyes across it. "Just keep up this good full chart for me; note down any symptom that puzzles you; and if he should become at all violent, give him another spoonful of this mixture—get it down him somehow. But he won't. . . . Well, see you tomorrow."

No, Henry didn't become violent—he became canny. He lay and thought. Here he was and apparently he'd got to stay. Until when? Until—och, elend!—the Krensz girl wrote him down well on that chart, or what it was. They thought he was worse because he had talked. Well, then he wouldn't talk. Anyway, why should he? He certainly had nothing to say to the Krensz girl.

(Continued on Page 76)

*"I Guess You Mean to Say She Belongs to You!" Sneered Kochensparger*

# THE LAST U

## By LEONARD H. NASON

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

*"I Was Sent to the U's to Drown!" Said Schwartzkopf Vehemently. "I Was, I am, an Enemy of the Rich, of the Kaiser, of All Those Who Send Men to Die While They Stay Safe at Home"*

THE night was starlit and bitter cold. The moon had just set and a sort of palpitating darkness lay upon the countryside.

It was Northern Flanders, in the fifth autumn of the war.

Not the Flanders of mud and abandoned trenches and shattered trees, but the Flanders that lies away up against the Dutch frontier, that had been occupied without resistance after the collapse of the Belgian army in 1914 and that had gone about its business as usual ever since, except that the hand of the conqueror lay heavily upon it.

The country was flat, like a huge table. On this side and that side, against the night sky, one could see the outline of a windmill or the dark fringe of trees that marked a road. Higher, though, than the others, and with a deeper, thicker border, what looked like a palisaded highway stretched straight across country.

It was the Bruges-Zeebrugge Canal, that took ships from the shelter of the Zeebrugge Mole up to the wharves and factories and high furnaces of Bruges, where they could be unloaded with speed and safety. The conqueror used this canal now to take his U-boats and destroyers up to the repair shops that had been built at Bruges so that the Flanders flotillas would not have to go to the arsenals at Wilhelmshaven or Kiel, and the last named would have more time to spend on the High Seas Fleet.

There was a U-boat going down the canal now, sliding silently along under the trees, coming down from a long stay in dry dock at Bruges. Too long a stay. In the spring the British had suddenly appeared at Zeebrugge and had sunk three cruisers full of cement at the mouth of the canal. This had prevented any of the considerable number of destroyers and U-boats in Bruges from getting out, and finally, after months of labor and effort, a new channel had been dug around the wrecks and it was possible for boats to get out at high tide.

Then it became apparent that the boats did not want to go. Repairs took overlong, and when they were finished, new defects would appear overnight. The high command observed these things with an uneasy eye. It remembered the last sortie in force of the High Seas Fleet, when the Moltke had suddenly come all apart inside like a child's toy, and the rest of the fleet, instead of going on and leaving her to make repairs as best she could, had very solicitously turned about and escorted the damaged vessel back to port again. The high command had decided that at any price a submarine must leave the Flanders base, and this boat that now throbbed her way down the canal was the one that had been chosen.

She was a small boat, of the type between the U-19 and the U-40. She had no lights, and none of her crew were visible save one man forward on the bow, the steersman on his high platform in front of the conning tower, and an officer whose head just showed over the cockpit.

The steersman could see about him from his raised position, but there was nothing of interest in that desolate countryside. The farmhouses, dark and silent, slipped by, with people in them warm in their beds. Where would he be this time tomorrow night? A breeze—sign of the coming dawn—began to sweep in from the west, bringing with it the smell of hay, and of fresh-turned earth where the Flemish had been at their fall plowing.

They slid under a bridge and the steersman could see the wink of starlight on bayonets and hear the faint voice of the sentinel telephoning their passage to the lock. A dog barked and someone harshly bade him be silent. The steersman could just make out two shrouded figures on the canal bank. They were a patrol, with a dog. They watched the U-boat go by in silence. The steersman wondered if they took off their hats, as people were beginning to do when an outgoing U-boat passed, as if it were a hearse.

"Lights ahead, sir!" hailed the steersman suddenly.

Far down the canal two green lights, one above the other, winked on; then below them, two red.

"It's the lock. Very good," replied the officer from the cockpit. He spoke orders into the voice pipe, the engines were shut down; then feet in wooden shoes clattered along the steel deck as the watch was called and began to lay out hawsers and put bumpers overside.

Two blasts of the U-boat's siren and the green lights flicked to white. They went into the lock slowly, then reversed engines and came to a stop amidst gleaming foam. A shore patrol, halted by the opening of the bridge over the canal, looked down at them curiously, their spiked helmets sharp against the graying sky. Slowly the great seaward gates swung open, the boat sank slowly to sea level, then out into the far end of the canal.

The officer of the watch had gone forward and stood on the very tip of the bow, holding on by the net-cutting apparatus. The U-boat's searchlight was on, as well as two great lights from the shore, so that the shattered wrecks of the British warships and the buoys that marked the channel were plainly visible. A sailor heaved the lead and a second officer from the harbor-master staff was in the cockpit. The U-boat went out, letting the ebb of the tide carry her, so close to the wrecks that she almost scraped; then, swinging a little shoreward, passed the third and last.

"Head her for that second green light on the mole," directed the pilot. "We'll lay her up just under Number 2 Warehouse. The ebb will carry you around that way. Heaving lines ready, lieutenant?"

They swept around a great curve and, coming up on the mole under one of the warehouses, found a little group waiting for them. The steersman recognized the tall figure of the U-boat's commander, as he replied gravely to the salute of the pilot and the watch officer. The others were probably officers of the mole battery.

The boat made fast and, a ladder being lowered from the mole, the watch officer and the pilot went up and off to have their breakfast with the other officers. The lookout and the steersman, being relieved, went below to theirs. It was pleasantly warm below and electric lights glittered on the fresh paintwork. The steersman knew all the men there, for he had been shipmates with them on the U-140, a great undersea cruiser.

The sailor that had been on lookout went down first, but at the foot of the ladder he stopped and looked about him rather dazedly.

"Shove off the foot of the ladder!" cried the steersman, coming down after him. "This your first cruise? Never hang around under a ladder. You get half a dozen fat gunners coming down for an emergency dive and they'll flatten you right out."

The other man smiled and moved away as much as he could, which was not far, for he had the mess table on one side, bunks behind him and the bulkhead into the officers' quarters on the other side.

"Sit down," said two or three of the men at the mess table, moving along the narrow bench to make room.

The lookout complied and the steersman sat opposite him. There followed a short silence. The lookout had taken off his cap and put it on a bunk behind him and all eyes had flown to the ribbon on it. It did not identify him, as did theirs, as a member of the Flanders Submarine Flotilla, but as belonging to the crew of His Majesty's ship König Albert.

"I'm from the Hochseeflotte," said the lookout, noting the direction of their eyes. "My name's Schwartzkopf."

"Mine's Techel," said the steersman. "I guess you're the only newcomer aboard. We're all off the U-140."

"Have some coffee, anyway," said one of the other men, shoving a hook pot along the table. "Bread and sausages and *Schmier*, and blank little of 'em."

"That's the trouble with these little boats," remarked Techel. "No room for food on them. Boy, the last one we were on was a boat! Refrigerator, real kitchen with two stoves and bake oven, and space for two months' stores!"

"Well, we had plenty of room for stores on the König Albert," said Schwartzkopf, "but we didn't get anything to eat. They took you off the big U because she can't get out the channel now—that it?"

"No!" chorused the others. "They shoved us down here from Kiel."

"The boys in Bruges have got the wind up," went on Techel. "The admiral wanted somebody to set an example and take a boat out, so they had to send for us. We've been to America. Oh, the admiralty knows this crew!"

"So do the British Admiralty, and the American and the Italian," laughed another. "They know Kapitanleutnant Baum too. Four hundred thousand tons he's put under water! Meditate on that awhile!"

Some of the men finished their breakfast and went up the ladder to the deck. Techel followed them after a while. He noticed that Schwartzkopf remained below, and it was on his tongue to tell him to come up and get all the sunlight and air he could while he might, for he would see little of it during the next week or so. On second thought he remained silent. He was, after all, a petty officer, and it would not do to be too familiar with a strange seaman, even on a U-boat, where relations were much more democratic than on a larger vessel.

Above, a gray, threatening day had dawned. The wind whipped in from the sea, driving spray before it like rain. On the other side of the mole the surf thundered. Two marines, probably guarding the warehouse, walked up and down.

"Going out?" one of them asked Techel.

"I suspicion," he grinned.

"*Waschfrauendienst?*"

"Hey?" asked Techel, for the word was new to him.

"Tattletale patrol," said the marine. "Where you been? That's all they do here—go out and sneak around and peer and look and run home as fast as they can to tell what they've seen, like any old gossip. You just shipped in the U's?"

"Not much!" snapped the steersman. "We've been in America, raising up hell off the Yankee coast. I've been doing something for my country more important than learning trick words!"

"So?" The marine laughed in his beard. "Well, be careful when you get outside. John Bull may teach you a few. This isn't the American coast; this is Johnny Bull's doorstep. Boy, never forget it!"

The marine turned up the collar of his overcoat against the biting wind.

"Hi!" he cried. "Here comes the boss of the mole. I guess that's your skipper with him. You'd better duck if you're not supposed to be topside!"

"Never worry about me, old fellar!" replied Techel.

"Well, I'll be on. The mole boss's got nothing to do with me; he commands the batteries, but he's a rough one to meet. They broke the old one over this affair of the cruisers' being sunk in the canal. Good luck, kid. Look out for the British. They're worse than fleas. Never know where you've got 'em!"

The marine moved hastily away, and, shortly after, three officers appeared. The tallest of the three was the U-boat commander—a young man prematurely old from the strain of the cramped life below seas, the days on end without sleep or sunlight and the weight of Death's hand forever on his shoulder. He wore his overcoat over his shoulders, and as the wind fluttered it, a row of ribbons could be seen on his breast, red and green and black and white—decorations from Turkey, Bulgaria, Austria and his own country. Around his neck was the highest of them all—the purple-and-gold cross of the order Pour le Mérite.

The high command had done well to select him for this forlorn hope. If it were possible to take a boat out of Zeebrugge and bring it back again, then here was the man that could do it. He shook hands with the mole officer, replied stiffly to the salutes of the men on deck, then he and the young watch officer with him went down the fore hatch to their quarters. Techel went below himself. Half his watch below was already gone and he would need all the sleep he could get before the U got into the Channel.

They called Techel later in the morning for his second trick at the wheel. The boat was running submerged and rolling heavily, so that it was some time before he could claw his way aft to the *Zentral*. He was four minutes late relieving, which got him a growl from the other steersman, to which Techel could not reply, for the other ranked him, and slept aft with the warrant officers.

"Course as directed," said the other, turning over the wheel. "Sluggard! I've a mind to bat your skull up against the bulkhead! Try to hold this sardine can on her course in this sea and you'll find out whether four minutes or four seconds of another man's trick is important or not!"

He went away cursing. The other men in the *Zentral* grinned at Techel. There was a man at each diving rudder, another at the soda-fountain-like affair that controlled the diving tanks, and another at the listening apparatus.

"He's sore because he got run out of the soft quarters they had on the big U," whispered a man at one of the diving rudders. "They're back there off the engine room. Hot and stinks of oil."

"What's doing?" asked Techel, looking at the depth gauge. It registered ten meters—not very deep, but this was probably to keep the periscope out of the spray. The others, like Techel, had just come on watch and so knew nothing of events. They had no idea of the boat's position or destination. They were inclosed there tightly in that small room, with nothing to do but watch the depth gauges, the gyroscopic compass, or listen for the beat of hostile propellers. At times a short order came down from the room above. They changed course, dived and rose, according as the man at the listening apparatus reported ships. They were relieved, had dinner and a nap. Then Techel was called again.

"Still down?" muttered Techel sleepily.

"Surface," replied the messenger. "Put on your oilskins. I called you five minutes early on purpose."

Techel went up into the half light of late afternoon. The commander, the watch officer and a third man were in the cockpit, wrapped in their oilskins and sou'westers and having the appearance of men standing under a shower bath, for every sea ducked them.

Techel took the wheel and waited for orders.

"Coffee's ready, sir," shouted the messenger in the commander's ear.

"Hold her as she is, steersman—head for that point of land. There! The light's just gone on. Keep her for

(Continued on Page 83)

*The Whole Patrol Fleet, Wearied by Weeks of Inactivity, Rushed About the Surface, Maddened by the Excitement of the Chase and the Certainty That There Was a U-Boat in the Channel*

# THE DUKE STEPS OUT

*"You Know That She's the Apple of His Eye and All That. Her Sister Married a Rotter. He's Determined That Susie Shan't"*

By LUCIAN CARY

*ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN*

*VIII*

THE Duke put the Benham up to sixty miles an hour and held it there, except on the worst curves, and neither of them spoke for an hour. Then the Duke managed to get cigarettes out of his coat pocket without slowing down the car. Susan Corbin lit one and put it in his mouth. The Duke thanked her.

They did not speak again until they reached Lake Forest and she had to tell him where to turn off the main road. They came, after half a mile, to a large formal gateway of brick and stone, with iron gates. She touched him on the arm.

"Here we are," she said.

The Duke stopped the car. Beyond the gateway he saw a lighted drive curving up to a great house with every window lighted. The Duke wished that she did not live in that kind of house. It made the barrier between them seem impassable.

Aloud he said, "They seem to be expecting you."

Susan Corbin sat up straight. "It looks as if they'd been expecting me," she said.

The Duke drove up to the house and helped her out. "What do I do now?" he asked. "Disappear?"

"No," she said, "you'll have to meet my father. You won't like each other, but it can't be helped."

A servant came running down the steps. "Good evening, Brink," Miss Corbin said. "My bags are in the car. Has my father been worrying about me?"

"Yes, Miss Corbin," the man said.

The next moment her father appeared. He was a large man, in dinner clothes; he had thick white hair and eyes as deep-set as his daughter's.

"I hope you haven't been worried about me, father," she said, and kissed him.

"Of course I've been worried," her father retorted. "I met the train myself. You weren't on it. Helen Scott was there. She said you were driving down and that you would be along any moment. That was three or four hours ago."

"This is Mr. Van Blarcom, father," she said.

Mr. Corbin shook hands with the Duke, looking him up and down. He did not say "Who are you?" Instead he said "What kind of a car is that?" The Duke told him. "Is it better than an American car?" Mr. Corbin asked. "No," the Duke said, "it's merely more expensive."

They entered a wide hall and then a library with a Georgian fireplace in marble—a museum piece.

"I shall say good night, Mr. Corbin," the Duke said. "I'm sorry to have brought Miss Corbin home so late. I told her I could make it as fast as the train. I was mistaken." The man merely nodded. "Good night, Miss Corbin," the Duke said. She followed him back to the front door. "Will I see you this week?" he asked.

"I'll have a great many engagements."

"May I call up?"

She shook her head. "No," she said. Then she changed her mind. "Yes," she said, "you may call me up."

The Duke, hunting for the main road into Chicago, guessed that she had changed her mind not so much because she wanted him to call up as because she knew her father did not want him to call up. But he could not guess how patiently and persistently her father sought to discover what she knew about Mr. Van Blarcom and what she thought about him; or how adroitly, in her resentment at being treated like a child, she created the impression that the Duke was mysterious and fascinating to her.

It was ten minutes after one by the clock on the Benham's dash. The Duke had sent Barney down from Grandison by train and promised to pick him up at the North Western station. The Duke reflected that Barney must have waited four hours by now, and it would be another hour before the Benham reached the station. But he knew that Barney would be waiting patiently. Barney refused to face Jake Levy without the Duke.

Jake was hard to face. He had wired the Duke that morning to come to Chicago at once, and he had come at once. Only Jake would not consider arriving at two o'clock in the morning as coming at once—not when there was a train arriving at 9:15 in the evening. And if he discovered that Barney had come by train while the Duke had driven down, Jake would not rest until he knew why. Jake had only one relaxation and that was cards. When he was troubled he played solitaire and when he was happy he played pinochle. The Duke decided that Jake was undoubtedly playing solitaire at this moment at the Drake Hotel.

The Duke, driving through the procession of North Shore suburbs of Chicago, permitted himself to see again every picture he had in his mind of the girl who had sat beside him all afternoon. He loved all his pictures of her—even those in which she was angriest at him. But he brought himself up sharply. It was inconceivable that a girl brought up as she had been, with a family like that, would ever marry a prize fighter—or even a man who had once been a prize fighter. Such things did not happen, and the quicker he reconciled himself to the fact the easier it would be. He was a fool to go on in his hopeless pursuit of her. He was a fool to go on attending classes at the university. The thing to do was to tell Jake to get this fight with Honeyboy Kerrigan as soon as possible and to give

some other contender a chance early in the fall, and then he could go barnstorming across the country or tour Europe. If he put his mind on making money he could be rich - really rich—and then nothing else would matter so much.

He parked the Benham beside the North Western station and went in to look for Barney. He looked through the lunch room and the restaurant and the waiting room. And then, coming down the steps to the lower level again, he saw Barney and Jake and Mullin. Jake was smoking a large cigar and strutting. They were all smoking large cigars. The Duke knew what that meant. They saw him and waited for him at the bottom of the steps.

"Boy," Jake said, "they have come across. We get fifty per cent of the gate, with a guaranty of one hundred grand, and sure as I'm standing here, our share will be two hundred grand."

"When do we fight?"

"Decoration Day," Jake replied. "You start training tomorrow."

"Good!" the Duke said. But he was not glad. He was not glad at all. What was two hundred grand if he lost his chance to win that girl? "I left my car outside," he continued. "Let's go get it."

Jake did not move. Instead, he stood with his feet wide apart and stared at the Duke. He took his cigar out of his mouth.

"And is that all you have to say to old Jake?" he asked. He turned to Mullin and Barney. "I get him the biggest shot a lightweight ever had and he says"—here Jake raised his eyebrows and mimicked the Duke's casual tone—"he says 'Good!'" Jake shook his large head slowly. "Boy," he said—"boy, I don't know what's got into you lately. If I did not know you so well I would think you had gone ritz."

The Duke smiled. It looked as if Jake was too well pleased with himself to make any unpleasant inquiries.

"It's only that I know you so well, Jake," he said. "When I saw you with that cigar I knew you had put it over."

Jake took the Duke's arm in fatherly fashion. "It's all right, boy," he said as they walked toward the Benham. "I forgive you. I have to forgive you. After all, you are the best one-hundred-and-thirty-five-pound boy that ever climbed through the ropes."

Jake sat beside the Duke on the way over to the hotel and triumphantly detailed the process by which he had brought Fitzmorris and Gratz to the point of giving heavyweight terms to a lightweight. The Duke listened patiently, thinking about Susan Corbin and how he would manage to see her when he went into training and had to be on the road at half-past six in the morning, and working every afternoon in a training camp, and going to bed every night at half-past nine.

"Now," Jake said, when they got to their rooms at the hotel, "the question is, where do you train? I have been talking to Al Friedman tonight and he says he has the ideal place up near Waukegan, but I have not seen it."

"That's too far from Grandison," the Duke said.

"What was that you said?" Jake asked.

"I said it was too far from Grandison," the Duke replied.

Jake rose slowly and majestically out of his chair. "And what has Grandison got to do with it?" he asked.

"After all," the Duke said, "that's where I live now. I'm still going to college."

"You are still going to collidge when you are going to fight?"

"Now, Jake," the Duke said, "we had this out once before. Let's forget it."

"Forget it!" Jake cried. "I have forgotten too many things already yet. I have thought—well, let bygones be bygones. I have not asked you where you were tonight. Why? Because I think to myself boys will be boys and this one has now to go into hard training and he will not have any fun except maybe knocking the block off of some sparring partner for nine weeks; and besides, it is not in me to be mean. But snap out of it! From now on you put nothing over on old Jake—nothing at all.

"Tomorrow we have a little work-out up at Gilson's gym and see how much you have gone back in the last four months, and then I will hop out to Al Friedman's place and see what it is like, and if it is all right we will go there and stay there till the day of the fight."

The Duke got to his feet. He always found it easier to say what he meant when he was on his feet.

"Listen, Jake," he said, "I'm perfectly serious. I'm going to stay in Grandison. I'm going to keep on going to the university up to the last minute before this fight, and nothing you can do or say is going to stop me; so you might as well save your breath."

"Boy ——" Jake began in his most tragic voice.

The Duke held up his hand. "Just a minute, Jake. You can ask me where I was tonight if you like and I'll tell you. But it won't make any difference. I'm not ashamed of it. And I'll keep on doing it—fight or no fight."

Jake sat down, his body slumped, his feet thrust out in front of him, his head sunk on his chest, and began to talk aloud to himself. Barney and Mullin tried not to look at him. Jake's sadder emotions embarrassed them.

"I watch that boy as if he was my own son," Jake said. "When he ritzes me I just smile—I just think, well, you can only be young and proud once. When he reads books all the time I worry about him. It looks bad. But I think maybe it is better he should read books than he should go running wild on Broadway. Anyways, it keeps him away from women. And now he has got that bug too. He has gone crazy about some woman. He has gone absolutely woman crazy." Jake turned suddenly on Barney in an effort to catch him unawares. "Who is this girl, Barney?" he asked.

"What girl?" Barney retorted.

Jake shook his head sadly. "Of course you wouldn't tell Jake—not even if it was for the boy's own good you wouldn't tell him. But don't think I don't know what is the matter with him. I know. Life is a funny thing. When some woman gets a man crazy about her so he jumps through hoops for her and forgets all about his work and his reputation and his money—then he feels so proud he

(Continued on Page 57)

*"I Shall Say Good Night, Mr. Corbin. I'm Sorry to Have Brought Miss Corbin Home So Late. I Told Her I Could Make it as Fast as the Train. I Was Mistaken"*

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A.D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

In the United States and Possessions, Five Cents the Copy; $2.00 the Year—52 issues. Remittances by Postal Money Order, Express Money Order or Check.

In Canada and Newfoundland (including Labrador), Ten Cents the Copy; $3.00 the Year—52 issues—Canadian or U. S. Funds.

In Continental Europe and the British Isles, $6.00 the Year—52 issues.

In Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Isle of Pines, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Republic of Honduras, Salvador and Uruguay, $4.00 the Year—52 issues.

In all other Foreign Countries, $10.00 the Year—52 issues.

Remittances from outside U. S. and Canada by Postal or Express Money Order or by Draft on a bank in the U. S., payable in U. S. Funds.

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 18, 1928


## Misrepresentative Government

IT DOES not seem to be generally realized that possibly a score of million people in this country are without fair and equitable representation in Congress because of the long-continued failure of that body to reapportion itself as required by the Constitution. If the present condition continues until 1930-31, which is highly probable, there will then be, according to the most recent report of the House Committee on the Census, approximately 31,000,000 persons without fair and equitable representation in what is considered the most representative legislative body in the world. One city on the Pacific Coast claims to have 1,000,000 people practically deprived of a voice in the House. The whole situation has many features of striking interest which should be more widely understood.

The Constitution requires that "representatives shall be apportioned among the several states according to their respective numbers, counting the whole number of persons in each state excluding Indians not taxed." Unfortunately a mathematically exact apportionment on this basis is impossible. Exact quotas result in fractions, from which endless trouble has flowed. Thomas Jefferson, fearing such an outcome, would have preferred a basis of one congressman for each 200,000 people; every state in order to get additional representation being required to have 200,000 additional inhabitants.

But the Constitution does not read that way, and must be interpreted, as clearly shown by Daniel Webster in 1832, as if it contained the words, "as nearly as may be." Congress may and does decide the total number of representatives, but their apportionment among the states must be on the basis of population, which produces a strictly mathematical question, which in turn gives rise to many strange disparities.

Now from census to census some states gain population and others lose. Up to 1920 there had been a fairly regular reapportionment after each census, the last one having taken place in 1911. There were 91,641,197 people in 1910, exclusive of the District of Columbia, which is unrepresented in Congress; it is estimated that there will be 123,000,000 in 1930, but the apportionment is the same now as in 1911. This estimate is, of course, only a rough approximation of the Census Bureau, derived from the actual increase in population from 1910 to 1920 and the available records of births and deaths, immigration and emigration. But if this estimate is accepted, California should have by 1930 six additional congressmen, Michigan four, Ohio three, Texas and New Jersey two each, and several other states one apiece. On the other hand, there are seventeen states which would lose, one losing three congressmen, several two, and a large number one apiece. This is on the assumption that the number of representatives remains the same as now—namely, 435.

The failure of Congress to reapportion after the census of 1920 can be explained on several grounds. The reason most commonly given was that population had been disturbed by the war and had not settled down to a normal basis again. In other words, there were congressmen who believed that the cityward trend would not continue. Also, the census itself came in for some criticism. But a study of the debates would prove to almost any inquirer that the real stumblingblock was the fact that unless the size of the House was increased far beyond its then membership many states would have lost one or more members.

In the past this objection was usually overcome by an enlargement of the size, with a solemn promise that it would never be done again. Gradually the House has become more and more unwieldy from increased size, and to prevent any losses in 1930-31, it would be necessary to increase the number to the enormous figure of 534. Many members themselves oppose any increase in size, so that a curious deadlock, an irrepressible conflict, arises among three active parties: Those who conscientiously oppose an increase under any conditions; those representing the losing states, who oppose reapportionment unless the size be increased; and those from states like California and Michigan, which are rightly demanding the congressmen they are entitled to.

An attempt was made in the past session to get a bill through, with the idea that it would be easier then than after 1930, when the contrasts between gains and losses are likely to be all the more glaring, because the figures of the actual census enumeration will then become available. But no action was taken, and it now seems necessary that public opinion should be aroused to the situation which exists. Congress will act if enough people demand action.

Unfortunately the strictly technical aspects of the subject are extremely complicated and controversial. Two methods, especially—major fractions and equal proportion—have ardent advocates and equally earnest critics. A third method is known to the technicians as minimum range.

A standard method was adopted in 1850 and followed by Congress down to 1900 inclusive, but in 1880 it developed the so-called Alabama paradox, and in 1900 an even stranger case in regard to Maine. When the Census Bureau, in 1880, apportioned 299 congressmen among the states, Alabama came out, under the rule of 1850, with eight representatives. When the number was increased to 300, it was found that, applying the same rule, Alabama would receive only seven representatives. The Maine case was even more remarkable, but space prevents its being described here.

The only point we wish to make is that despite the mathematical problem, action will have to be taken within two or three years or a great injustice will be perpetrated upon the country. Congress must, of course, determine the policy to be pursued, but it will make a grave mistake if its actions are based upon a suspicious attitude toward the Census Bureau. This bureau must, of course, do the actual technical work, advised naturally by the greatest mathematicians outside. The history of the country does not show that confidence in the scholars in the technical departments of the Government has been misplaced. We do not believe the Census Bureau will abuse the trust imposed upon it, and unless it is given some leeway the quarrels of reapportionment may continue indefinitely.

## The Financial Center

EVERY now and then the prediction is made that Wall Street will cease to be the money center of the country and that the functions carried on there will move elsewhere, perhaps to the Forty-second Street district in the same city. In one sense this is a purely local question—local to New York City—and yet the whole country follows with keen interest the goings on in Wall Street, whether with approval, disapproval or merely with a sort of sportinglike neutrality. For good or ill, the financial center is one of the main focal points of the nation, and its location concerns us all.

The Forty-second Street district has had a tremendous development in recent years, and great numbers of executives, lawyers, branch banks and branch brokerage offices, as well as retail stores, have crowded into this midtown district. But as pointed out some time ago by a committee on the Regional Plan of New York and its Environs, the growth of branch banking merely increases the strength of the parent institutions and fosters concentration of power in the small district where the parents are located. If the New York City banks are ever permitted by law to operate branches outside the city itself, the influence of Wall Street will be further augmented.

Wall Street is where it is because of close proximity to the port of New York, the Custom House, the Subtreasury, the Federal Reserve Bank and the Assay Office, and these would be slow to seek new quarters. The financial center is the one thing in New York which has the resources to make a complete move, if it chose to do so, to "dislodge anything else and compel the existing pattern to rearrange itself." It is effectively located where it is, rooted not only in tradition but in suitability, and has no occasion to move. A great earthquake or a destructive aerial attack or a revolution might shake it apart. But the very close proximity of an important army post has significance in these connections, and the fact that a regiment of regulars can take command of Wall Street within a few minutes' notice is the best of reasons why Governor's Island will never be used for any other than a military purpose.

The conclusions of the Regional Plan report are being borne out almost day by day. One great bank after another anchors itself in its own monumental structure as close as possible to one of those two strategic corners, Wall and Broadway or Wall, Broad and Nassau. The tiny chimney corner at No. 1 Wall Street has recently gone into a group of land parcels which will house the parent office of one of the largest of American banking concerns. One of the foremost of trust companies has of late finished its gigantic home surrounding on three sides the smaller but imposing offices of J. P. Morgan & Co. One of the oldest banks in the city, heretofore located in the mercantile district somewhat farther uptown, is moving down into the Street.

There are many needless activities in the metropolis that can and should be moved out of Manhattan Island. Corporations can send away large portions of their clerical staffs and store their records in less expensive quarters. But there are activities which belong not only in New York City but in the restricted Wall Street district. "It does not require the transfer of huge quantities of materials," says an economist, Robert M. Haig. "It deals almost exclusively with information. What is all-important is transportation of intelligence. The mail, the cable, the telegraph and the telephone bring in its raw material and carry out its finished product. Internally easy contact of man with man is essential. Conferences with corporation officers, with bankers, with lawyers and partners fill the day. The district must be at the heart of the system of communication."

Wall Street is in reality one big structure. The streets are little more than shafts and corridors, and visitors are struck by the quiet of the place. It is less noisy than the business center of a country town, because the streets are practically cleared of all except pedestrian traffic. Other sections of the city and the financial districts of other great cities wax in power, but they only increase rather than decrease the far-reaching influence of Wall Street. Develop a great oil company in California or an automobile factory in Michigan, and in time its activities are reflected in the volume of Wall Street's turnover. The financial centers of London and Paris have not moved; Wall Street will continue the synonym of money and finance in this Western Hemisphere for a long time to come.

# THE FOREIGN-LOAN HAZARD

## By WILL PAYNE

EVERYONE knows that we have taken England's place as the world's greatest exporter of capital. But may that not lead us into taking England's place in some other respects? The question, I think, is of first-rate importance. As matters stand, American investors, large and small, are left to answer it, each according to his own lights. In order to form an intelligent opinion they ought to have more than the rather one-sided statement of the case which has been presented to them so far.

In the respects referred to above, England's place has not been an enviable one. More than seven years ago a well-informed Englishman summarized the situation for me by remarking with a sigh, "Everybody knows we haven't a shilling." Any time from the close of 1920 up to this present year that was the burden of England's national song; a heartbreaking stretch of industrial depression.

That eminent authority on British finance, The Economist, summed it up this way: "May we hope, as we have been hoping ever since 1921, that normal processes of adjustment and recuperation will restore to our struggling industries the power to compete in the old markets, or are we helpless and hopeless unless some great new productive power comes to our rescue by cheapening production, as steam came to us after the Napoleonic Wars?"

Many distinguished Englishmen have been asking in all seriousness: "Can anything short of a miracle save us? Without some such miracle as a new discovery of steam, is England done for?" Salvation, in the common view, hinged on increased exports, and exports would not increase.

The point for the present discussion is that all through the long depression England has been steadily exporting great sums of capital. More than $550,000,000 a year of foreign issues have been offered and subscribed on the London market. My English acquaintance's statement, "Everybody knows we haven't a shilling," was not literally true. There were deep pockets full of shillings for foreign loans. So far as the trade reports indicate, the foreign loans did not start a new wheel at home. In 1923 and 1924, when the pinch was especially severe, nearly two-thirds of all the securities issued for new capital in the London market were foreign.

In those two years alone England exported in round numbers $1,200,000,000 of capital and supported a notable part of home workmen by unemployment doles. In seven years, while we have taken first place in foreign investing, England has not been so far behind, lending abroad $3,903,000,000 to our $6,251,000,000. On both sides of the water different lists give somewhat different totals. The above figures are from a recent report by the Department of Commerce. But during the same seven years home securities issued for new capital on the London market amounted to $3,714,000,000 and on the New York market to $31,800,000,000—more than eight for one. Of course it is this difference in investment of new capital at home that marked the difference between the two countries in prosperity.

Ever since the Rothschilds and Barings made foreign loans fashionable, in the fore part of the nineteenth century, such loans have been questioned on the obvious ground that they take a nation's capital out of its own borders, often handing it over to an industrial and political rival.

The facts on the surfaces are plain enough. Excluding refunding issues, put out to pay an old debt, and some issues that merely rearrange the ownership of existing property, there is no way in which a dollar of new capital can be invested at home without setting home labor at work and consuming home materials.

If Omaha puts out a bond issue for parks and schoolhouses the money will be spent hiring Omaha workmen to construct the parks and schoolhouses and for American building material, paving material, and so forth. A railroad or public-utility bond issue for any extensions and improvements of plant produces money that is spent for American wages and American goods. When an American citizens buys a home bond for any sort of improvement he is practically hiring American labor and buying American goods. Moreover, he may be said to get the benefit of the improvement. But when he buys a foreign bond there is no such direct effect.

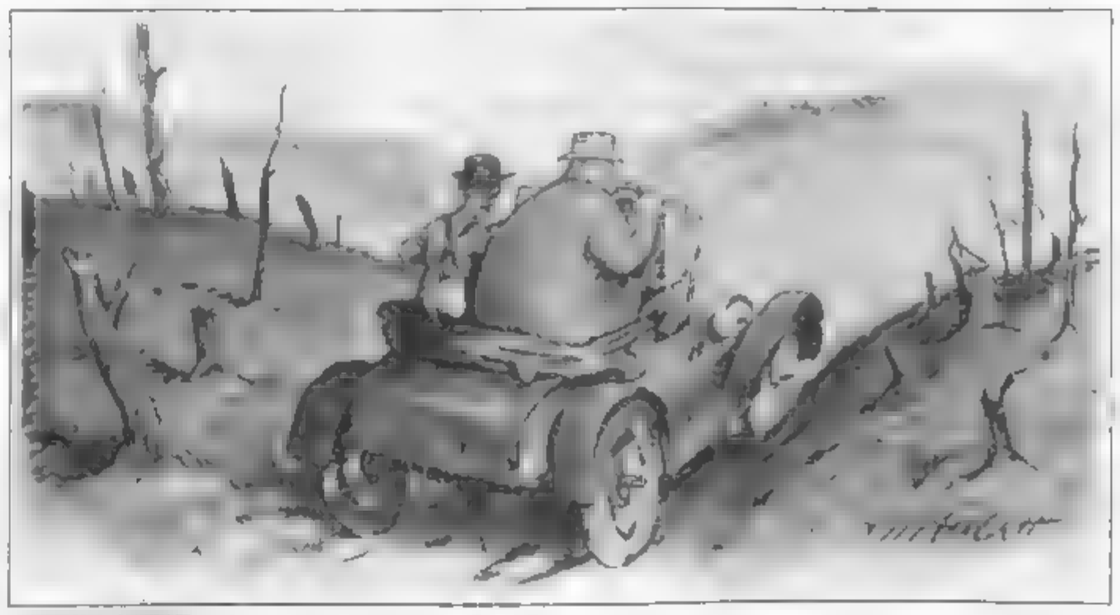
(Continued on Page 100)




OVER THE HILLS TO THE POORHOUSE

# SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

"Mac, I Tried to Convence Her I'd Been Oot a' the Night Wi' Ye, But She Says Not a Chance Wi' Ye Married to Meg McTavish"



"Bad Forest Fire?" "Nope. Tourists Just Round the Turn"

"Whom Did You Vote for, for Governor?" "You Know—That Tall Blond With the Straight Nose, Wistful Gray Eyes, Firm Chin and Broad Shoulders"

## They Shall Not Toil for Bread!

*SHE was a proud and valiant mother;*
*When fortune frowned she raised her head.*
*She said, "My daughters shall not suffer!*
*My daughters shall not toil for bread!*
*My daughters shall not toil for bread!*
*I will forestall mischance!" she said.*
*"My labor shall outwit disaster!*
*My daughters shall not toil for bread!"*

*Now she has triumphed o'er misfortune;*
*With mother love her bosom throbs;*
*Now she has made a million dollars.*
*But lo! she sits at home and sobs!*
*Alas! she sits at home and sobs!*
*Her daughters join the toiling mobs;*
*She cannot keep her wayward daughters*
*From sneaking out and getting jobs.*

*"In spite of all your education*
*You toil for bread!" they hear her shriek;*
*"You work as clerks in arty bookshops,*
*And all you get is ten a week!*
*You toil for bread at ten per week!*
*And that's considered very chic!*
*The college girls are all competing*
*For bookshop jobs at ten per week!"*

*She buys them commutation tickets,*
*And lunches in the best hotel,*
*And the expensive clothes the bookshop*
*Demands of all its personnel.*
*Ah, the exclusive personnel!*
*The modern arty bookshops sell*
*Two-dollar novels by the aid of*
*A million-dollar personnel!*

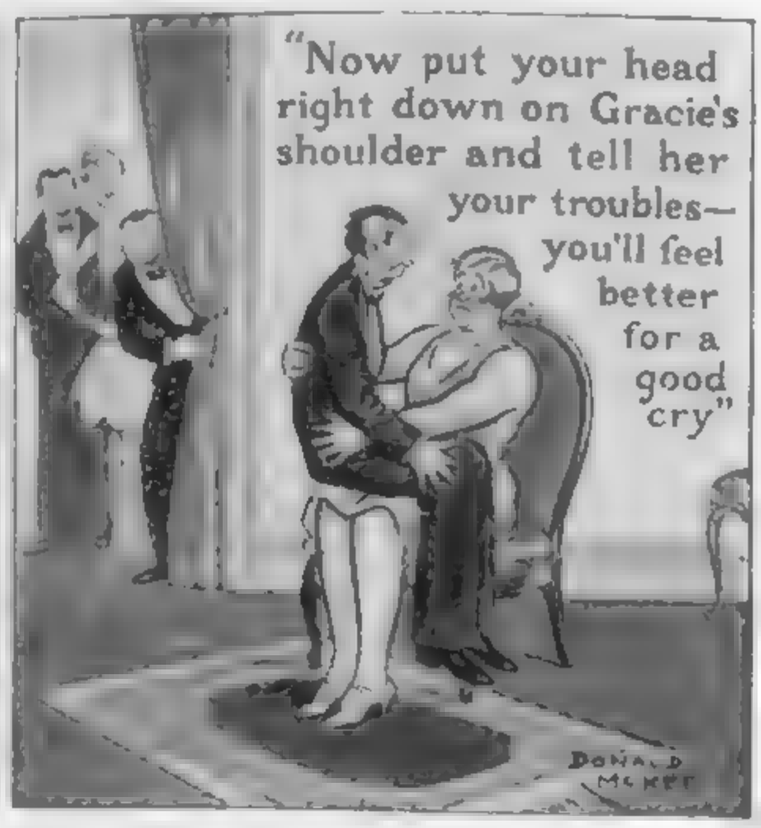
(Continued on Page 89)

## Girls We Could Never Learn to Care For

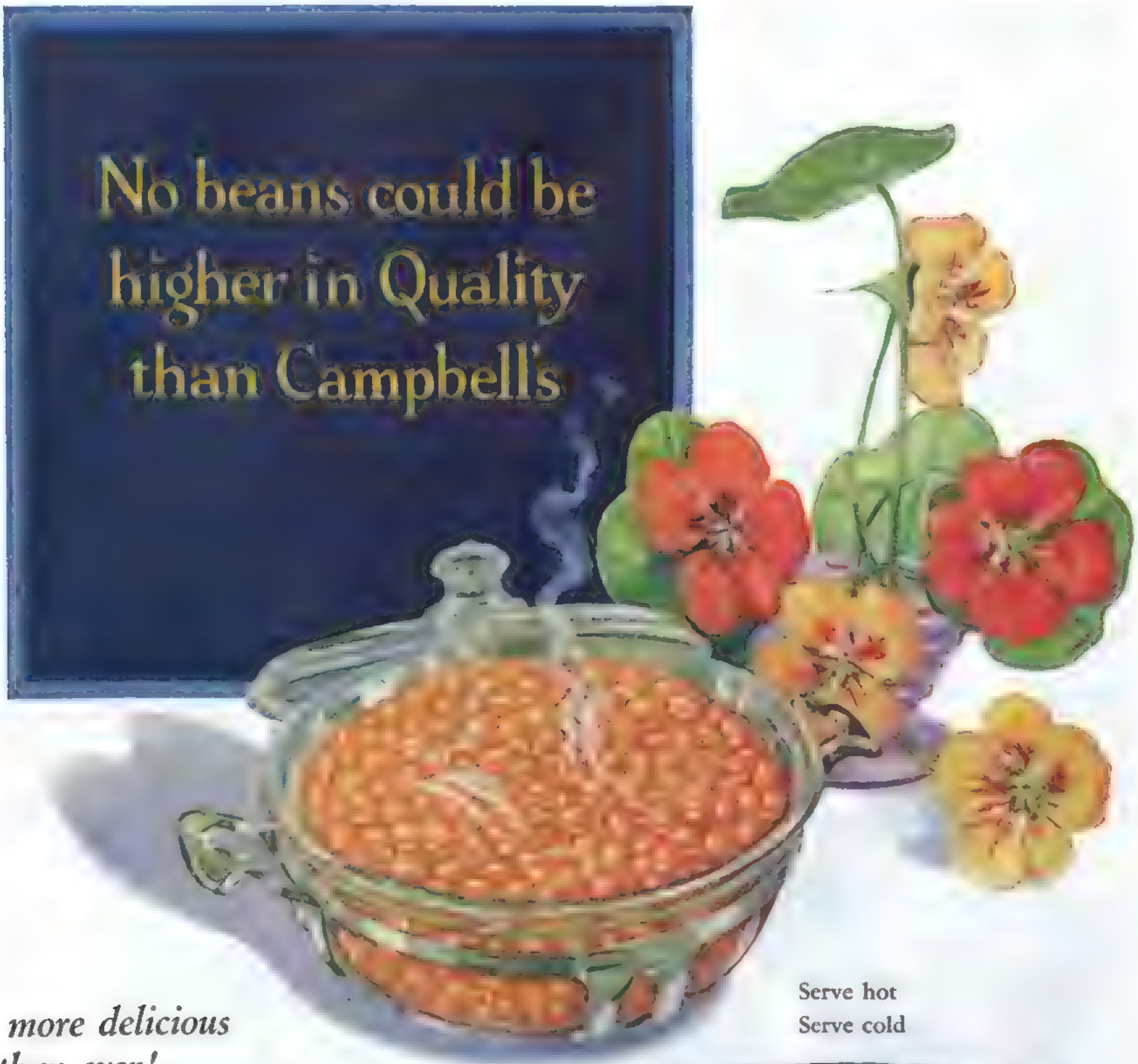
"Nobody loves me—nobody understands me—I think sometimes I'll just end it all—unless I find some great strong noble man to comfort me—but nobody cares!"

The Weeper

The Channel Swimmer




The One With the Maternal Complex




Serve hot
Serve cold

*Now more delicious than ever!*

Just think of it! The most popular beans in the world—Campbell's—have been perfected to an even greater deliciousness! Always the overwhelming favorites, Campbell's Beans now set a new standard of Quality that places them farther than ever in the lead.

Campbell's never rest on their laurels. The fact that these beans far out-sell all others did not deter us from our ceaseless efforts to produce higher and ever higher excellence.

All the qualities that won such extraordinary popularity are retained and advanced to new perfection. Slow-cooked to a golden brown, the beans are whole, yet deliciously mellow and tender. The famous tomato sauce, made from Campbell's exclusive recipe, tempts with an irresistible flavor. Enjoy Campbell's Beans today—and often!

SLOW - COOKED

GOLDEN BROWN

# SWAG

## By CHARLES FRANCIS COE

ILLUSTRATED BY SAUL TEPPER

IX

I JUST sat there looking at George. I couldn't have said a word if it had been my mother who came through that secret door. George was the last man on earth I expected to find there. But I was glad it was George instead of Red, or Cally Dolan, or maybe Smitty, or some other one of the gang that I knew Bill ran. At least, I figured, George wouldn't kill me. He might arrest me, but even going to jail was a lot better than staying where I was under that big bar.

I didn't stop to think how George ever got there. I didn't care. It was enough that he was there. Finally he laughed at me. It was one of the very few times I ever saw or heard George laugh. Usually he sniffed and hiked his lip up close to his nostril. But now his lips spread and his eyes lit up. He saw something funny. I guess, in addition to being dumb, I lacked a sense of humor too.

"This here is rich," he said. "Kiss me for a tea hound, if it ain't rich! Come down out of there. Roll down them steps and let me have a good look at you. . . . Put your tongue in, too, kid, or you'll bite the thing off."

No wonder my throat was dry! All this time I had my tongue between my teeth and it was sore for about a week. I must have bitten it nearly off. After I dragged it back where it belonged I found I could speak. A long time afterward, George told me that two things saved me from a quick shot from his pistol that night. The first was that my eyes stuck out a foot and showed at a glance that I was scared pink. The second was my tongue. George said it stuck out as far as my eyes and the end of it was turning blue because I was biting it so hard.

Anyway, I straightened out my legs and started down the steps. I must have been pretty weak, because George came across the room and caught my arm to help me down. My legs had all the strength of two wet ribbons. I reached the floor after a minute and George waved his hand at the bottom step of the stairs and told me to sit down.

"Now," he snapped at me, the laughter gone from his eyes and from his voice, and the big pistol still ready in his hand, "what's the big idea? Whatcha doin' around here?"

"George," I said, "I swear I don't know! I saw Red down here the other day and he opened that door you just came through. I figgered that tonight I'd see where it went, that's all. Just as I got down here I met you comin' the other way, an' when I tried to beat it, the bar worked faster'n I did."

"You don't know where the passage goes?" George asked me. He was all cop again, and that means very nasty when they are firing questions at you. Something told me I had better not lie much to George, because it was a cinch to see he knew more than I thought. He was there in the room. For all I knew, now that I had begun to get my mind working along crooked lines, George might even be one of the gang. That fight with Bill might have been well faked and the transfer away from our section just what George wanted.

I mean, my mind was filled with nutty ideas. They came to me with the speed of an express train, and each car that flashed by was a full-grown idea. There stood George with a bolt of the very silk he had said was stolen from Bill's truck. Even a sucker would get thoughts like mine. So I dared not lie. If he was really a copper doing his job, lying would make me look like a shield for Bill and make me a party to all his crimes. I was about as comfortable as a pimple under a collar button.

And all the time I was thinking these things George was watching me. It seemed to me that he saw every thought, too, just like they really were part of a racing express train, and his look at them was as good and as complete as my own. A drop of sweat ran right down the bridge of my nose and hung there, and I blew it off. It sailed away like a soap bubble, but after a couple of inches it broke all up and winked only once in the light from the bulb overhead.

"Well?" George asked again. "You don't know where the passage leads?"

"Yes—yes, sir, I know where it leads, but ——"

"But what?" he barked at me. There was no need of him asking that and it only made it harder to talk to him. I guess that was what he wanted. I don't know.

"Well," I explained, "I remember in books—books about detectives—there was almost always a queer door an' funny passages."

"You tryin' to tell me you like detectives?" George asked.

*Then One of Them Ran for a Cop*

"I was tellin' about passages an' doors."

"Tell me about this passage," George ordered, his head shooting forward and his face blazing down into mine—"this here passage."

"If you had not come along like this," I said, "until I had found the passage, I could tell you about it. It's your fault, George. You caught me just as I was goin' to learn."

"You're a liar!" he said. "I'm sorry too. If you told me the truth ——"

"That's the truth, George!" I swore. "I was just goin' to follow that passage and see—see what I could see."

"About where it leads?"

"No. I know that. It leads over to the other buildin'—under the alley, to the other buildin'."

"That's a little better. Now, what the devil do you care where it goes, or why it's here, or anythin' about it? Bill pay you fer snoopin' around his place of a nighttime, does he?"

"No. It's just like I say. Red showed me the passage an' I got to thinkin' about the books an' thought I'd try my hand at bein' a detective."

"Not only are you a liar, kid; you're a very bad liar! I'll give you one more chance to tell me the truth. Then, if you lie again, I'll either shoot you full of holes an' tell the police I caught you here in the dark an' killed you in self-defense, or I'll run you in for stealin' this silk an' see that you get twenty to thirty years' education in the big house. Now, shoot! Why are you here?"

What chance did I have? There I was alone with this hard guy and I had just seen him spill Bill like Bill was a pint of milk and he was an alley cat. There he stood with his big gun and he had all the law with him. I blew another bubble of sweat three times as far as the first one, then I caved in altogether.

"I'll tell, George," I said. "I come down here to try and find out if Bill was really a crook. I got a reason that makes me want to know awful bad, George. So I sneaked down here to get some evidence to show somebody else that Bill really is a crook."

"Who? Who did you want to show—me?"

"No, not you. By-Byra."

"Who is Byra?"

"My girl."

"The frail-lookin' little runt that's upstairs?" George asked. I could have blasted his eye out for that remark. What a fool he was in some things!

"That's Byra," I said. "She ain't any frail-lookin' little runt!"

"That's what Bill seems to think," he agreed. "I guess I'm a rotten judge of women."

His voice had changed and I realized that he only said that about Byra to make me mad enough to talk right out in church. Also, before I realized it, he had me madder than ever talking about her and Bill.

"Yeah, Bill has fell for her plenty," he said. "It's kinda too bad. He's such a hellion with the women an' she's such a dumb an' trustin' little thing. You ain't got any more chance with him around than I have to be police commissioner. Right now he's got her off at a show—a recital, it is. They'll be there a long time an' Bill is a fast worker at recitals!" George laughed a dirty laugh. "I guess she has fell for him, too," he went on, just like he really was sorry about it all. "He had her out last night to a musical show. Poor kid."

I was quiet, and I guess even George must have been sorry at the way he was burning me up. But cops get used to that, and George was a cop.

After a minute more he said, "Your idea was to get the goods on Bill, then tip her off so that she would give him the run around?"

*"He Doesn't Buy From Anybody That Offers. Kid. Bill Nigel Has a Gang of His Own"*

(Continued on Page 28)

# For housecleaning—Sunbrite

## *to sweeten and freshen*

THERE'S more to housecleaning than scouring. Airing out and sunning out are important. Sweetening—making everything newly fresh.

That is why **Sunbrite**, the "double-action" cleanser, is so valuable in housecleaning. It has a wonderful two-fold power—purifying as it scours. Use it in places where sunlight cannot reach.

"Double-action" **Sunbrite** means only *one* cleansing process for you, with two results. It will cut your cleaning time practically in two. It saves strength and effort.

Economical—half the work—half the time. No wonder wise housewives count on **Sunbrite** for all their cleaning tasks. **Sunbrite** does not hurt the hands. Order a supply for housecleaning—today.

Swift & Company

*Sweet, new cleanliness in the City of Sunbrite.*

QUICK NAPTHA WHITE SOAP CHIPS FOR EASE IN CLEANING TASKS

(Continued from Page 26)

I replied: "I want her to leave this place. I want to leave myself. We are all goin' to be in trouble around here if things go on the way they are."

"How are things goin'?" he snapped at me.

"I don't know exactly. I never ——"

"Then what are you scared of?"

"I don't know. I ——"

"More about detective books, I suppose," George said, and his lip was way up under his nose now.

"No. I—well, I been told Bill is a crook."

"Sure he is," George said instantly. "A big crook too. A receiver, that's what he is—a fence. One of those smart fences that knows the law better than a lawyer an' always plays the game safe.

"I'll tell you that, if that's all you want to know. Why not ask me about it? If you wanted this moll tipped off to blow the works before the crash, I'd of told her for you."

"She wouldn't have believed you," I said. "She don't like you. She didn't believe me when I told her."

George was grinning. "Does that mean she don't like you either?"

"No—I don't know."

"Uh-huh. But just a minute, kid. Remember what I told you about lyin' again. I'll blow you full of holes ——"

"I won't lie, George. Cripes! All I want to do is get out of this place an' take Byra with me."

"Fine. Be careful you don't go out feet first, with her mailin' lilies to your grave from prison!"

I gulped and George didn't do anything but look at me just like he had when I was huddled up against that cellar hatch. After a minute he went on, his voice the same hard way: "You say she wouldn't believe you when you told her Bill was on the bend?"

"No. I said he was a crook an' she said I was disloyal an' untrue to my best friend."

"Swell," George sneered. "Why did you tell her Bill was a crook? What made you do that?"

"To save her—to get her out of this place."

"You didn't do it just to cut him out of the girl?"

"No, I ——"

"Then why?" George bellowed at me. "Don't stand there stallin' with me, kid! Don't think I'm a half-wit that you can outguess an' outtalk. Gimme the answer to my question. You told this frail that Bill was a crook an' she wouldn't believe you. Fine, but why did you tell her that? Why? What did you know to make you think Bill is a crook? Answer me!" He jerked the gun around and I almost fainted.

"I saw—I saw Red," I said, my eyes glued right tight on the front hole in that big gun, "meltin' junk that was marked."

"Oh," George sighed like he was relieved. "That sounds like the truth, kid."

"Don't shoot me, George," I said. "That is the truth—I swear, on my honor, it's the truth. After that day when you took Red an' me over to the station house an' questioned us, I told Bill what you had asked me about marked junk. He explained why you had asked, an' that's how I knew it was a crime to have marked junk. I saw Red meltin' the stuff. Then I told Byra an' she wouldn't believe me."

George was busy chewing the inside of his lips. His eyes were not paying any attention to me at all. He seemed to be thinking about other things. All of a sudden he straightened up, and I followed his gaze and found my own eyes looking right at the gun that hung on the wall. George walked over to it very slowly. He stood under it just as I had, and studied it there.

Finally he drew out his handkerchief and spread it open. After that he hooked his finger through the trigger guard of the gun and let the weapon drop into the handkerchief. Then he put them both in his pocket, the pistol all wrapped up in the white handkerchief.

"Did you know that was there?" he asked me.

"Yes. I saw it there the other day, an' again tonight."

"Why didn't you tell me about it?"

"I never—good night, George, what chance have I had to tell you anything?"

He grinned a little. "You've told me a whole lot, kid," he said softly. "Now tell me one thing more. Why do you suppose this dumb skirt wouldn't believe that Bill was a crook?"

"I guess—well, he has been mighty good to her—to me, too. It took me a long time to believe it myself. Crab always thought it, right from the first, but I never did—not till I saw that marked junk."

"Then what convinced you? Just the junk, or did you turn up somethin' else?"

"Red—Red told me that Bill was a crook."

"Then you told the girl and asked her to quit the joint—is that it?"

"Yes, George, that's right."

"What was you goin' to do yourself?"

*"What's the Big Idea? Whatcha Doin' Around Here?"*

"I was goin' to quit, too, of course."

"Then, if this moll is so dumb, or so much in love with Bill that she don't care if he is a crook ——"

"She ain't!" I interrupted George. "You oughta have sense enough to see that!"

"All right," George drawled, "have it your way. I'm just a cop an' all I can see is facts. You admit that she refused to listen to you, an' I can see for myself that she's still here. Ain't them facts?" I nodded agreement.

"Then," George went along, "goin' on facts alone, I got another one: You're still here yourself! Why—you bein' so honest an' Bill so crooked an' the woman so dumb—why, I say, didn't you fade out of the joint yourself?"

"I—I want to, George," I said—"I want to save Byra. I love her."

"Swell," George grunted. "More an' more we are gettin' like a book. But the funny part of it is, kid, I know you're tellin' me the truth. All I'm after is a little better idea about some of the details."

His manner got almost friendly and I felt like I had a chance now to get away with my life. George leaned the bolt of silk against the plank wall, then walked over to the forge and twisted the fan button there backward. Right away the door to the passage swung shut and I looked up and saw that the bar was sliding free. I could have kicked myself all over the town for missing so simple a trick. George grinned.

"Sit down again," he told me. "There's just a coupla little things I want you to tell me, kid. Then I'll tell you some that'll make your head swim. Now, do I understand that just because this broad does not like me, you didn't ask me to tip her off to Bill?"

"Well, I guess—I dunno—you see, George, I never cared very much about you myself. All you've ever done is scare me to death."

Once more I heard George's real laugh. I had sat down on the lower step again, and he went so far as to muss my hair up with his left hand while he laughed at what I had said. His right hand still held the gun.

"All right, kid," he said. "Mebbe you'll grow to like me better some day."

"Mebbe I will," I nodded. "I sure will if you ever get me out of this place alive!"

"Think back well now, Johnny," he said to me. "Ain't there a little better reason than that why you never asked me about Bill?"

"Mebbe," I said. "I might have been afraid of Bill, or of you, or of what would happen to me if I talked to you. Anyway, George, I never thought you knew. I thought you was just tryin' to find out about Bill. If you knew he was a crook, I figured you'd put him in prison—you'd arrest him."

George clamped his teeth, and I could see that I had hit on a sore spot. His jaw worked pretty hard.

Then he said: "That's a fair answer an' a good one. To tell you the truth, kid, you are very, very dumb in the ways of crooks, but you are a nice lad, and clean minded, and mebbe just a little adventurous. You never should have run away from home."

"I admit that now!" I said, and George smiled a bit at the way I said it.

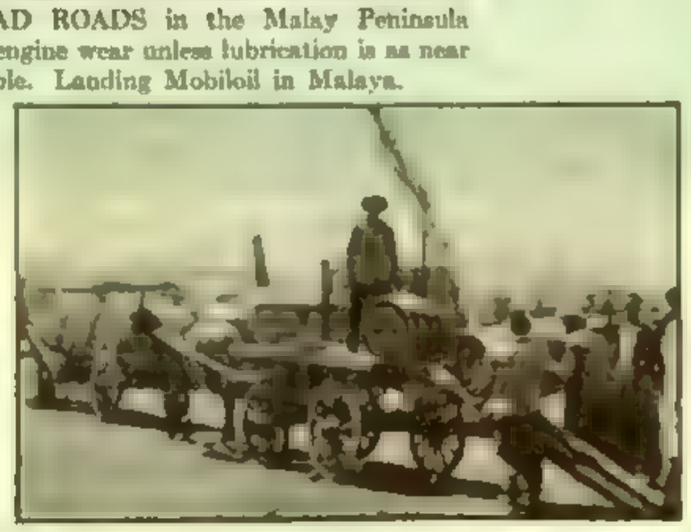
"There are so many angles to a thing like this, kid. I think I'll explain a bit to you. In the first place, if I arrested Bill every two hours for six months, he would beat every case I brought to court! The law says that we must prove a guilty knowledge against a man who buys stolen property. Try and do that! Right there is where Bill plays the game so very, very smart. He doesn't buy from anybody that offers, kid. Bill Nigel has a gang of his own—Cally Dolan and Smitty are the gem thieves; Red is the junk dealer; that auctioneer where you went this mornin' is the boy that handles the commercial-fence racket for Bill. If any of them are caught, they have got to swear that Bill knew what he bought was stolen when he bought it. Instead of that, they swear he didn't know. Then Bill, with his money and his politics, beats the rap for them when they are tried for stealin'."

George continued: "What good to arrest Bill? It's the law that has got to be changed. I swear, kid, I think Bill is a crook only because the law makes him one. It is too easy a graft for Bill to pass up. But that is neither here nor there. Bill is a crook—a clever crook. He deals almost entirely in stolen stuff. At the other end of this passage he melts and remounts jewelry that is sold over the counter of that store in the other building. Indirectly he works with a band of automobile thieves and leases three garages to men who dismantle stolen cars, switch the motors and various parts around to stop identification, then sell the cars in the used-car market. He has spread his business to almost every junk dealer along the river front. Enough of the business is legitimate so that it stops suspicion. That

(Continued on Page 68)

MOTORISTS IN THE PHILIPPINES often drive their cars for many years. Unloading Mobiloil at Cebu.

TROPICAL BAD ROADS in the Malay Peninsula cause excessive engine wear unless lubrication is as near perfect as possible. Landing Mobiloil in Malaya.



EGYPT has good roads for fast travel as well as sandy trails that make heavy going. Unloading Mobiloil at Alexandria.

FOR HARD GOING in the desert. Mobiloil ready to be transported to distant desert towns beyond Cairo, Egypt.

# Why engines can't wear forever

If your automobile engine received perfect lubrication there would be no wear. Theoretically you could run it forever.

But perfect lubrication does not exist. From time to time—no matter how high the quality of your oil—some of the engine's moving parts will rub against each other.

Then comes wear.

With poor lubrication these effects of wear may come quickly. Any automobile manufacturer or dealer will tell you that correct lubrication is the most important factor in the upkeep of your car.

That is why 182 automobile and motor truck manufacturers approve the recommendations for their cars in the Gargoyle Mobiloil Chart.

Mobiloil won't give you *perfect* lubrication. No oil can. But the fact remains that when experienced operators of automobiles, motor trucks or airplanes have an extra-hard job on their hands they buy the nearest thing to perfect lubrication that the world offers.

And most of them choose Mobiloil—the same stock grades of Mobiloil you can get anywhere for *your* car.

For the fullest protection against wear, it will pay you to ask for

## Make this chart your guide

It shows the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for certain prominent cars. If your car is not listed below, see complete Mobiloil Chart at your Mobiloil dealer's.

| NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS | 1928 Engine | | 1927 Engine | | 1926 Engine | | 1925 Engine | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Summer | Winter | Summer | Winter | Summer | Winter | Summer | Winter |
| Auburn, 6-66 | A | Arc | A | Arc. | A | A | A | A |
| " 8-cyl | A | Arc | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc |
| [illegible] | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc. | A | Arc |
| [illegible] | BB | Arc | BB | Arc | BB | Arc | A | Arc |
| [illegible] other models | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc. | A | Arc |
| Chevrolet | A | Arc | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc |
| Chrysler, 4-cyl | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc |
| Imperial 80 | BB | Arc | A | A | A | A | | |
| " | A | Arc | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| Dodge [illegible] | A | Arc | A | Arc. | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| [illegible] | A | Arc | ... | . | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| [illegible] | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| [illegible] | | | A | Arc | A | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| [illegible] Model A Model B | A | Arc | E | E | E | E | E | E |
| [illegible] | [illegible] | Arc | BB | BB | BB | BB | BB | BB |
| [illegible] | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| [illegible] | | | | | A | A | A | A |
| [illegible] | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| [illegible] | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| [illegible] | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| [illegible] | | | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| [illegible] | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| [illegible] | | | A | Arc. | A | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| [illegible] | BB | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| [illegible] | A | Arc. | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| [illegible] | A | Arc | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc |
| Studebaker | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Velie | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Willys-Knight 4-cyl. | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| " 6-cyl | BB | Arc | BB | Arc | BB | Arc | BB | Arc |

The World's Quality Oil

# Mobiloil

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

GARGOYLE

**Mobiloil**

Look for the red Gargoyle trade-mark on the Mobiloil container

Fair retail price—30¢ a quart from bulk, except "B" and "BB" which are 35¢ a quart. (Prices higher in Southwest and Far West.)

"Bagdad"—*Congoleum Gold Seal Art-Rug Pattern No. 599. With its jaspé field of jade green—a highly favored color in present-day decoration—and the rich floral design in each corner, this is one of the smartest rug patterns obtainable in printed floor-covering*

# Even a modest room can be made ever so *charming* . . . if the rug is *gay, bright* and *cheerful*

CLEVER women today contrive gay, brightly modern rooms at trifling expense. For happy sunshiny-patterned cretonnes are not costly and a Congoleum *Gold Seal* Rug which matches their fresh and sprightly gaiety may be purchased for a few dollars.

Of course you can give a room that inviting appearance of warmth and color that today's decorative mode approves—in other ways. But it is so much simpler and less expensive to get your effects with a sizable color-surface like the rug—and more permanent, too, for Congoleum colors never fade, soil or change.

Above, you see a good example of how a room can be "awakened" with color. What was before a dull and uninviting bedroom has been made as bright and cheerful as a canary singing in the sunshine. This Congoleum *Gold Seal* Rug—"Bagdad"—makes a floor-decoration of such refreshing, welcome beauty that it calls to mind Spring's first show of greenery. A striking jade-green background in a pretty two-toned effect—graceful little rose-red bouquets which stand out clear-cut on a velvety black border . . . and in each corner a gay flower-cluster in nature's shades of brown, red and green.

"Bagdad" is but one of many new designs to be had *only* in genuine Congoleum. You can always find an appropriate pattern and color which will go well with your present color scheme and draperies. Sizes up to 9 x 15 feet. Prices surprisingly low. [None genuine without the ... ]

* * * * *

Long-time durability is assured by the exclusive Congoleum *Multicote* process which builds sturdiness right through the thickness of the patterns.

The Gold Seal Guarantee pasted right on the face of the pattern identifies the one and only Congoleum Rug. Accept no substitutes!

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC., *General Offices:* KEARNY, N. J.
New York Philadelphia Chicago Boston Pittsburgh
San Francisco Minneapolis Kansas City New Orleans
Atlanta Los Angeles Rock Island
*In Canada:* Congoleum Canada Ltd., Montreal.

CONGOLEUM
GOLD SEAL
ART-RUGS

"Alcazar"—*Rug 602—distinctly Spanish in motif—a perfect basis for those daring color schemes now so popular for the kitchen*

"Gentian"—*Rug 396 what exquisite harmony it makes with curtains of jonquil yellow and Gentian blue—and furniture of walnut or oak*

CONGOLEUM
GOLD SEAL
GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

Free Handbook

"GO OR WHERE AND WHY" ... the complete ... Kearny, N. J.

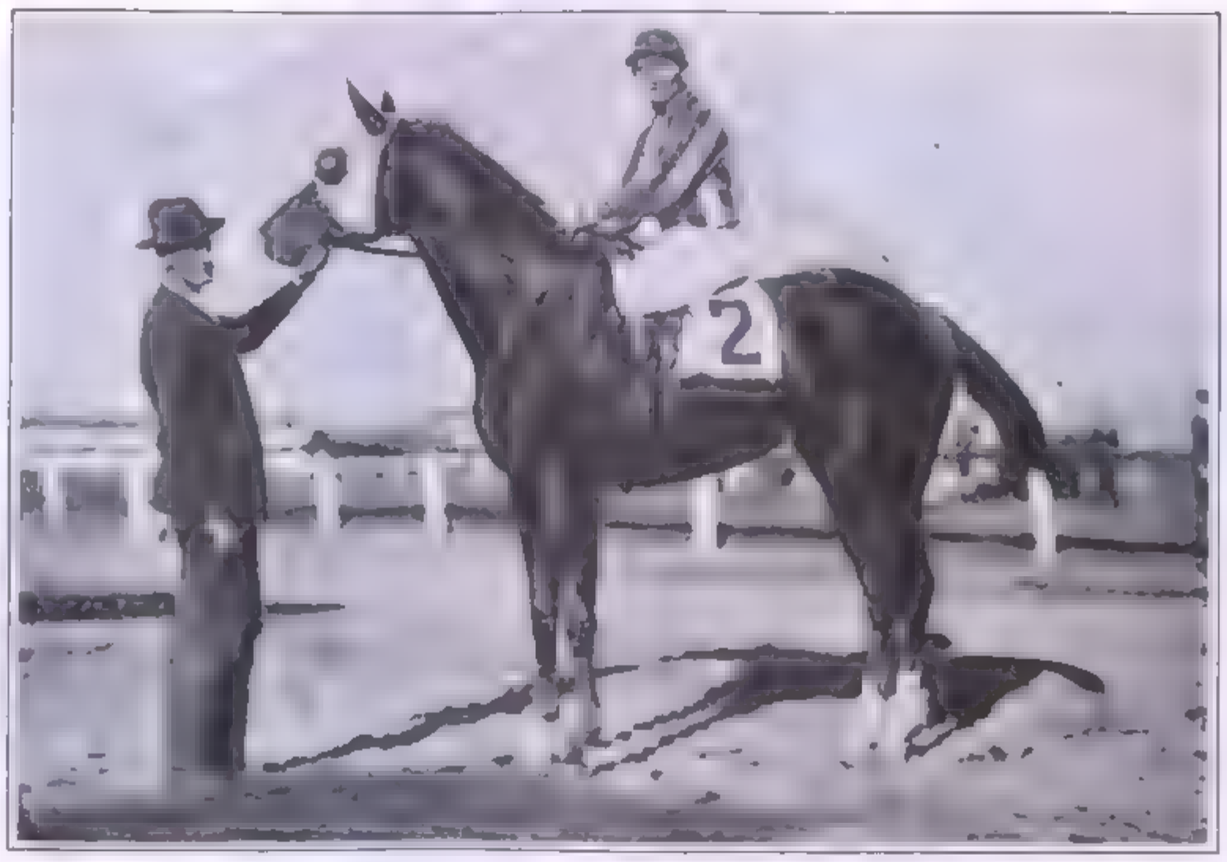
Name

Address

2218

# Confession of a Cartoonist

## By BUD FISHER



*Mr. Mutt, Winner of the Saratoga Cup, Owned by Bud Fisher*

I HAVE been a member of the Friars Club in New York for several years and once or twice I have taken part in the annual show of that organization, which is called the Friars Frolic. We made a tour ten years ago in a private train and played in all the principal cities. George M. Cohan, the abbot, was the stimulating spirit in this, as in all the others, and we had a grand time.

On this trip I roomed with Rube Goldberg, and we had an act in which several comic artists participated. Appearing on the stage was no new thing to me, for I had played a lot in vaudeville profitably and considered myself an old trouper. My vaudeville act consisted of drawing Mutt and Jeff cartoons and then selecting some subjects in the audience, always picking people sitting in conspicuous seats so that all the spectators could see the person I was drawing. Finally I undertook to portray a girl in a box wearing a red bandeau, for the girls wore such things in those days. In her apparent embarrassment the girl concealed her face with her program. I drew her with the program over her face and then put in the bandeau, coloring it red. Of course she was a plant.

One night when Rube Goldberg and I were in a restaurant in Chicago on the tour we agreed to put on a fake fight for the benefit of some of the other artists at another table who had said that two such temperamental performers could not successfully room together, although so far we had got on famously. We started by loudly calling each other names and threatening to punch all parts of the anatomy. Other cartoonists rushed over and urged us not to quarrel. We became more violent.

"I don't care who he is—he can't insult me!" shouted Goldberg.

"Just let me at him!" I replied as two or three artists restrained me while I struggled feebly.

They finally got us out on the sidewalk, where we continued the argument. Julius Tannen believes until this day that the fight was on the level.

I suppose I might say something about my theory on money, but it is brief. I believe what you get you work hard for and then work harder to keep.

From the war until the present I have had some amusing experiences, a few of which may be of interest. It has always been my custom to take in the World's Series and championship prize fights, so it was after a game in Philadelphia that I met Riley Wilson, of West Virginia, and Amon G. Carter, owner of the Fort Worth Star-Telegram. The meeting took place in the café of the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel in Philadelphia. Mr. Carter, talking about Texas, explained that no one was considered well dressed in his native state without a six-shooter, and he was such a dude that he wore two of them, which he showed us.

### *A Texan Who Was Gun-Shy*

THE three of us took a train back to New York together. I was living at Murray's at that time. It was a snappy café with rooms upstairs ornately decorated and equipped with blue-china cuspidors. Such people as Jack Barrymore, Mae Murray and Jay O'Brien have lived there. When we reached New York I asked the boys up to my apartment in Murray's to play some bridge, it then being about one in the morning. Mr. Carter continued to talk about the tough Texans and the revolvers they carried, until I got out the one that had been presented to me by General Villa after he had shot the original owner.

"Look!" I said as I produced the weapon, which impressed even the Texan. "Here's a pistol I have, and it shoots and everything."

I took a round of ammunition from the belt which came with it and jammed it into the chamber and let go at the blue-china cuspidor across the room and busted it. But Mr. Carter and Mr. Wilson and the rest of the crowd disappeared, evidently not caring for target practice in an apartment in Forty-second Street and preferring the great open spaces. Pat Kyne, the manager, came rushing up to my apartment, thinking one of his guests had committed suicide. I didn't see Mr. Carter again for a year.

It is a strange coincidence that I should have started Mutt as a racing character, finally to own a racing stable myself, as I do now. It consists of about fifty horses. My trainers are Alex Gordon and Robert H. Shannon.

The greatest race I ever won I did not see, nor did I know that a horse of mine was starting in it. It was the Preakness, run annually at Pimlico, and my colors were up on Nellie Morse, named after my mother.

As it happened, I was on my way back from Europe when this race was won, and I didn't know that Mr. Gordon had entered Nellie Morse. It was a muddy day, which kind of going suited her, and although a filly, she won fairly easily.

The race was run the day before the steamer arrived in New York and I was shaving in my cabin when a friend came in and said, "Nellie Morse won the Preakness." He had heard it by wireless.

Although I use an old-fashioned straight-bladed razor, I did not cut myself as I finished shaving. That purse was worth to me $58,305. My only regret is I didn't have a bet on her, as she was quoted at a good price—I think about three to one.

Two or three years ago I owned a horse named Hyperion, for which I paid $12,000 as a yearling. He was a pretty fair horse, but didn't look like any champion, so I decided to enter him in a $3000 selling race at Saratoga. This means that by putting the horse in this race I valued him at $3000, and he could be claimed out of the race for that amount. I knew his price would be about eight to five, and as I intended to bet about $10,000 on him to win, I didn't care much whether I lost the horse at $3000 or not. To make it sure, I hired Earl Sande, then the best race rider in America, to pilot him. Not wishing to be selfish, I called up Ring Lardner and John Wheeler in New York and told them surely to come to Saratoga, because I had something worth while.

Of course, I didn't tell them the name of the horse. Nobody ever does at the race track, because it affects the price.

### *A Total Loss*

WE ALL had a good bet on Hyperion when he faced the barrier, and then the calamity occurred. The race started up the chute and as the webbing went up my horse gave an unexpected bolt, loosening Sande from his postage-stamp saddle and planting him in the middle of the track, which is no place at all for a jockey to be. It is the only time I have ever seen Earl Sande thrown. The bolt caused him to lose his balance, and he couldn't recover it before the high-strung Thoroughbred slithered out from under him. The result is quickly summed up. I lost my horse, my money and my friends.

Betting at the track is interesting if one is to make the most of the prices. When I have a horse entered there is always a gang, some of whom I know and some I don't, gathered around my trainer and me in the paddock, trying to find out what we think of the horse's chances. Naturally I don't tell anyone until after making my own bet, if I am going to bet, because nothing travels faster than news at a race track. I used to have a betting commissioner named Kidney Wilson, now dead. At one time he was the betting commissioner of Charles Gates, as well as his bank-roll caddie, for they laid their wagers in cash in those days. When I intended to make a good-sized bet I would have Kidney shop around to see what the odds were; and often I would have him ostentatiously lay a small wager on another horse to fool those who were following him, knowing he was my betting commissioner.

After I had made my own wager I never objected to telling people whom I knew whether I had bet. Nothing annoys me so much as conversation of this sort, which frequently is heard at the race track:

"Do you think your horse is going to win, Mr. Fisher?"

"Well, I've bet on him."

"Do you think he will win?"

"No, I backed him because he figures to lose."

Speaking of getting top prices, there is a handicapper at the New York tracks who employs some seven men to time work-outs and compile figures. By this method he makes around $150,000 a year bucking the bookmakers. There is no greater man on actual figures, but for several years he worked with a well-known New York gambler on a definite understanding. In exchange for giving the gambler his figures on horses, the latter furnished him with all the information he could collect, which was plenty, about the human equation—the attitude of the jockey and the frame of mind of the owner. If a horse, in the vernacular of the track, was a stiff in a race, he knew it. A stiff is a horse put in for education. This is permissible if a two-year-old has not yet shown his actual form, but does not mean that the horse is to be taken care of or his ability hampered. For furnishing the figures to the gambler, the handicapper obtained from the gambler what are known as tops. This meant that when the price of a horse opened at two to one, and because of the betting went down to eight to five, if the horse won the gambler would pay the handicapper on the basis of two to one, even though he got only eight to five for his money.

*Bud Fisher in Front of His Cottage in Saratoga Where He Spends the Month of August Racing His Horses*

(Continued on Page 90)

NATURALLY, you would expect a Body by Fisher to be stronger, stauncher, more durable—and it is. For Fisher has always led the way in building greater stamina and long life into an automobile body—and, more than ever, Fisher excels today.

*Cadillac . La Salle . Buick*
*Oakland . Oldsmobile . Pontiac . Chevrolet*

# DURABILITY

# GLASSHOUSES FOR STYLE

Powis Castle at Welshpool

The Courtyard of the Castle

## By William M. O. Edwards

*As Told to Brenda Ueland*

GLADSTONE was the greatest man we knew about in those days. In fact, we thought he was the greatest man of all time. So one day myself and some young working chaps from Dickson's walked over to Hawarden especially to see Gladstone. When we came through the park of Hawarden Castle we saw a mighty old man in old clothes felling a dead tree with big strokes of an ax, but none of us recognized him. Walking on, we soon met Mrs. Gladstone, whom we knew well. She smiled kindly when we asked if we could see Mr. Gladstone.

She said, "Why, certainly. There he is over there, chopping down a tree. Come along and I will introduce you."

He greeted us very much like an indulgent grandfather would do, yet giving always the impression of great seriousness and earnestness.

"Willy, say a few words to the boys," Mrs. Gladstone said, and so he got up on a stump and addressed us. He thanked us for coming all the way from Chester to see him at Hawarden, "where the best hours of my life are spent. I hope that none of you will change your vocations"—gardening—"for your work is as noble and honorable as any, and it requires learning and patience and love of beauty, and I hope that you will continue your usefulness to the country, because the backbone of our beloved nation is the robust and healthy men who live and work in the country."

You know, Gladstone was very religious, as so many great men were in those days, and they say that this was what fortified his iron will, for, in everything, he would not act until he felt that God had instructed him aright.

### The Gardener Helps the Tailor

HE WAS then about seventy—he lived to be eighty-nine. He was six feet tall and he held himself as straight and stern as a soldier, and was so massive in the shoulders and had such a big head that he had sort of a top-heavy look. His nose was hawklike and his mouth had stern lines on either side of it and his eyes were deep set in his head, and in color—so they used to be described—were like the onyx, with its double band of brown and gray. His face was pale and his rather long hair was still almost jet black, and his black eyebrows were always moving—frowning and lifting—when he talked. His voice was famous because, though not apparently heavy, it carried so far. I think it was John Morley who tells how in the last year of his life, at Waverly Market in Edinburgh, 20,000 people could hear him without difficulty. No wonder we called him the Grand Old Man.

Today we feel that it is only ladies who love flowers; that flowers are an effeminate taste. But not then. The most grand soldierly men always had to have a buttonhole flower. Stern old Gladstone always wore a rose. One of the duties of a gardener on a big estate was to send every day a boutonnière or a nosegay of the favorite flower to the master of the house and his sons, even if they were in London or in other parts of the country. Old Joe Chamberlain, who was Prime Minister and the father of Sir Austen Chamberlain, the present Foreign Secretary, always wore a tiny perfect orchid—always an orchid. He was very handsome and stylish, much as his son is today, and even at sixty-seven looked amazingly handsome, young and spruce. Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, the Tory whom the old queen liked so much, always wore a primrose. Today the Primrose League, the Tory organization, gets its name from that.

From seventeen to twenty I was a journeyman. Then suddenly I got a job as foreman. By rights a young fellow doesn't get to be a foreman until he is more than twenty-five; but because I had started so young and because I was a very hairy chap and had a heavy imperial and mustache when I was only nineteen, the boss gardener whom I worked for—if they like you they push you along—said to me: "Lord Rowland Hill wants a foreman and I'll put it in your references that you are twenty-three, because you can do the work fine."

The Great Tower

And since that time I must confess that I have lied so much about my age I hardly know how old I really am.

Lord Hill had a place in Shropshire. It was forty miles around his place, and the finest land in the country. They were great hunting people. The park was the most picturesque I have ever seen.

There were high rocks in it, precipices and grottoes and steep valleys, and there were Roman wells, for the Romans had camped there one time, and the flowers and trees and pleasure grounds were all planned to increase this wild, enchanted look. I remember so well that view of the vale below—the finest valley you could imagine where the cattle got fat and the rabbits got fat.

The mansion, with stables around a great courtyard, was very old and the whole domain was four miles through, with four gate lodges. There were fine deer and fine game—plovers, partridges, grouse, rabbits, everything you could wish.

All the young gardeners lived in the bothy—so it was always called. Each lad had two or three greenhouses to look after, and I was the boss of the lot. Two of us had to be on duty always, for the temperature in the glasshouses must never be more than two degrees off. A frost or a mildew might cost thousands of pounds. As the boss, I had to keep all those lads in order, and because they were young they were so full of the devil and frolicsome that sometimes you would think the whole bothy would come down. Lady Hill came often to see if we were well and had written our mothers and went to church, and to bring us horticultural magazines and scientific books, for we all had to study very hard.

### An Orchard for the Table

FORTY years ago at Lord Rowland Hill's, as well as at the big places of other great noblemen, it was customary to celebrate the end of the hunting season in April by a great party. And then it was that the gardener had a chance to display his art and to receive the appreciation that all fine workmen enjoy.

There would be more than 100 guests. The great carved tables would be loaded with heavy silver and fine glass. Then, all along the tables, in pots, at the place of each guest there were perfect miniature fruit trees bearing perfect fruit—apple trees, pear trees, peach trees, cherry trees, also strawberry plants and grapevines. The guests would pluck this fat and lustrous fruit with the realization that no hand before had ever touched it. The natural bloom, you know, is as delicate as the finest dew. For a gardener's hand, in growing these little trees, to have touched a single apple or pear or strawberry would have been a clumsy outrage.

Also, the fruit on these little trees had to be flawless in color and fatness and glossiness. Its taste had to be delicious. Nothing insipid would be tolerated. To grow such fruit during the sunless days of winter took pains, for only thin glass separated the seventy degrees of temperature—night temperature would be lower—from the bitter winter outside. But still, if you took pains it

(Continued on Page 35

# EVEREADY Layerbilt Every Inch a Battery

THERE are no waste spaces between the cells in the unique Eveready Layerbilt "B" Batteries. These long-lasting batteries use *flat* cells that pack together tightly, side by side, making connection with each other automatically, without soldered wire connections. This compact, efficient construction makes the Eveready Layerbilts last much longer than the corresponding cylindrical cell Evereadys of the same size. There are two Eveready Layerbilts—the Heavy Duty No. 486 and the Medium Size Eveready Layerbilt No. 485. For pleasure and economy too, use Eveready Layerbilts. Buy them from your dealer.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INCORPORATED, New York, San Francisco

*Unit of Union Carbide* UCC *and Carbon Corporation*

Tuesday night is Eveready Hour night. *East of the Rockies* 9 P. M. Eastern Daylight Saving Time, through WEAF and associated N.B.C. stations *On the Pacific Coast* 8 P. M. Pacific Standard Time, through N.B.C. Pacific Coast network

THE AIR IS FULL OF THINGS YOU SHOULDN'T MISS

(Continued from Page 33)

was easy. You could feed the little trees just what they needed—the potash to give their fruit its fine flavor and sweetness and fragrance and glossy skin; the phosphoric acid for the bone and sinews of the tree. Any man who would care to could grow fruit like this and, moreover, profit by it greatly, as I will show presently.

The apple trees, for example, would be in pots about fourteen inches deep, and they would grow two or three years before they would begin to bear. They would be about four or five feet high. So perfect each tiny little tree would be, with that handsome, gnarled, but shapely design of the apple tree and with twelve brilliant gold-red apples on it. Why, you would think it was a tree in a fairy tale, with the golden apples of everlasting youth on it, or a tree in a legend!

This is the way we did it: The apple and the rose and the pear are relatives. There is a dwarf stock of this family called the paradise stock, and it comes into bearing early. We would grow this paradise stock from seedlings in flowerpots until they were about the size of a pencil. Then onto the stock we would graft shoots of apple trees. Grafting is done with a sharp knife. The shoot is fitted into the original stalk, cut so neatly that there are no raw edges, so that the bark will seal and heal all around. It is then bound with a splint. In a week it will take; you can remove the splint. In a year there will have grown a little apple tree. It will never grow vigorously and will die after several years, but the fruit will be glossy and round and beautiful. And we put the flavor into them because, you see, the little tree has to take what we give it—nitrogen, phosphoric acid, potash.

While I was at Lord Hill's I was in charge of our exhibit at the Shrewsbury Flower Show. This was in 1886. There I became acquainted with Henry Ward Beecher.

He was well known in England. During the Civil War—more than twenty years before—he had been in England, and although he had come for a rest and a holiday, before he knew it he was fighting the whole British nation single-handed, you might say. England was violently pro-South. Beecher began to speak in defense of Lincoln and the Northern States.

Such a mountain of lies and scurrility was raised up against him. His halls were jammed with violent, hostile crowds. Beecher faced them one after the other all over England. Sometimes it would be hours before they would let him say a word. When he opened his mouth to speak, yells of derision and malevolence would drown out his words. Beecher would just wait, brave and good-natured, full of good will and patience, and in an almost miraculous way, they say, he made them at last listen to him and then want more. We used to hear how his courage and charm and eloquence had never been beaten; it is claimed that he alone changed British sentiment toward the Northern States. I believe it.

### *Portrait of a Flower, by Beecher*

SO WHEN he came in at the Shrewsbury Flower Show I knew him at once, from hearsay. He was a massive man, very powerful and full of health, although he was seventy-three and it was the year before he died. He had large, limpid, clear, affable eyes and he was full of a bright, jolly, warm sociableness. His hair was long and brushed back from his forehead, and it fell to his coat collar behind, longer than Lloyd George's.

We were showing greenhouse melons and peaches and forced fruit and hothouse grapes. He stood gazing at them and asking me questions by the hour. "My, these things are beautiful!" he said. He told me it was the first time he had ever seen hothouse grapes. And he came again the next day for another long talk about gardening.

He described his place in Lenox, Massachusetts. In the United States, he said, the most beautiful of all trees was the elm, so mighty and yet so graceful. He said that he fairly worshiped elm trees, and that they filled him with the glory of God.

Then he told me how once he had edited a department in a newspaper—the Indiana Journal, it was—called the Western Farmer and Gardener. All his knowledge he got out of Loudon's cyclopedias of horticulture, which are drier and duller than dust. Well, Beecher said that he studied these, reading and rereading them, until he could put his own imagination into them.

He said, "I used to study those technical things until I had a topographical knowledge of many fine old English estates quite as intimate, I dare say, as was possessed by many of their owners, and then I would write about them in my own way."

He once wrote a description of some rare flower that was so fine that it was much quoted and copied as a rare portrait of this plant. Some years afterward, the gardener in an American hothouse showed him a specimen of a flower. Mr. Beecher said "What is it?" whereat the gardener was indignant and thought he was chaffing.

"Why, you are looking at the very flower you yourself made famous, sir," he said. Mr. Beecher was astonished. He had to explain he had never set eyes on it before.

Yes, we talked like a couple of cronies. He was famous for being indifferent to all social distinctions; and another reason he took to me, you might say, was because I am a Welshman, and the Welsh, you know, are great ones to admire and appreciate a fine preacher. That comes natural to us. It may explain how I came to know many famous clergymen in my life—Phillips Brooks and the Rev. W. W. Newton and Doctor Rainsford in New York.

The next year Beecher died. But only a few years later I was to see his old home in Lenox, for I became boss gardener on the estate of Mr. Anson Phelps Stokes at Lenox. The Beecher place was sold to Mr. John Sloan. I saw there—at Lenox—Beecher's elms. I heard how careless he was of what people would say or think. They said he was the first minister to wear a felt hat, and he would paint his own house or mow his own lawn or wheel a wheelbarrow full of groceries from the store, and how he was absolutely fearless and a good boxer and athlete, and would cheerfully fight if he felt he ought to, and how he resented being advised to refrain from something for fear it would cause adverse criticism.

### *Training the Tree in the Way it Should Go*

BEECHER said to me that a contest of flowers was the greatest of all contests and it pleased him more than anything. And here I quote the same sentiment as he has written it down: "Happy is the man who loves flowers. There are men whose love of flowers is only the love of being praised for having them. But a contest of roses is better than a contest of horses. We had rather be vain of the best tulip, dahlia or ranunculus than of the best shot. Of all fools, the floral fool deserves the most eminence."

In England we made much use of walls. Everybody who could had a wall garden. I know that in America there is a feeling that if a man puts a wall on the edge of his property he is insulting his neighbor. But I look at it this way: A brick wall—it must be placed at the right angle to catch the sun—is a shield to flowers and fruit, and a tremendous help to growth. It gives privacy and neatness to a small bit of land. Also, there is nothing so interesting as an inclosure. In fact, in the English gardens within walls, even those belonging to cottagers and laborers, there would be an individuality and a fascinating privacy, and to enter a man's garden would be as interesting as entering a beautiful drawing-room that some great lady had fixed up. There was more originality in them.

Another advantage: If a man's little plot has a wall, why, then it does not make so much difference if he lives in a dismal factory town or among squalid neighbors. Just the same he has his little paradise—greensward and fruit trees trained against the walls, and banks of flowers.

Often the inside of the wall would be hollow and this would make a big flue, and along the wall at intervals there would be apertures where wood fires could be built on cold or unseasonable days. The heat in the wall would warm and protect and foster the trees and flowers in the garden just at the strategic moment. For example, pollen is ripe to fly for only one or two days in the year. If that day happens to be very cold or damp, why, then you are out of luck, because the pollen will not be dry enough to fly and fertilize your blossoms. If no pollen flies, no fruit is forthcoming. But warming your walls with wood fires may make all the difference between a fat, luxurious crop and none.

Now I must tell about these trained trees. All along the garden walls there would be fruit trees trained flat in marvelous designs. These trees if left alone would grow into an irregular mass of branches and foliage. By training we regulated the number of branches, their design and direction. We would dispose the branches so that all of them had the same amount of sun, and so grow with equal vigor; so that the leaves were not allowed to shade one another, and so that the sap flowed equally into all, for, you know, sap flows most vigorously into the high branches. We know how to give the lower branches an equal supply. Because the trees were flat against the walls, there would be much space for other things within the haven of the walls.

There was a workingman in Lancashire who had a wall garden. His yard was only fifty feet by a hundred feet deep, but he had brick dividing party walls against which he trained the most beautiful, richly bearing apple, pear, peach and cherry trees. Besides, he had a profusion of flowers. And all this in the center of a grimy industrial town!

In those days poor people would crowd into the flower shows, as well as the swells, after prizes with the rest of them, and winning them too. There were big prizes for cottagers' gardens, for example, and city gardens. Upon my word, I have seen the poorest laborers who were crack gardeners, and proud of it and happy in it, like chaps now are proud of their homemade radios and their reassembled motor cars.

There was a one-armed tower man on our little railroad at Bala, Wales, who had a tiny place. But he had a beautiful little greenhouse and was growing forced fruit and rare and beautiful flowers. A great lord like Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, who is descended from the ancient Welsh princes and who owned 237,625 acres of land and had manorial rights over 180,000 more—he had 941 tenants, and one of these tenant families, the Foulkes, occupied their farm, Gartheryr, 1000 years—would go over and admire this chap's work often and get his advice on things for his own great glasshouses.

In England we don't exhaust the soil any more. In a new country, where there is so much land, there is the tendency to grab the good and richness and fatness out of it and then move on to the next. But they don't impoverish the soil in England any more. They have learned better than that.

For instance, once, in the United States, many grand forests were taken off and the land was left barren, and so, by erosion, ditches were washed through it and all the good top soil was washed away. And because there were no trees or thick vegetation to shed leaves, no new humus formed to preserve the soil for our children. In the old country, however, we have learned to treat our soil—whether there are forests or gardens or lawns or crops on it—tenderly and return to it what it should have, and so make it richer and more beautiful continually. For Nature, as I said, is a perpetual-motion machine and will work for you free of charge and forever if you use her kindly. I tell you, I am sure the time is coming when there will be greensward and flowers and noble trees in the midst of factories and steel mills and in the yards of mean little houses in slums.

In these days it is mechanical things that interest the young folks—radios and airplanes, and so on. But in time children will learn again the fascinating lore of Nature. What experiments and what discoveries there are to be made!

When I was a boy of fifteen I helped on a big forestry job at Quinta, the country seat of a Major Barnes. We planted a mountain with 500,000 trees; two years later we planted 500,000 more. They were larches and tiny pines. Formerly the place had been covered with oaks and beeches. You know, in forestry, as in other things, you should change your crop. Nature herself does this. You will find that after a forest of evergreens has been cut off, there will begin to spring up tiny deciduous trees, the seeds of which have lain quiescent in the land for centuries perhaps, and these oaks and elms will grow better and more spiritedly than the evergreen seedlings.

### *A Forest Instead of Barren Land*

NOW in a forestry job like that at Quinta many of our tiny trees would die off, of course. In a few years, when the saplings had grown to be about three inches through, we would clear out the dead ones and the weaker ones, making fences out of them, thus giving the most promising striplings room to grow and get the sun. Then in a few years we would clear them out again, saving the most stalwart and handsome again. In time there would be a grand dark forest, with trees in it looming and rising like the columns of a cathedral.

But there were other benefits too. A barren mountain, which would have been scarred and washed away into sandy crevasses, became a woodland binding the banks of streams and shedding, year after year, a richer and thicker layer of humus, and in time the glades and clearings in it could be richly cultivated by our grateful grandchildren.

The job at Quinta is lively in my memory because I saw there the great and good John Bright. He is almost forgotten in this country, but in England he was democracy's most beloved man. He and Richard Cobden had succeeded in repealing the Corn Laws, which caused so much suffering to all who were not rich and privileged, and in making England a free-trade country. He was a friend of the Union in the Civil War—one of the few. He was instrumental in bringing about the disestablishment of the Church of England in Ireland. He was one of the first to oppose capital punishment and flogging in the army. For years after the Reform Bill of 1867, which gave ordinary men the franchise, he was the popular hero in England, and so he should have been, for his goodness and works were unbounded.

Well, John Bright was a friend of Major Barnes, and he came often to Quinta. If you once saw him you would never forget him. He had the kindest and sweetest face I have ever seen on any living man. He used to ask me all

(Continued on Page 138)

# This is what happens

## when tire and road meet!

THIS PLATE GLASS TEST shows that the three wide, deep center grooves in the Silvertown tread close under pressure.

—Permitting the tread to flatten

—and the massive, deep-notched shoulders to bear their share of the load.

Simple facts . . . simple action . . . but what a tremendous effect on mileage and traction!

For in these closing grooves—the visible action of the famous Goodrich balloon principle of "center flexibility"—you find the reason for the record-breaking performance of Silvertowns.

Vast Goodrich factories at Akron, on the Pacific Coast and in Canada are working at peak production to keep pace with Silvertown demand.

New low prices further reduce the cost of Silvertown mileage and safety. There is a Goodrich dealer near you!

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY *Est. 1870* Akron, Ohio

Pacific Goodrich Rubber Co., Los Angeles, Cal — In Canada: Canadian-Goodrich Co., Kitchener, Ont

827

THE PLATE GLASS TEST. *By pressing a plate glass firmly against the tread, the action of a Silvertown under load is faithfully reproduced. The deep, wide center grooves close up—the massive, gripping shoulders press flush against the glass. Even, smooth surface contact—without any tread distortion.*

# Goodrich Silvertowns

*Goodrich Silvertowns deserve the dependability of Goodrich Inner Tubes*

# A DOG'S LIFE

Guarding a Prisoner

By
Dorothy Harrison Eustis

THE dog is the world's greatest companion and an all-wise Providence has arranged that there should be all kinds of dogs to be companions to all kinds of people. Dogs have as many personalities as humans, and just as there are many dogs who are perfectly happy lying about on rugs and cushions just being companions, so there are dogs who have too much mental acuteness, vitality and courage to waste on rugs. They must be up and doing, and the means should be at hand to catch this Niagara of energy and to use it.

Look at all the kinds of dogs who are going to waste for lack of use or because of misuse. The terrier breeds, for instance, that have been bred for generations to exterminate rats and other vermin, now largely taken off their keen, exciting, useful existence and left to idle away their days in kennels or on show benches. What grand lives they could be leading on the docks or in warehouses and factories working at their trade!

Not long ago an English newspaper published a notice from the Ministry of Agriculture that a campaign against rats was about to start. It was estimated that 40,000 rats destroyed $75,000,000 worth of foodstuffs annually in the British Isles alone. Think of the thousands of terriers sitting about in kennels or on the companion job, who would give their eyeteeth to be turned loose on those rats. Imagine towns burning while the firemen stayed at home playing bean-bag.

Graduation Exercises of Police Dogs—Class of 1928

## A New Industry on Production Basis

POPULAR opinion points with pride to the services of the Pennsylvania State Constabulary, the Texas Rangers and the Royal Northwest Mounted Police. In the same breath it condemns the police dog. It does not take account of the fact that in proportion to the popularity of the breed of the moment are the misdemeanors of its saunterers aired in public. My earliest recollections were that collies were treacherous, next it was the English bull terrier, followed by the great Dane, who invariably was said to mangle the person who fed him; already there are rumblings about the plucky Schnauzer, but at present it is the full turn of the German shepherd, or so-called police dog.

Poor dog, he gets it right and left. He is like the traveling public in every country; the noisy and obnoxious make themselves disagreeably apparent wherever they are, but thousands can go about their business and never be noticed. For centuries his ancestors have worked in the great, quiet country districts of Germany, herding and guarding sheep, and weeks would pass without his seeing a soul but the shepherd or hearing a noise louder than the munching of the flocks. One day he woke up to find himself famous. His intelligence proved him an excellent dog for police work; his nobility and good looks made him desired of all the ladies as a companion, and these qualities together made him wanted by dealers as a source of income. The breed was turned into a factory; puppies could not be born fast enough to meet the demand, so that from quiet farms and pastures, good, bad and indifferent dogs were crated and shipped by rail and water to the hundreds of waiting buyers From hard work in quiet and lonely places with little food, they were transported through noise, bustle and crowds to a life of idleness and overfeeding. And to what purpose? To replace experts on the companion job who had been doing nothing else for years. The wonder is that so few went wrong. There is many a man given the same treatment who would have gone berserker.

## A Bite in Every Breed

THE quantity production, speeded up to meet the demand, brought in all kinds of weaknesses and faults. Shy dogs were trained to bite to cover their fright; vicious dogs were lauded as watchdogs; excuses were made for trembling, shivering things, on the ground that they were strange and new to their surroundings. Bah! Can you imagine any real man standing around shivering on account of new surroundings? Well, neither will a good dog!

I have had my sheep worried and killed by chows and bulldogs, one son bitten by a Pekingese, another by a cocker spaniel, and my chickens killed by every breed. I have seen my shepherd eyed in terror by a tradesman, the while he was bitten in the rear by my Scotch terrier. No hue and cry followed these incidents; but let one shepherd run amuck and to the slaughterhouse with the whole breed Dangerous, vicious, man-eating beasts! And yet, when you really come down to it, whose fault is it? Doesn't it lie with the owner and not with the dog?

If I had a truculent, bullying young son and

(Continued on Page 40)

A Pupil Being Taught to Attack Only on Command, and to Let Go Instantly on Command

# Quit Letting REPAIR Bills *Strain Your Income*

**80% of All Repair Bills are due to Improper Lubrication and Cheap Greases. A new service that cuts the cost of motor car upkeep amazingly.**

Thousands of people are learning that eternal repair bills are not the price of keeping a motor car. They are practically 80% avoidable. Any garageman, any motor car expert will tell you thus.

80% of all repair bills are due to improper lubrication or inefficient greases. Squeaks and squawks are due to them. Most gear troubles—noisy, grinding gears—are due to them. Most cars grow old before their time because of them.

The Alemite High Pressure Lubricating Systems, in use on 95% of cars selling today, eliminate amazingly the "drain" of keeping up a car.

The secret is in having your car *Alemited*, instead of just "greased." There is a great difference. It makes old cars run like new; quiets noisy cars; protects gears; cuts repair bills tremendously.

Take care, though, that you go to a genuine Alemite-ing station. Don't go to an ordinary "greasing" station. Avoid inefficient methods and cheap greases—greases filled with soap, "fillers" and acids; dangerous greases that are flooding the market since the universal adoption of the Alemite High Pressure Lubricating Systems on cars.

### *Look for the Alemite Sign*

For your protection and for ours, too, we have appointed genuine Alemite-ing stations in every community. Every genuine station has the yellow sign shown at the right. Look for it as you drive.

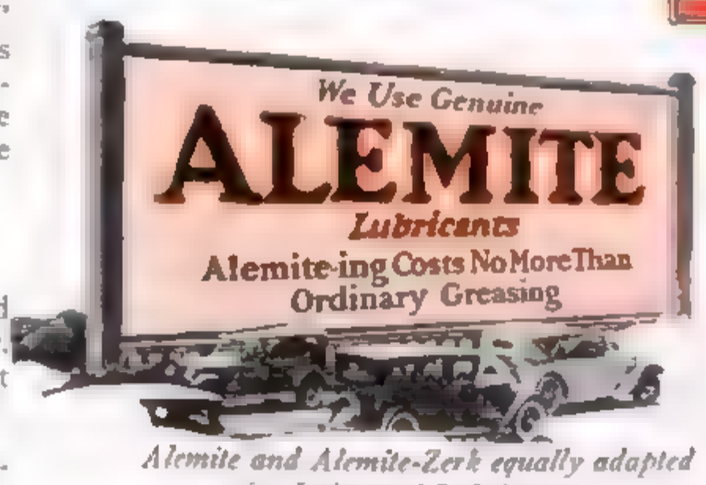
These dealers use genuine Alemite lubricants, especially made to stand up under high pressure lubrication. These stations are frequently inspected, and it is only the stations showing this sign that can really ALEMITE your car.

### *What Alemite-ing Is*

100% Alemite-ing consists of the following service. Ask for it.

1. BEARINGS: Genuine Alemite Chassis Lubricant is forced into the heart of every chassis bearing on your car. This lubricant is a pure, solidified oil that will stand up under 3,000 pounds pressure. (Average grease breaks down under 200 pounds pressure.) It resists heat up to 200°. And will lubricate bearings properly at 30° below zero. This service eliminates burnt-out bearings and rattles in your car that come from worn, corroded bearings.

*95% of the cars selling today—including the new Ford—are equipped with either the former or Alemite-Zerk System. Both are equipment. In buying, Alemite fittings should be specified. "Alemite" is stamped on the head of genuine fittings.*




*Alemite and Alemite-Zerk equally adapted for Industrial Lubrication.*

2. GEARS: By means of the Alemite Gear Flusher, the operator thoroughly cleans out your differential and transmission, removing all grit, dirt and any chips of steel. He then forces in new Alemite Gear Lubricant. Most of the grinding noise and rumbling you often hear in a motor car comes from the use of cheap grease in transmission and differential, which thins out in summer, allowing gear teeth to run dry. In winter, it "freezes up" and makes gears hard to shift. And the grinding gears act like a dragging brake on your motor.

3. SPRINGS: Having your springs sprayed with Alemite Graphite Penetrating Oil. It penetrates thoroughly, spreading a thin layer of graphite between the leaves of your springs. Makes your car ride easier and eliminates spring squeaks.

(Chassis bearings and springs should be lubricated every 500 miles. Gears every 2,500 miles.)

These figures, however, are merely average. The best guide is to watch for odd noises in your car; for squeaks, grinding noises and slow pick-up are usually the first signs that a car needs Alemite-ing.

The Bassick Manufacturing Company, Division of Stewart-Warner, 2684 N. Crawford Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Canadian address: The Alemite Products Company of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ontario.

### *A New Service*

Ask your dealer, garage or service man for details of the new Alemite Service R A S. Recorded Alemite Service.

A plan that will warrant a remarkable increase in the resale price of your car. A plan endorsed and recommended by leading car dealers throughout the country. R A S—get details from dealer, garage or service station.

(Continued from Page 38)

every time people came to the house I allowed him to pick up the first weapon handy and attack them, I ought not to be surprised if later on in life he murdered someone. Or if I had a timid, nervous son, and to instill courage into him I trained him to attack and bully everyone, it would not be astonishing if, through sheer fright, he did the same thing. The blame would rest on me and a wise community should have my brain examined; but the same thing is happening with shepherd dogs every day. A German shepherd dog—one who rates the name of that race—is a quiet, efficient person, minding his own and his master's business. He is no more given to attracting attention than any other well-bred person. The nervous, uncontrolled ones should not exist. For their like in the human race there are sanatoriums and prisons; for dogs there is the last long sleep.

I pondered these things as I set out from Berlin on my way to visit the Prussian Government's Instruction School for Police Dogs. There, set down in the heart of the government forests some thirty miles east of Berlin, there is no need of wide-open spaces for dogs to be dogs. Quite the contrary; there the dogs' capabilities are thoroughly understood and made the most of inside a strong wire inclosure of some twenty acres. There dogs with the energy and intelligence to do great things are given their chance to become able citizens. It was recognized more than thirty-five years ago how useful a dog could be to a policeman, and since then, very slowly but surely, and with the greatest study, the technic of his education has been worked out. From small beginnings the school has grown to an institution made up of kennels for 300 dogs, kitchens, classrooms for policemen, administration buildings and lastly a completely equipped hospital, newly built at a cost of 100,000 marks, for experimental and research work in diseases of dogs and for the care of dogs. Smaller schools are carried on at Dresden and Karlsruhe by their respective states.

All this thought and money have not been spent because the dog is a pleasant companion—not by a long shot! It has been spent because through years of tests certain breeds of dogs have proved by their accomplishments, intelligence and faithfulness that they are fit to be ranked as service dogs and as such deserve the care and attention accorded to anyone in any service, be it governmental or industrial.

### Applied Psychology

In Germany the breeds used are the German shepherd, the Riesenschnauzer, the Rottweiler, the Boxer, the Airedale terrier and the Dobermannpinscher. Of these the German shepherd dog is generally considered the best for all purposes, and here let the ghost of that mythical breed, the police dog, be laid. A dog of any breed trained to police work is a police dog. The German shepherd dog, because he is so generally used as a policeman's dog, has become known as the police dog, but he is a shepherd dog of pure blood, born and bred for centuries to tend sheep. The shepherds are the herding and the Rottweilers the cattle-driving dogs of Germany. It is this very work of selection through generations that makes them the best police dogs, as from the beginning of the breeds they have had to submit their will to that of man. All hunting and terrier breeds have had their natural propensities developed, be it the hunting of game or killing of vermin, but the shepherd and the Rottweiler have been trained away from their natural instinct, to do the will of man, and so now in their new calling they are the most adaptable. As an example of a misnomer, the Airedale has been known in Germany ever since the war as a war dog, because his introduction there was for that work.

At our school for German shepherd dogs, my husband and I have followed the system of instruction developed at the Prussian school, where the psychology of the dog has been studied and taken account of in his education. The definition of psychology is "systematic knowledge and investigation of the genesis—process of originating—power and functions of mind"; mind is defined as "that which feels and perceives, wills and thinks." As a dog undoubtedly feels and perceives, it is a natural step to acknowledge the psychology. The system is built up on the dog's point of view and makes a very wide difference between a dog that has been educated and one that has been trained. A trained animal can be counted on as long as its trainer is present and in a position to enforce his will; an educated animal, prepared for its calling by systematic instruction, will cooperate to a far greater extent with its instructor and may even on occasion be expected to draw proper conclusions by itself. Understanding is the corner stone of education, and to look at every problem from the dog's standpoint is the secret of success.

### Learning the A B C's

To the uninitiated it would matter little whether the lesson in lying down smartly and correctly on command was followed by a tour of the jumps or not, but just that one little thing makes all the difference between dreary grind and pleasant work, a dull dog or an interested one. The lesson in lying down lowers the morale, therefore we raise it again by giving the dog an exercise he likes, something gay and uplifting to the spirits, with the result that he comes to the next lesson with tail wagging instead of trailing. Or, for instance, take a young dog who chases a chicken and kills it. He is only following an instinct of his own and has no knowledge of the man-made law which forbids dogs killing chickens, nor that he has broken it; consequently, his confidence in his master is terribly shaken when, on trotting up to him in response to his angry call, he gets the most frightful beating. His reaction is "better keep away from master when his voice sounds like that," and the next time it happens his master can yell himself blue in the face, but the dog won't come up to him. On the other hand, if, when he chased his first chicken, he was well peppered in the rear with a sling shot, he would associate the pain with the chicken and learn "ware chicken," and on his master's call would run to him for protection and be patted, at the same time learning the second lesson "away from master there is pain; near master there are pats and protection." Like everything else, it is so simple when you know how.

The results can be seen on our school grounds during a course. The dogs are happy, eyes shining, tails wagging, and they are all as keen as mustard. If a dog does not do an exercise properly, it is because he doesn't understand clearly and there must be a fault in instruction. It is, therefore, the policeman who is corrected, not the dog. For him there is nothing but encouragement and pats, with the result that he never becomes cowed or hand-shy and always does his work willingly. I have heard people who think a good whipping is the proper punishment for a naughty child raise loud voices in condemnation of the cruelty of police-dog training, and yet for a student to whip his dog is an unheard-of crime.

We breed and raise all our dogs destined for public service, so that there is always a constant and rigid selection for health, intelligence and firmness of character. Throughout puppyhood they are accustomed to gunfire, sticks and the cracking of whips, so that when they come to training age, fourteen to sixteen months, they are what is called stick-and-gun-sure. Health and firm nerves are assets the dog must start with, as a gun-shy dog can cost the life of a policeman. Besides his health and strong nerves, he must have a certain presence. If a dog is narrow-chested, high on the legs and generally lacking in force, he cannot make the impression that the strongly built, sturdy dog does. It must be remembered that his rôle is preventive rather than provocative. This is something that the public cannot get into its head. It thinks of a police dog as some raging beast, running loose, devouring everything that gets in his way. In real service the police dog is recognized as part of the policeman's equipment, just as necessary as his gun and to be kept in just as good working order; he is quiet and businesslike; his job is to keep the peace, not to stir up trouble.

The police department of the Canton de Vaud, under the very able command of Major Champod, details ten to fifteen policemen a year to come to us for a course of instruction of eight weeks. A week or ten days before the course begins, our dogs of training age are taken in from the Swiss farms where they have been brought up. On arrival they are shut up in kennels and purposely given no special attention, so that on the first day of the course, when they are given out to the student policemen, they take the more readily to their new masters. That day and the next are given over to making friends, each man with his dog. He brushes him, plays with him, exercises, feeds and waters him, and at the end of the second day the rapprochement is complete and the groundwork for his education prepared.

His first exercises could be compared to the children's kindergarten. He is taught the A B C's of obedience—heeling, lying down, sitting and staying in any given place at command, on and off the leash; with these go jumping, fetching and speaking—barking on command. These studies are all well along in the first weeks and are continued throughout the course in the nature of the daily dozen—rather as oiling up exercises. Then comes the serious business of learning police work. He begins with attacking and goes on to quartering or hunting out territory, guarding a prisoner and trailing. A policeman with a dog is considered of more value than two policemen. The second man can only duplicate the eyes, ears and strength of the first; the dog not only duplicates the strength of his master but he brings other and keener senses into the picture. His hearing and his nose are indispensable. He is taught to attack for the same reason that a policeman is taught to shoot; it is hoped that neither will have to be resorted to, but as a final expedient they must be learned.

### All in the Day's Work

The value of quartering can easily be seen in the patrolling of questionable districts, city parks, docks, factories, or in raids and the searching of houses. The dog is taught to scour territory, making sure that no one is in hiding, but always keeping in touch with his master. If he finds someone he must go on guard, barking meanwhile in notification. There is no question of attacking as long as his find stands still, but it is his duty to hinder any escape. The protection to a patrolman can hardly be overestimated, there can be no sudden overpowering where there is forewarning. In a tight place the criminal's momentary indecision, whether to shoot the oncoming dog or the policeman, gives the policeman a second's advantage and many a policeman is alive today on account of his dog's unflinching bravery. Take, for instance, what happened recently at Dortmund, Germany. Oberwachtmeister Schaub was patrolling with his dog Frisch when he apprehended a notorious criminal, a Dutchman, who carried on a lively contraband trade among his other varied pursuits. Asked for an account of himself, he resisted arrest. In the battle that followed, Schaub was shot unconscious, but his dog, although shot three times, held on to his man until the police came to relieve him. The criminal was a walking arsenal, eighty cartridges and two pistols being found on him.

Another requirement of a police dog is the guarding and conducting of prisoners, a job that is highly useful where one policeman has several characters on his hands. The taxpayer's idea of a policeman is someone who is paid by the state to protect life and property, and that therefore it is all in the day's work for him to do it, but don't forget for a minute that that policeman is human and he does not want a bullet in the brain any more than you do. A tight place to you is just as much of a tight place to him. A good, firm, businesslike dog puts the fear of God into a bunch of prisoners as a revolver never will. This is not fiction, but a proved fact. A typical evening's business in a tough part of Berlin was told me recently by Wachtmeister Reichmann. He and two policemen were patrolling the Schlesische Station in civilian clothes. With Reichmann was his dog Ito, champion of work for 1925, whom he had trained himself. A woman went through to the train platform leading a small pinscher. Breaking away from her as she took the train, it came trotting back through the station alone. Two men whistled to it, managed to get hold of the leash and started off with it. Stopped by Reichmann, the men naturally said it belonged to them and got ugly when they were told they could tell their story at the district station house. As they were four to two—counting the dog as a policeman—they went along.

### On the Trail

Arrived at the police station, they were found to be two notorious gangsters and orders were given that they should be taken to the main station house. Easier said than done. The men were in their own black district, where every hand is against a policeman. The party started out, Reichmann in front with his gun and his dog, the men following behind, each handcuffed to a policeman. Through the dimly lighted streets they went, and as soon as they got to an inky black spot, one of the men threw himself on the ground yelling for help, at the same time biting through the hand of his policeman. Instantly, from dark doors and alleyways, came their gang to rescue them. With Ito working like a tiger to keep the crowd back and the circle clear, Reichmann managed to get the party on the march again and through to the police station without firing a shot—a feat which would have been impossible without a dog. It was nothing very important, just a job that was all in the night's work, because a woman had let a little dog escape, but it could easily have cost the lives of a couple of policemen. What one little companion dog started, a working dog finished.

Trailing is an art in itself and needs long and intensive schooling. A trailing dog is born, not made. His nose is a gift and must be developed understandingly. Although we instruct in the methods of developing a trailing dog, the course is too short to perfect the work. Our breeding and training of trailing dogs is a separate department, requiring special handling and instruction. Two years of man and dog working together is considered about the term for the development of a good dog. He is then recognized as a specialist and works only on trailing cases. Although his usefulness in cities is negligible, trails being quickly obliterated in traffic, too much cannot be said in praise of his work in country districts. Just lately our Wigger von Blasienberg was put on a forty-eight-hour-old trail of a neurasthenic woman who had disappeared from her home; he took up her trail and followed it for some two miles into the mountains. Losing it in a snowdrift, he was casting around when he came on the woman, spent and unconscious. If he never did another stroke of work, he would have proved his existence in saving this woman's life, but, as a matter of fact, it was his fifth trailing case in a month. The others led to the discovery of a boy who had hanged himself, a woman who had drowned herself, an insane patient escaped from an asylum, and for the fourth, he varied the program by trailing a dog who had been on the rampage the night before and had killed thirty-five pedigreed rabbits in different farms. He

(Continued on Page 137)

# Why *only* REO Can Build a REO

Wherever superior quality is a guarantee of finer performance, greater comfort, surer economy for the Reo owner, Reo builds of the best that money can buy. There has been no compromise with price.

No other car in or near Reo's price classes is so universally constructed of the finest that money can purchase.

And no other car, regardless of price, has built into it the faultlessness of design and the engineering excellence that are peculiarly Reo's own. Brains are, of course, no company's monopoly, but the brains that developed the 1929 Reo Flying Cloud so far in advance of its time were inevitably attracted to Reo—a place where honesty of purpose and engineering farsightedness are sure to bear fruit.

For Reo engineers are unhampered by the restrictions of a vast, immobile plant; Reo plans are carried out as projected without the restrictions imposed by indebtedness, and Reo products are honestly built in a plant noted for having the lowest rate of labor turnover in the industry.

These are the conditions which have made possible Reo's advanced engineering—which have attracted the best brains in the industry, brains that money alone could never buy.

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Lansing, Michigan*

## FLYING CLOUD

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Coupe | $1625 | Sedan | $1845 |
| Victoria | $1795 | Roadster | $1685 |
| Brougham | $1645 | *f. o. b. factory Lansing* | |

REO

## WOLVERINE

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Cabriolet | $1195 | Brougham | $1195 |
| Sedan | $1295 | *f. o. b. factory Lansing* | |

# *Light up*.. for a good shave

THERE are ten million men in this country who would look better and feel better on their arrival at the office if they would put another Edison MAZDA Lamp in their bathrooms—one on each side of the mirror.

Since you live but once, why not enjoy this cheapest and most comforting luxury? Order that fixture put in at once.

Then, too, be rid of the nuisance of transferring a lamp from one socket to another. Have plenty of lamps handy. Buy them by the carton. It's economical; it's sensible; it saves annoyance. Tend to it today.

*MAZDA—*the mark of a research service*

Edison MAZDA Lamps represent the latest achievements of MAZDA* Service, through which the benefits of world-wide research and experiment in the Laboratories of General Electric are given exclusively to lamp manufacturers entitled to use the name MAZDA.

# EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

# TRUNK LINERS OF THE AIR

(Continued from Page 15)

airship service to the East, which runs approximately as follows:

England to Egypt, two and a half days compared with six days by steamship; England to Bombay, India, five days instead of the present fifteen; England to Perth, Australia, eleven days instead of twenty-eight; England to Canada, two and a half days instead of six. This saving in time would be still more markedly increased on longer runs, as for example from India to Canada by way of England, which could be accomplished in nine days instead of twenty-four; or from Australia to Canada by way of South Africa and England, which would consume approximately fifteen days instead of forty-eight, a difference of more than one month. The increased speed, it is reasonable to assume, would not be limited to journeys between two great continental terminals. From each terminal in turn would radiate airplane feeder lines conveying the business thus developed swiftly and directly to inland points.

There is today an urgent demand for the swifter transocean transport which the airship promises. Students of international affairs will recall, as an example, the strong recommendations made at a conference of dominion prime ministers in London for reduction in the time of transport of mails and passengers. In spite, however, of this acknowledged necessity for speeding up of communication, the impossibility of running faster steamships at a profit between England, India and Australia was freely admitted. Recently there has been wide discussion of a proposed four-day steamship service between the United States and Europe. The Shipping Board looked eagerly into the plan, only to report it "technically impracticable; economically unsound; financially nebulous." In view of such evidence it seems reasonable to assume that an economic limit has been reached for steamships on these routes and that for any considerable reduction in time of passage we must look to some other forms of transport. And since virtually all progress in civilization depends ultimately on transport and communication, the airship, in meeting this need, could contribute generously to the growth of both commerce and closer international relationship. The truism, "Annihilate distances, amalgamate people; amalgamate people, annihilate differences," applies with peculiar emphasis to this phase of aeronautical development.

### *Parlor, Bedroom and Bath*

Comfort in travel, like safety, must remain a relative term. The most pleasant form of air transport is the free balloon, but it is at the mercy of the winds. The airplane cannot be thoroughly comfortable because of its limited space. Even if motor and propeller are silenced, the passengers are shaken in rough weather and air sickness is then not uncommon. The airship passenger, in contrast, hears no noise, experiences no sense of speed or vibration, and feels few bumps. Air sickness is, in consequence, rare. In the living accommodations offered there is no comparison between the two types of aerial travel. The internal arrangements of the airships now under construction suggest, within their limited scope, the luxury of the ocean liner. There are large and comfortable lounges and dining salons, fully equipped two and four berth cabins, kitchens, balconies and promenade decks. Plans for one air liner even include small private suites of bedroom, bathroom and living room with observation windows. In the British ships the quarters for both passengers and crews are built within the outer envelope instead of in hanging gondolas. This permits more room and comfort for passengers and reduces air resistance. Large windows looking outward and downward give perfect vision. The control car projects at the bottom of the outer envelope.

In that important element of transport—regularity—aviation has long demonstrated its ability. Airplane lines now run on schedules as dependable as those of the railroads. The airship can be equally reliable. Heretofore the most frequent interruptions to its service have been caused by the difficulty of taking it out of its shed and handling it on the ground in high cross winds. With the development of the stub mooring mast and other mechanical appliances already described, this difficulty is being satisfactorily overcome.

Fog need delay neither its flight nor its landing, presenting danger only in the event of collision, a rare eventuality. If airship routes are laid to take advantage of wind conditions, an assured and regular service can be predicted.

### *Some Distance Records*

The airship will always have a long route to follow and therefore will be able to fly around storms. Bad weather is usually confined to small areas, necessitating only minor detours when the speed of the airship and the length of its proposed courses are taken into consideration. It will frequently be possible, moreover, to use high winds to advantage after complete meteorological service is established. Trade winds might be considered in the planning of routes and used to assure an increased ground speed. British experts have suggested, for example, an eastward route near the equator where easterly winds prevail, and a westward route in latitudes between 45 and 50 degrees north, where the reverse is true.

Regularity in airship flight is further assured by multiple engines and multiple buoyancy units. Failure of one or even two motors means only a slight reduction in speed until necessary repairs are completed. Damage to one or more cells means only a reduction in buoyancy, easily corrected by dropping ballast or by making repairs in flight.

The rigid airship carries its gas in many separated cells, comparable to the bulkheads or compartments into which modern steamships are divided. Ability to carry any navigation instrument known to science; to accommodate speed to circumstances; to proceed through clouds, rain, snow or other conditions which cause poor visibility; to land in fog by throttling down the motors and descending vertically adds to the airship's regularity as to its safety.

In any consideration of the reliability of airships it must be remembered that they have made some notable flights. During the war the Zeppelin L-59 flew from Jamboli, Bulgaria, to German East Africa and back. It was in the air 95 hours, traveled about 4225 miles and returned with enough fuel to travel 50 hours more. On that voyage the ship carried about 15 tons of cargo. The airship Bodensee, after the war, made regular trips between Berlin and Friedrichshafen. In 98 days it carried 2380 passengers over some 32,000 miles, and 18,000 tons of baggage and express matter. The British airship, the R-34, flew from East Fortune, Scotland, across the ocean to Mineola, Long Island, and back, in July of 1919. It covered 3600 miles in 108 hours on its westward course and 3450 miles in 75 hours while flying east. The Los Angeles covered 5066 miles in 81 hours in the flight from Friedrichshafen to Lakehurst, and flew recently to Panama and back.

Carrying capacity of two of the newest airships has been shown in the table already quoted. These immense pay loads—20 passengers and 16.5 tons of cargo for the LZ-127, and 100 passengers and 27.6 tons of cargo for the R-100—far surpass anything within the present possibilities of heavier-than-air craft. And even those great loads can be increased. The lift of an airship varies as the $L^3$—cube of a dimension—but the dead weight varies to a less degree. This means that the larger the craft the smaller is its percentage of dead weight, and, consequently, the greater its flying radius and possible pay load. Because rigid airships become more efficient as they increase in size, experts now agree that it is practical to construct them to any size necessary to meet any transportation problem.

This is in distinct contrast to heavier-than-air craft. Present-day trend of design indicates that the maximum practical weight of an airplane is 50,000 pounds, although economic considerations suggest 15,000 pounds as a more serviceable limit at this time.

The upper limit of 50,000 pounds assumes a reasonable landing speed with half the weight of the airplane as useful load, of which one half may be fuel and the other half pay load. The fuel load will provide a range of 600 miles between stations, with a 200-mile margin for any adverse winds that may be encountered. The fuel consumption of an airship of 150 tons capacity at seventy miles an hour demands only one-quarter the fuel per ton mile, and at 105 miles an hour only half the fuel per ton mile that is required to propel one ton of airplane one mile at either speed. Thus it will be seen that for routes of such length as intercontinental transport demands, the airship is the practical pay-load carrier, while the airplane is at its economic best as a swift commercial vehicle over the shorter runs.

The technical requirements of lighter-than-air craft are fairly well established, but the economic factors of their use in transport still await the clarity which comes with experience. All other forms of transportation have begun with small units, which grew as they paid their way. With airships large capital investments are required before they can be put into service.

As long ago as 1920, serious efforts were made to interest American capital in this form of aerial transport. In that year business representatives of a European company visited this country and showed paper plans for a transport organization that required an investment of approximately $25,000,000. Reasonable dividends were promised on this investment, but American financiers rejected the proposition. Their attitude was best expressed by one of their number, who observed that while his associates would probably be willing to gamble to the extent of $5,000,000, the risk of $25,000,000 was beyond even their courage. Under conditions existing at that time, this viewpoint was justified. After the war the Zeppelin Company of Germany could build ships and had a trained personnel, but lack of capital hampered it on every side. Its position can be best understood by assuming an ability on the part of early nineteenth-century shipyards to produce a vessel like the Leviathan.

Many years would have had to elapse before that vessel could have been put into economical service. The ship is only a minor part of commercial maritime enterprise. In addition there must be harbor facilities, docking facilities, warehouses, and organizations to solicit and develop paying cargoes and to convince the public of the value of such transportation.

### *What Airships Need*

That was the situation of lighter-than-air transport in 1920. In many aspects it is the situation today. Heavier-than-air transport has developed more rapidly because it is composed of small units and requires less capital. The Post Office Department, a government agency, demonstrated to American capital that it was economical, and Colonel Lindbergh sold it to the American public. It may be said that airships today require a Harry S. New and a Charles A. Lindbergh.

Interest in airships is, however, being convincingly revived. It has grown swiftly in recent months and will undoubtedly increase when the new craft are completed abroad and visit the United States on their demonstration tours. The successful operations of the Los Angeles, under Lieutenant Commander Rosendahl, who, as this is written, is on his way to Europe with Commander Garland Fulton, of the Navy Department Bureau of Aeronautics, to study the more modern craft, have kept the airship before the public and encouraged Congress to appropriate for new ones for the Navy.

In the continental United States there are today six mooring towers capable of holding these giants of the air. More will undoubtedly be erected shortly.

### *High and Low Factors*

In any discussion of the economic possibilities of the airship, construction costs, as well as operating expenses and dividend-producing routes, must be considered. It is natural to assume that mass production will decrease the costs of airships as it is lowering airplane costs today. New and less expensive materials will be developed. An example of progress along such lines can be cited at this time. In all rigid airships built in the past, the gas cells have been constructed of fabric lined with goldbeater's skin to provide a gas-tight container. On the Shenandoah there were twenty such cells, the largest of which held 150,000 cubic feet of gas. These cells are composed of a light cotton cloth, to which goldbeater's skin, the thin outer coating of the cæcum or blind gut of the large intestine of the ox, is applied with rubber cement. The name of this skin is derived from the fact that since oldest time it has been used by goldbeaters in the manufacture of gold leaf, which is made by beating gold between two layers until a fine film is obtained. When it is realized that half a million skins are required for the construction of an airship the size of the Shenandoah, and that, because of the high quality of skin required, two-thirds of those available are rejected as unfit, the cost of this one unit in airship construction becomes apparent. For many months the Navy has been experimenting with a gas-cell fabric constructed of cotton cloth, but using a substitute for the expensive goldbeater's skin. This substitute consists of a viscose, or wood pulp compound, which is applied to the fabric in liquid form. It has produced a material fully as impervious to the passage of gas as is goldbeater's skin, slightly lighter in weight, and costing only half as much to manufacture. Similar instances of economy in construction will undoubtedly follow commercial use of the airship.

When all elements of construction, maintenance, repair and operation except fuel and housing are considered, the cost per ton of the airship may be regarded as about equal to the cost per ton of the airplane. The fuel cost per ton is one-third less than that of the airplane; the housing cost, because of the larger sheds required, is ten times higher. Any estimates prepared for the operation of airship lines must, however, be somewhat vague because of lack of long experience. The Bodensee, as has been cited, demonstrated in prewar commercial flying the possibilities of financial success despite its curtailed route. The success of airplane transport suggests strongly, however, that a properly directed airship line will pay well in both dividends and service. To accomplish this it will be necessary to select the proper route, to use large enough ships, to establish adequate terminal facilities and to develop efficient operating and business organizations.

Although no project for an intercontinental airship line with headquarters in the United States has thus far been considered seriously, there would seem to be several possible routes of unusual promise. One

line might run from New York to Buenos Aires and Rio de Janeiro by way of Havana; another to Panama and the west coast of South America; a third from San Francisco to the Far East. Shortly there will be inaugurated a heavier-than-air service between Boston and Valparaiso, Chile. This will develop air traffic with South America, which should in time demand the greater carrying capacity of the airship. The opportunities offered the air liner on such routes are obvious. At present wealth in South America is largely concentrated in one class. Its members make frequent visits to Paris, their cultural capital. Travelers from Rio de Janeiro to France now depend on direct steamship lines, while those from the west coast proceed by way of the Panama Canal and New York. Airship transport by way of Havana and New York would save these travelers many days at sea, as well as shorten the trips of winter tourists from the United States to Cuba. It may be protested that the route suggested traverses the Caribbean Sea, breeder of hurricanes. The meteorological service in this area is, however, so highly developed that advance information of such storms could readily be supplied in time for an airship to avoid them. Surface craft are now enabled to avoid the hurricanes by acting on this advance information. Certainly, then, the airship, fastest of all seagoing carriers, could escape. Despite the circular velocity of a hurricane, its storm center actually moves slowly, seldom surpassing twenty miles an hour. Along the west coast of South America weather conditions are ideal for air transport.

In view of the saving in time effected by such proposed airship lines, a passenger rate of from one and a half to two times that of de luxe steamship travel would seem reasonable. With these charges the lines could promise profitable financial returns and rapid increases in the amount of traffic carried. The closer relations established between the two continents by the service would be of inestimable value from the point of view of both business and statecraft.

Similarly advantageous and profitable should be an airship line from our own West Coast to the Far East. It might proceed from San Francisco to the Philippines by way of Hawaii and Guam, returning by way of Tokio and Seattle. The trade possibilities of this route are well recognized. The savings over steamship time would be enormous. Distances and weather conditions involved are shown in the accompanying table.

Typhoons or other seasonal storms in these areas could be avoided by means of proper meteorological reports and by the airship's speed and maneuverability. The entire route is practically free of fog, except along the west coast of the United States.

Neither North nor South American capital has yet been seriously interested in lighter-than-air transport. Some means must be found to arouse the necessary enthusiasm. One method suggested involves the sending of the new Navy airships, when completed, to the southern continent and the Near East, where they might demonstrate the possibilities of successful operation over the routes, as well as show the American flag from the most modern of all carriers.

Since our national prosperity in the future must depend more and more on foreign trade, development of new resources of rapid transportation, which bring nations closer together, is of vital importance. History has taught us the value of merchant marine in accomplishing this end. Today it seems obvious that the nation which first develops and gains superiority in its air marine will continue as a leading power and a vital force in the world's affairs.

TRANSPACIFIC AIRSHIP ROUTE

| OUTWARD | NAUTICAL MILES | WINDS |
|---|---|---|
| San Francisco to Honolulu | 2090 | Favorable throughout year—15 to 25 knots. |
| Honolulu to Guam | 3400 | Favorable throughout year—15 to 25 knots. |
| Guam to Manila | 1380 | Cross N. E. and S. W. winds except June—20 knots. |
| **RETURN** | **NAUTICAL MILES** | **WINDS** |
| Manila to Tokio | 1800 | Unfavorable. 20 knots; except May to August, 10 knots. |
| Tokio to Portland, Ore. | 4270 | Favorable—20 knots; except June, July and August—variable. |
| Portland, Ore., to San Francisco | 900 | Variable—15 to 20 knots. |

# VALOR

(Continued from Page 11)

on their necks once, anyhow. But once was generally enough. But here was this big Frog all hopped up to go in there for more, and if he did, Father Joe would very likely bend him so far out of shape that it would take a whole hospitalful of bonesetters to get him straight again. So it was time to tell him how it was that Father Joe, the only steel boss in the world to run a bunch of roughnecks from the ground, could not go up.

When a steel erector gets the shakes, he's done with bridging. When he gets the shakes, he shakes. He hangs on with both hands and feet, and with his teeth and eyebrows to the nearest structural member; and his bones rattle in his carcass like poker dice in a leather cup; and it takes a seven-foot pinch bar to pry his hold loose, way up there above the world so high, even after rescue is at hand. And once he's loose, he can't go down. They have to take him down. And down—he's down for good. He's done as steel erector.

Cases are told about where suddenly, without apparent cause, while normally at work, the shakes have unaccountably seized a man and made him drop his tools and grab tight to the nearest steel and hang on. But such instances are very rare and doubtful. Always, one might declare, the shakes come on a man in some time of nerve-wrecking danger; most often, far, when the peril is to others. A man in jeopardy himself, if he is any sort of man, is not subject to panic. He's busy thinking, keenly, swiftly trying to find some way to extricate himself, no matter how seemingly inextricable the peril. He is too tensely occupied to lose his nerve. But if the danger is for others—if he has to stand, helpless to aid, upon some dizzy vantage point aloft and watch grim, grinning Death tear loose his comrades' hands and turn them into shapeless blotches on the pavement far below, then he comes to himself sometimes and finds himself hanging desperately to steel and trembling with a trembling that he cannot stop; and that steel man is finished with the exhilarating dizzy heights that are the joy of steel erecting, from that time on.

So came the shakes to Tough Joe Priest, who felt, one day, his comrades plunging down to death—and plunging down for him. He could not see them fall, but he knew that they were falling by a means more terrible even than by sight. He knew by a sudden hideous ease that came once and twice to the ripping sockets of his arms, and by two great groans of pitying horror that shuddered up to him out of one of New York's crowded canyons.

Our Father Joseph once was Tough Joe Priest. As Tough Joe, years past, Father Joseph one time put up steel with his two hands—put it up with neck and shoulders, and not with that thing up on top of these as he did now. And in those days Tough Joe Priest could go up as high as any man. Fear was not in him.

But one day Fear came up to Tough Joe Priest and leered in Tough Joe's face, and reached ghost fingers up beneath Joe's ribs and took hold of his heart. And tough young Joe threw back his head and shut his eyes and prayed—prayed for strength for the great arms of him, tenfold; prayed for power in the tremendous hands of him, a hundredfold. And Tough Joe was not praying for himself. Fear would have had a hard time making Joe do that. But Joe, that time, found himself the top link in a human chain of three that dangled high above a terror-stricken street in New York City.

Jack Jones had dropped beside his levers. Jack, the stout old hoisting engineer had suddenly, without a word, shoved off. Jack's pump had quit on him—stopped dead. And when Jack dropped, a great steel boom dropped too. It hit the wide ornamental cornice, fifteen stories up, where Tough Joe Priest was driving rivets.

Ants that were humans in the canyon deep below scurried into holes that were halls and doorways, at the horrid crash so far above, and crouching back, watched scaffold planks and tools and tackle come down raining. Then noise of falling ceased and a great silence washed away the ordinary noises of downtown New York. And out of that a cry of prayer and terror rose. For high above, far out at the edge of that wide cornice, Joe Priest's hands clutched a wrenched bent angle iron. And Big Pat Heney's hands, that had just now held a dolly bar against the pounding of Joe's gun, now had Joe's ankle in them, vise tight, death tight. And with Big Heney's legs crushed hard against him in a bone-breaking arm embrace, Koskinen hung—Wily Koskinen, big hemp-headed Finn, who not a minute past had been catching sizzling rivets in a little can.

Tough Joe Priest weighed a hundred eighty then; Big Heney just as much; Koskinen more. To those who watched, breath terror-held, down on the canyon floor, they looked like little men. Those down there did not know how big they were. But Wily Koskinen knew.

So Wily Koskinen simply said, "Goot luck, boys! Goot-by!"

Tough Joe cried out a bitter cry. His arms seemed suddenly to pull up, as though they went back to their sockets. But the agony in his cry was not relief. It was no ease to tough Joe Priest to have a burden shifted from his arms, to rest much more intolerably on his heart. "Kosky!" he said. Then—"Hang on, Big! Don't you let go!"

Effort to speak was hideous, but he had to speak. One hand felt numb. Somehow he could not make the fingers of it do his will. It slipped, that right hand—slipped.

"Come on up, Big! Climb over me! I got it cold. I'll hold! Come on!"

Big Heney felt warmth drip on one great bulging forearm. He looked up. He saw a bloody hand, its fingers cruelly smashed, numb now—no longer strength for any holding in them, swinging at Tough Joe's thigh above him. One hand then. What a man! What a man, this pal, Tough Joe, of his, Big Heney thought.

"Come on up, Big—up over me! I got 'er cold!"

(Continued on Page 46)


# Watch This Column
## Our Weekly Chat

BY way of still further testing Public Taste, in my earnest desire to please it—and in order to make our productions more entertaining than ever—if possible—I will synchronize several pictures with music, sound effects and spoken lines. One of these will be "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which will have a musical score by one of New York's most famous Symphonic orchestras. Also you will hear the splendid harmony of the famous Dixie Jubilee Singers, and all the other effects made possible by this extraordinary age-old drama, thus accentuating the romance of the Sunny South. C. L.

Among the other pictures to be synchronized will be Victor Hugo's *"The Man Who Laughs"*; *"The Cohens and Kellys in Atlantic City"*, with GEORGE SIDNEY and VERA GORDON, LAURA LA PLANTE in *"The Last Warning"*; *"Give and Take"*, with JEAN HERSHOLT and GEORGE SIDNEY JEAN HERSHOLT and SALLY O'NEILL in *"The Girl on the Barge"*, REGINALD DENNY in *"Red Hot Speed"*; NORMAN KERRY and PAULINE STARKE in *"Man, Woman and Wife"*.

*Norman Kerry in "The Foreign Legion"*

If you have already seen *"Uncle Tom's Cabin"* and *"The Man Who Laughs"* in the silent drama, you will doubly enjoy them with sound effects, as the drama is heightened tremendously by these effects. The synchronization of the other pictures listed here will afford you entertainment of the very highest type. I will be glad to hear your expressions of these synchronized pictures.

*Betsy Lee in "The Night Bird"*

Watch for one Universal treat after another this Fall and Winter season. For example. There is *"The Grip of the Yukon"*, starring FRANCIS X BUSHMAN, NEIL HAMILTON and JUNE MARLOWE, BESSIE LOVE and TOM MOORE in the charming romance. *"Anybody Here Seen Kelly"*; *"The Foreign Legion"*, starring LEWIS STONE, NORMAN KERRY and MARY NOLAN *"The Michigan Kid"*, written by Rex Beach and starring RENEE ADOREE and CONRAD NAGEL.

*Kathryn Crawford A Universal Beauty*

By the way, who is your favorite movie star? I want to classify them. Naturally I have my own opinions but I want yours. Never mind the company they are with. Tell me who they are.

*Carl Laemmle, President*

*Send for your copy of Universal's booklet containing complete information on our new pictures. It's free.*

To meet a popular demand Universal will send photographs of actual scenes from "The Collegians" as follows: Set of 5, 50c; Set of 9, 90c; Set of 18, $1.80; Set of 25, $2.50.

**UNIVERSAL PICTURES**

"The Home of the Good Film"

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

# Chrysler "75" "65"

New Chrysler "65" 4 door Sedan, $1145

## AT LAST—The Modern Car Style for the Modern Age

THE NEW Chrysler Sixes—"65" and "75"—are so far ahead from every point of view that Chrysler once more out-modes everything else that runs.

For sheer artistry of design, for luxury of grooming, for behavior that out-Chryslers even Chrysler, for downright value at their lower prices—Chrysler has once more wiped out every existing standard by which motor cars have been judged.

At a single bold stroke, it has initiated the style that re-styles all motor cars.

*New Chrysler "75" Prices—Royal Sedan, $1535; 2-Pass. Coupe (with rumble seat), $1535; Roadster (with rumble seat), $1555; Town Sedan, $1655*

*New Chrysler "65" Prices—Business Coupe, $1040; Roadster (with rumble seat), $1065; 2-Door Sedan, $1065; Touring Car, $1075; 4-Door Sedan (illustrated), $1145; Coupe (with rumble seat), $1145. All prices f. o. b. Detroit (wire wheels extra).*

Chrysler

(Continued from Page 44)

Big Heney knew a good old standard Irish joke. Man, what a time to crack it!

"All right, Joe," he said, "I'll try it. Just wait till I spit on my hands."

The one arm chin-up. There's a job. I doubt if there are a thousand men in all America can do it. I doubt if there are five hundred. Yet when the rescue men got up to the broken cornice, Joe Priest's chin was hooked on that bent angle iron. One arm was up across it too. The angle was so twisted that he could not bring the other arm upon it, and the crushed fingers dangled. But one arm was enough. The men crawled out to him over the twisted steel, but they could no more persuade him to crawl back with them than they could have persuaded him to try to fly. With chin and arm hooked to that twisted angle, he was safe, and there would stay. A little jinniwink was near, and they swung a man out to him from it in a boson's chair and he made fast to Joe. It took two men straining at that jinni's cranks to pull Joe off that angle, him every second yelling bloody murder.

I told all this to big Silk Colporteur—and what good did it do? He started for the office door the minute I had finished, and he had a look on his face so dour and determined that I hailed the tool-house man who just then came past and said, "Hey, Oscar! Gimme that!"

Oscar was one of the boys. He didn't care much who got hit, or how, so long as there was fighting. So he handed me the marlinspike which he was carrying to the shanty.

"Good hunting!" Oscar said.

I sprinted for the office steps and got there just ahead of Silk.

"You big thick-headed Frog-Canuck," I said, standing above him, "he got the shakes. That's why he can't go up. But you take one more step to go in there and try to rub it into him, and I'll crack down on you with this hunk of hardware, bend it or not!"

Silk looked at me disgusted. Then, with a sidewise bat of his huge paw, he wiped me off the office steps.

"Pencils," he said, "sit there and lay an egg. He'll throw me out again for actin' ladylike, an', sister, how I dread it! But just the same, I got to go in there right now an' walk up to him an' apologize!"

There came a day, however, after which it was no longer necessary for Father Joe to beat up the occasional roughneck who questioned his courage by mentioning the fact that Father Joe showed yellow six feet off the ground. And this was because from that day on no roughneck ever mentioned it again. For on that day of which we tell, at Prisoner's Island Bridge, Father Joe went up.

The work of Trap & Priest, Steel Structures, Ltd., on the mainland anchor span and mighty cantilever of Prisoner's Island Bridge, was almost done on that day when Father Joe went up. The unbelievable great mainland arm, reaching out high above Tide River, had met midstream, the other unbelievable great arm stretched out to it from Prisoner's Island, opposite. The work was almost done.

Out at the cantilever end a concrete mixer ground, making a street up there in that tremendous steel network. Its work was nearly finished. From the very level of the city's streets, far down and back, one might walk out now on a wide boulevard to the very cantilever's end. Even Father Joe could go up now, walking the middle of that wide concrete way. It really was no longer going up, this way of reaching the long cantilever's end. One time the level of this boulevard across the bridge had been up—plenty high. This traffic floor level had one time been an openwork of beams and girders, down through which one might see, a couple hundred feet below, the river swirling darkly, the river's traffic striving mightily or gliding smoothly, against or with the treacherous swift tides that made its currents. Then it was far enough aloft, that traffic floor. But now the open net of beams and buckstays was buckle-plated over, and concrete had been poured on top the buckle plates, and that wide traffic floor, almost completed, was, though hung up there so high above the water, practically the ground. On it, you were not up. Above it, great compression struts and long diagonals and stout wind braces soared; and the graceful nests of eyebar chains swung aloft dizzily to the tower tops. This was now up—where Father Joseph could not go.

On the day of which we tell, Father Joe and I walked out the wide concrete traffic floor almost to the cantilever's end—Father Joe keeping religiously to the middle of the way. To right and left of our broad boulevard the naked steel spread intricately. On this steel, to the right and left of the street traffic floor, the transportation lines would run. This steel would never be floored closely over. Through the great members that supported tracks for interurban trains the river, far below, would always gleam. Out on this side structure now there racketed the guns of riveters, where a half dozen gangs still remained to cut out rivets that the inspector's chalk had ringed and drive up new tight rivets in their places.

It was to check the work these men were doing that Father Joe walked out the traffic floor that day.

"Climb out there," said Father Joe to me, "and see how many they've got in so far today. And tell 'em if it isn't half again as many as they cut out and redrove yesterday, I'll be waiting for them with the old rawhide when they climb down this afternoon."

I started over toward Pete Clausen's gang, which was the nearest. I started, grinning, toward Pete Clausen's gang, knowing the sweet reception I would get as bearer of a critic's tidings to a gang engaged in cutting out, inspected rivets and redriving. The ordinary language of a rivet gang is a treat, and given such conditions as the present I started toward Pete Clausen's gang all glad anticipation. And suddenly all the fun in the world died, and Father Joe and I and young Pete Clausen's gang found ourselves staring into the horribly distorted mask of Tragedy.

Father Joe and I both saw the falling wrench hit Pete. We both were watching him. There is nothing much more fascinating on a job of bridging than to watch a skillful heater throw his sizzling rivets.

What careless roughneck slid down some high strut at the lunch-time whistle and left his fitting-up wrench aloft, lying across a pair of lattice bars, no one will ever know. Of course he expected to be back up there using it again right after lunch, and it was secure enough for that short while. It had no doubt lain there secure for months. But that's the reason why a fitting-up wrench should never be laid down aloft, but always slipped into a belt loop when not in use. He never did get up to that particular high strut again—that bridgeman. He got shifted to another job in some emergency, or got changed to another gang, or got fired off the job, or something, and his wrench lay up where he had left it weeks or months before, vibration sliding it by imperceptible degrees on its supports, until at last it hung, just balanced, over Peter Clausen. And just as Pete stepped from his forge and out upon a beam to throw a rivet to his gang, the wrench came whirling down. It felled Pete Clausen cold. It rapped him fair across the head and plunged on down, still whirling, till the river got it. Pete Clausen's tongs slipped from his fingers and followed after the red rivet which he had just thrown a little space. Then they clattered against steel and whirled down, too, into the waiting river. The red-hot rivet soared out in a sparkling arc and spun down, gleaming redly, and far below a tiny jet of steam showed white against the river's ugly blackness. It is the only rivet young Pete Clausen ever threw that failed to hit the bull's-eye.

Arny Koskinen, big thatch-headed Finn, the passer, dropped his little catching can, let out a cry of fear and started over steel for little Pete; for Pete had dropped on his stomach as limp as rope across a little channel and there hung draped, arms dangling down one side, legs down the other, knocked out clean.

Wily Koskinen's dead now. Before he died there was the pair of them, Wily and Arny, cousins—as fine a pair of Baltic sailormen as ever shipped to the U. S. A. and went into the steel-erection business. What that pair didn't know about ropes and tackle was not in the book. They knew about grim courage too. Grim courage, such as had earned the title Iron Soldiers for their fighting countrymen, was Wily Koskinen's. Greater love hath no man in this world than that which Wily showed when he laid down his life years past, to save the lives of fellow men. And Arny Koskinen had the same stuff in him. For that great lumbering man leaped from steel to steel, balancing gracefully as a wire walker, toward the place where little Pete Clausen lay knocked out cold and draped across a little channel on his stomach, hundreds of feet above a black and hungry river.

Arny Koskinen never made it. He never made it, though he threw his life away ten times, running and leaping over steel, where crawling would have been the sane procedure. But as he ran and leaped there, over gaps appalling, little Pete Clausen slipped. His buttons and his buckles caught and held a little to the channel's flange. He had not fallen draped across that channel evenly. The side where hung his legs hung heaviest. He dragged across that little channel's flange in little interrupted jerks, as though the mighty bridge that he had helped to make was trying with its might to hold him, but as though a mightier thing than even that stupendous bridge was dragging at his legs; as though that hideous black river reached up cold, invisible, dank hands ——

Arny Koskinen never made it. Neither did Father Joe.

Yes, Father Joe! He could not go aloft. And yet for little Pete, the rivet heater, that day Father Joseph did it. They say that once you get the shakes you never will recover from them. Well, what of it? I am not writing down that Father Joe recovered from them in that dire emergency. I'm writing down that he went up with the shakes—went up two hundred feet—went up, what's more, the whole two hundred in one step! For he ran over to the edge of the wide safe concrete boulevard on which we stood, climbed the high girder at its edge and stepped out over steel toward the place where Clausen lay. And in that single step, made horizontally, he stepped from the paved highway, which was to all intents the ground, to bridge steel, which was the best part of two hundred feet above the river.

Shakes had him as he did it. He was afraid. I doubt if any man ever was more hideously afraid. And yet he was to be a hundred—yes, a thousand—times that much afraid before a minute passed.

The swiftest way to little Pete was the most hazardous. He hung upon a level just a little bit above Father Joe's head. Quicker to swing out underneath that system of support for interurban trains than to climb up to the top side of it and then across to Pete. Diagonal brace rods, inch and a quarter round, braced that floor system underneath, pulled taut with long turnbuckles. One of them ran in a direct hypotenuse straight under Pete. Father Joe reached up to it, and hanging over nothing, went out across it swiftly, hand past hand.

They never made it—neither the big Finn nor Father Joe. While both were ten feet away from little Pete, the dank hands of the river gave one last cruel tug.

But though the river got the wrench and the red sizzling rivet and the tongs, along with Peter Clausen, there was this difference—it got the tools for keeps.

Valor, we call this record—valor, which tools cannot call up, but which a man in dire need can rouse, has roused, will rouse in fellow men. From *valere*—to be strong. I have never read of strength like Father Joe's that day.

A man with shakes has strength past telling. He has a strength of grip past your belief, even if I could tell it. He will hold onto where he is when the shakes get him with a grip which two men on each hand cannot pry loose.

But listen to the strength of Father Joseph Priest, hanging there to that brace rod underneath the rapid-transit floor of that high-soaring bridge—hanging there with the grip of a bridgeman with the shakes. Foolhardy men have leaped from time to time, for fame, for vaudeville contracts, for heaven knows what imbecile ideas, from the great spans that cross Tide River—most of them to death. But not men with the shakes. For the great fear at bottom of the shakes is not, in last analysis, the fear of going up—it is the fear of falling down.

I look back and I can't believe it to this day. And yet I saw it—see it now. I never thought there was such strength. Father Joe's hands were frozen round that rod to which he hung with a fear as grisly as had ever frozen marrow in the bones of men. Before his eyes Pete Clausen had just fallen, limply, sickeningly, into the dreadful void. Deliberately, Father Joe looked down. More courage never could have done it. That took valor—strength. Plumb down below him, fifty thousand miles, no river craft delayed him. Valor? Valor of the gods!

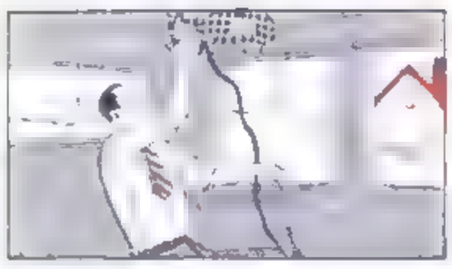
Strength to unclamp those ten fear-frozen fingers! Strength to let go! The inky river, hideously far below, sent up a high white geyser—the second in ten seconds. Fear helped Father Joe. Feet first and frozen stiff with agony of fear, he hit the water like a dropped ramrod.

It only goes to show how unused to praying a steel-job man can get. I had got started, but I didn't know how to stop.

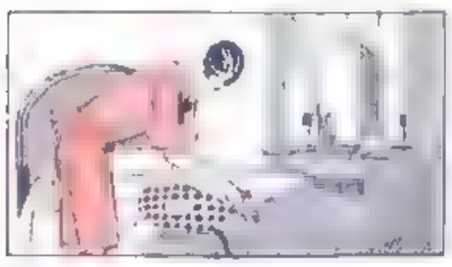
"Good God!" was all I said. "Good God!" But up, way up, where even bridge-job supplications get at last, if they are honest, they knew, I'm sure, the unsaid rest of it. "Good God!" I kept repeating, even after Father Joe came up; even after I saw him strike out strongly, way down there. I said it when he reached the side of little Pete Clausen, who, unconscious, maybe worse, at least had not been able to gasp his lungs full of water and so was floating. I said it when a passing tug came about and drew the two of them aboard. I kept on saying it. It seems I had forgotten how to end a prayer. I don't know how long it might have taken me to get stopped. But presently I got help. A heavy hand shook my shoulder.

"Timekeeper! Hey!" said big hemp-headed Arny Koskinen. "Cum on! Snep out from dot! Let go dot steel! First t'ing you know you'll got de shakes you'self! Hey! Amen! Finish! Pete's all right, betchu dollar! Jus' only water Pete hit. Pretty soft! Dot river got to be froze hard like Baltic Sea before it hurt dot tough squarehead. Me, I'll betchu dollar!"

Finns are thrifty. When a Finn wants to bet you a dollar, you can bank on it that he has a sure thing—as in this case.



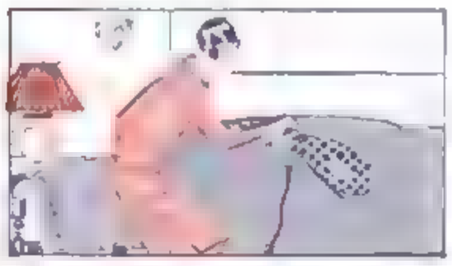
The upholstery of your closed car can be made spick-and-span in a few minutes with the aid of a Premier Pic-up.



The Premier Pic-up gets all the dust from your mattresses, and its frequent use will lengthen their lives.

A long flight of stairs will not sap your last ounce of energy on cleaning day if you use the new Premier Pic-up.

Your upholstered chairs can be kept free from dog and cat hairs—thanks to Premier Pic-up's motor-driven brush.



Into the hidden recesses of your davenport, the Premier Pic-up glides and bags both dust and dirt.

Banish the old whisk broom with its splints on your clothes and its dust in your nose! Replace it with a Premier Pic-up

*This shows the motor-driven brush —one of the reasons for the remarkable efficiency of the Premier Pic-up.*

# Now the PREMIER PIC-UP

## *a new type of Electric Cleaner with a multitude of uses!*

THE Premier Pic-up is just what you need to keep the upholstery of your car looking spick-and-span. Especially right now when Summer's dust and dirt play havoc with light-colored dresses.

Premier Pic-up is one-third the size and one-third the price of Premier Duplex, our standard household model. Like its famous parent, it has a motor-driven brush and super-suction. Both motor and brush are mounted in ball bearings and *never* need oiling! Weighs only four pounds. Operates with the ease of an electric iron.

You'll find the Premier Pic-up indispensable for *thorough* cleaning of automobile interiors, upholstered furniture, stair carpets, clothing and for a multitude of other uses. An extension handle is also furnished for use in cleaning rugs and draperies.

The Premier Pic-up cleans better than attachments because it not only has super-suction but also a motor-driven bristle brush; and no matter what standard make of cleaner you now own, you should also have a Premier Pic-up! If your local dealer cannot supply you, use the convenient coupon!

The Premier Family

ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER CO., INC.
Dept. 508 Cleveland, Ohio

*Distributed and serviced throughout the United States by the Premier Service Company, with branches in all leading cities.*
*Manufactured and distributed in Canada by the Premier Vacuum Cleaner Co., Ltd., General Offices, Toronto.*
*Sold over the entire world, outside of the U. S. and Canada, by the International General Electric Co., Inc., Schenectady, New York.*

ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER CO., INC.
Dept. 508, Cleveland, U. S. A.

☐ Enclosed is $20.00 for which please have a Premier Pic-up sent to me.

☐ Please send me free descriptive literature and name of nearest dealer.

*Name*.....

*Street*.....

*City*.....*State*.....

PREMIER PIC-UP
$20

PREMIER JUNIOR
$40

PREMIER DUPLEX
$60

*Prices slightly higher on Pacific Coast and in Canada.*

*for Economical Transportation*

CHEVROLET

# First Choice of

*Acclaimed by hundreds of thousands everywhere as the world's most luxurious low-priced car, the Bigger and Better Chevrolet has enjoyed such tremendous preference on the part of buyers that today it stands first choice of the nation for 1928!*

Over 750,000 new Chevrolets delivered to owners since January 1st! The largest number of automobiles sold this year by any single manufacturer! Never has any Chevrolet enjoyed such overwhelming public endorsement—for never has any low-priced car combined such impressive performance, such delightful comfort and such distinctive style.

The power and smoothness of a famous valve-in-head motor equipped with "invar strut" constant clearance pistons . . . the riding ease assured by 107-inch wheelbase and semi-elliptic shock absorber springs . . . the safety and ease of handling afforded by big non-locking four-wheel brakes and a ball bearing worm and gear steering mechanism . . . the smartness and luxury of marvelously beautiful bodies by Fisher finished in modish colors—these are among the outstanding reasons why people everywhere have conferred leadership on today's Chevrolet—

—why you should visit your nearest Chevrolet dealer now to see and to drive America's most popular automobile!

*The* COACH
**$585**

| | |
|---|---|
| *The* Touring or Roadster | $495 |
| *The* Coupe | $595 |
| *The* 4-Door Sedan | $675 |
| *The* Convertible Sport Cabriolet | $695 |
| *The* Imperial Landau | $715 |
| Light Delivery (*Chassis only*) | $375 |
| Utility Truck (*Chassis only*) | $520 |

All prices f. o. b. Flint, Mich.

**Check Chevrolet Delivered Prices**

They include the lowest handling and financing charges available.

## *Embodying Every Modern Feature*

Improved valve-in-head motor
107-inch wheelbase
Non-locking 4-wheel brakes with independent emergency brake
Thermostat control cooling system
Harrison honeycomb radiator
"Invar strut" constant clearance pistons
Mushroom-type valve tappets
Hydro-laminated camshaft gears
Crankcase breathing system
Indirectly lighted instrument panel
Ball bearing worm and gear steering
Semi-elliptic shock absorber springs—84% of wheelbase
Safety gasoline tank at rear
One-piece steel rear axle housing
Stream-line bodies by Fisher
Modish, long-lasting colors
Theft-proof steering and ignition lock
AC oil filter
AC air cleaner
Single-plate dry disc-clutch
Heavy, one-piece, full-crown fenders
Alemite pressure lubrication
Stewart-Warner vacuum fuel feed
Rear vision mirror
Delco-Remy distributor ignition
Combination tail and stoplight
Large 17" steering wheel, with spark and throttle levers located at top
Fisher "VV" one-piece windshield on closed models
Automatic windshield wiper on closed models
Buller-type headlamps and parking lights
Steel disc wheels
Two-port exhaust
Gasoline gauge
Klaxon motor-driven horn

Q U A L I T Y A T L O W C O S T

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
*Division of General Motors Corporation*

Bigger and Better

# the Nation for 1928

# WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

## Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

### Arthur Guiterman

MY FIRST ambition at the age of six was to be a naturalist, my second was to be a poet; and as for the first, I have a letter from that true naturalist, Will Beebe, commencing, "Nize poet!"; and as for the second, there are members of the Poetry Society of America ready to swear that I may be a good naturalist—but why bring that up?

Because my parents, shortly after their marriage, were so ill-advised as to go abroad for a few years, I happened to be born in Vienna; but when I was two and a half, I brought the family safe home, and my first recollections are of New York. Although I was graduated from the College of the City of New York in 1891, my diploma is strangely silent as to my proficiency in lacrosse, tennis and rowing, and fails to mention that I was on the intercollegiate track team, that I was once captain of the Bicycle Club—we rode the old high wheel—that I served as class poet and secretary and that I was, moreover, leading lady of the Dramatic Club. The leading man was my old friend and schoolmate, the actor-manager, James K. Hackett, who, when he made his great success as Macbeth in London a few years ago, wrote to tell me all about it, adding, "But I only wish Mrs. Pat Campbell had been as good a leading lady as you used to be." Even though they gave me a medal for English composition and later elected me to Phi Beta Kappa, I can't boast of consistent scholarship.

After graduation I took up journalism, as most newspapermen are a-scared to call it, and did editorial work on several magazines; but all the time I wrote verse, serious and light, on any and all themes that interested me. For the last twenty years I have practically devoted myself to verse writing and lecturing. In 1912 I established and for two years conducted in the School of Journalism of New York University a class in verse writing that I believe was the first of its kind. In 1916 Joyce Kilmer was kind enough to write of me as "the most American of all poets."

I was married in 1909 to Vida Lindo of New York and Panama. She is the enterprising and adventurous member of the family who insists on foreign travel, airplane trips and things like that, while all I ask is a mountain, a forest, a lake, a river, a tennis court and a quiet study. We usually spend a month or two each summer deep in the Maine woods, where the trout rise to anything, or on country roads and mountain trails with our packs on our backs. We have climbed and tramped twenty or even twenty-five miles in a day when necessary, in the Adirondacks, the White and the Green Mountains, the Catskills, the Ramapos, the Swiss Alps, the Laurentians, the Yosemite, and the Rockies in Colorado, Canada and Montana. This year, I have been credibly informed, we are to try the Pyrenees.

From 1926 to 1928 I was president of the Poetry Society of America and also president of the Authors' League Fellowship, the social activity of the Authors' League of America. I have also served on the council of the Authors' Club and am a director of the alumni association of my college.

In 1909 I originated in Life a series of Rhymed Reviews of books, a feature that has been widely imitated. A few years ago I was asked to write a Rhymed Review of myself for my college paper; and since it is contrary to my practice to stick to prose so long, here it is, brought up to date:

Arthur Guiterman

CONCERNING THE UNDERSIGNED

*The subject of this little sketch*
*Is famed as metricist and scholar;*
*His very autograph will fetch*
*A dime, the tenth part of a dollar.*

*His class was that of ninety-one,*
*A noble class as all acknowledge;*
*He had a fair amount of fun*
*Through five athletic years at college*

*Among his books are, Chips of Jade,*
*The Laughing Muse, the Mirthful Lyre.*
*His Car of Song can make the grade,*
*But sometimes needs an extra tire.*

*Oh, he can be as light as cork*
*Or grave as old memento mori!*
*His Balladry of Old New York*
*Is sure to win undying glory.*

*For songs of days that were and are,*
*A Ballad-Maker's Pack is noted,*
*And don't forget The Light Guitar,*
*A comely volume, often quoted.*

(Continued on Page 52)

### Struthers Burt

ACTUALLY, I was born in Baltimore, Maryland, on a stormy October night in the year 1882. But I no longer make a point of that, for I have found it too complicating. I was born in Baltimore only by chance, and I no longer argue with people who tell me I was born in Philadelphia. I might just as well have been born in Philadelphia, for my father and mother, both Philadelphians of the Philadelphians, were in Baltimore only a short time because of my father's law practice, and as speedily as possible I was brought back to undergo the chaste influence of my family's native city.

Before I go any further, I may just as well say that on one side I am descended from seven generations of Baptist ministers, originally Welshmen, and on the other from rebellious Irishmen. That ought to mean something, although just what I have not yet been able to discover.

Once back in Philadelphia, at an inappropriate age I was sent to a private day school—they had such things then—and managed to survive to the age of sixteen. At the age of sixteen I was graduated, not through any precociousness on my part but because I had been sent to school too early, and for two years I was a reporter on a Philadelphia paper. Once again, I wonder how I survived. I was the youngest reporter in the city—a proud record physically, but not a proud one spiritually. When other children of my age were in bed, I was scouring the police stations and hospitals, and before I was eighteen my knowledge of murder, suicide and larceny was profound. At eighteen, however, a kind fate intervened and I was sent to Princeton, from which I was graduated, quite at the tail of my class, in the year 1904. For me to graduate from Princeton was rather a natural thing to do, as my grandfather had graduated from there, my father, my uncle and numerous cousins.

So far my life had been concentrated and direct; now, for a few years, it became disconnected and wandering.

Struthers Burt and Katharine Newlin Burt

I went for a year to the University of Munich, then for a year and a half to Merton College, Oxford; then, for two years, I taught English

(Continued on Page 52)

Austin Parker

### Austin Parker

*His Life and Works*

I BURST out in a rash of words at the age of nine and I have been running an intermittent literary fever ever since. My first opus was a verse, published now for the first time:

MY HORSE

*I have a horse; his name is Ted.*
*I sometimes call him Bones.*
*And when I hit him o'er the head*
*He lets out awful groans.*

As a matter of fact, I never hit him over the head. I wouldn't have dared. The little Roman-nosed beast would have kicked my slats loose. Bones was my dearest friend and severest critic. When he didn't approve of me he let me know it by taking a couple of crow hops and then elevating his rear quarters in such a fashion as to cause me to collide with Mother Earth, generally face first. That early training proved of great value later when I took up flying and made the error, several times, of landing too close to the ground. As Mother Earth and I had met socially so often, it seemed quite like the old days in Montana, where I was born and raised.

It was Bones—and I hope he has found a nice pasture in horse heaven—who helped me to come as close as I have ever come to the utterly complete realization of an ideal. I wanted to be a cow-puncher, to be as illiterate as possible, to chew tobacco and to roll cigarettes with one hand at a full gallop. At thirteen I was so near perfection just a bit off on the one-handed cigarette rolling—that my father decided to send me East to school. I spent the next two years trying to be a young man about town and succeeded

Continued on Page 52

# "look, mother-it's dry!"

*From a painting by Cushman Parker*

*Copyright 1928, P & L*

## "61" LACQUER ENAMEL

### AN ENAMEL FINISH FOR FURNITURE WOODWORK AND FLOORS

IT not only dries before you know it, but "61" Lacquer Enamel covers so well and flows on so smoothly without laps, streaks or brush marks, that you will be delighted. Usually one coat is enough.

If you want to refinish or change the color of a piece of furniture or other article, there is no need of waiting or wishing. Just get a can of "61" Lacquer Enamel, the color of your choice, and when you are through brushing, the job is done. It is practically dry and ready for use!

Furniture, woodwork or floors all lend themselves to "61" Lacquer Enamel treatment because these remarkable lacquer colors are not only rich and beautiful in appearance but have been demonstrated to be exceedingly durable and wear-resistant. They will not crack, chip or peel and are waterproof.

The intriguing "61" Lacquer Enamel colors allow a wide choice for every decorative need or mood, but any shade your fancy may dictate, can be secured by simply mixing two or more standard colors. There is no limit to the range of colors and tints available.

Look around your home! Are there any rooms or corners that might be brightened and made more livable by a chair, table or other article in fresh color? "61" Lacquer Enamel offers endless possibilities in any home. Dip your brush into this colorful finish and see what a delight awaits you!

## "61" FLOOR VARNISH

*The transparent floor finish in clear and colors, which stands the "hammer test." You may dent the wood but the varnish won't crack. The world walks on "61" Floor Varnish.*

Save the surface and you save all

### Free Quarter-Pint Can

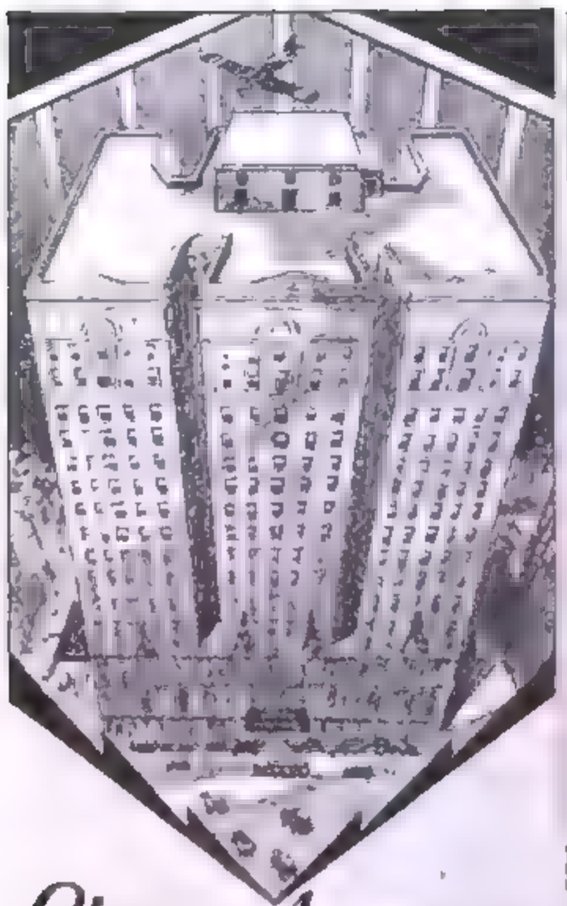
Send ten cents to cover packing and mailing cost and we will send you a quarter-pint can of "61" Lacquer Enamel, color card and dealers' names. Only one free can selected from the following colors will be sent to any one person: Chinese Red, Rich Red, Orange, Yellow, Light Blue, Rich Blue, Light Gray, Dark Gray, Light Olive, Jade Green, Light Green, Dark Green, Brown, Ivory, White and Black; also Clear.

*GUARANTEE: If any Pratt & Lambert Varnish Product fails to give satisfaction you may have your money back.*

P&L Varnish Products are used by painters, specified by architects and sold by paint and hardware dealers.

Pratt & Lambert-Inc., 83 Tonawanda Street, Buffalo, N. Y. Canadian address: 25 Courtwright Street, Bridgeburg, Ontario.

## PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISH PRODUCTS



# Close to America's Historic Shrines

MOST of the places of historical interest in Philadelphia are but short walks from each other. The Benjamin Franklin is closer to all of them than any other hotel. When you come to Philadelphia on your historical sight-seeing tour, you should make The Benjamin Franklin your headquarters.

Independence Hall, where the Declaration of Independence was signed. Here you may see the Liberty Bell and thousands of priceless relics of the Colonial patriots. Three minutes walk from The Benjamin Franklin

Carpenters' Hall, where the Constitutional Convention drafted the Nation's charter of government, preserved just as it was when the Constitution was adopted. Five minutes' walk from The Benjamin Franklin.

Betsy Ross House, where Old Glory was born. This historic structure is also preserved as it was when the first American flag was made with its walls. Ten minutes walk from The Benjamin Franklin.

*THE BENJAMIN FRANKLIN*

combines in an unusual manner the traditional hospitality of more leisurely times with the most modern metropolitan hotel appointments. Twelve hundred rooms, each with bath. Rates commence at four dollars.

**THE BENJAMIN FRANKLIN**

**PHILADELPHIA**

***Chestnut at Ninth Street***

Horace Leland Wiggins, *Managing Director*

*Convention Headquarters*
DIRECT MAIL ADVERTISING ASSN.
*October 17-18-19, 1928*


***Arthur Guiterman***

*(Continued from Page 50)*

*A Poet's Proverbs, crisp and clear,*
*Is found on lots of parlor tables*
*Beside I Sing the Pioneer.*
*His latest work is Wildwood Fables.*

*He's fond of rhymes aloof and shy,*
*Especially the rhyme for "window,"*
*And if you ask the reason why,*
*His wife's sweet name is Vida Lindo.*

*He loves the wooded mountain camp,*
*He loves a set of tennis dearly,*
*He loves to skate, canoe and tramp,*
*And signs his letters "Yours sincerely."*

***Struthers Burt***

*(Continued from Page 50)*

at Princeton. There were three things I had in mind to do, and it seemed impossible to make up my mind which one of them I would choose. From the age of eighteen, whenever I had a holiday, I had been stealing West to ranches and camping expeditions, and I had the Far West in my blood anyhow. A great-grandfather had been a fur trader, and an uncle, whom I remember well, had, after graduating from Princeton, been a cattleman in Arizona and California. So, very strongly in my head was the idea of being a ranchman. For a while also I thought I might teach. But the latter idea was speedily dissipated by my two years of actual teaching. What I really wanted to do, of course, was to write, and secretly I had been practicing that profession ever since I was eight years old. But it seemed to me then, and it seems to me now, that writing is about the one profession you can't just go into. You have to come into it through something else. If you don't you'll begin to write for money, and that's a bad thing to do. I don't mean that money isn't pleasant as a reward for writing, because it is, but I mean it must be a side issue, not the main one.

So, after two years of teaching, I went to the Far West again, and this time for good. For a while I drifted around New Mexico and the state of Washington, and at last settled in the Jackson's Hole country in Wyoming and have been there, more or less, ever since.

I am still by no means an octogenarian, and yet so rapid has been the development of the Far West that I was more or less a pioneer in my country—I was a homesteader and one of the very earliest dude ranchers in the history of that absorbing business. Because of dude ranching and various other kinds of ranching, I might be called a case of arrested development in a literary sense, for, although to date I have published ten books—two novels, three books of verse, three volumes of short stories, an informal autobiography of my Western adventures, called the Diary of a Dude Wrangler, and a volume of essays—it was not until after the war that I could devote more than two months or so a year to writing. Up till then all my writing was done during a couple of winter months, usually in the winter and usually also during a blizzard.

Meanwhile—and this was a very sensible thing to do—I had married. My wife was then, and still is, Katharine Newlin Burt, who also writes for THE POST. I say still is, because I understand there are only a few married couples in existence where both husband and wife write. In fact, so much is this true that a while back one of our more lurid and personal magazines offered my wife and myself a large sum of money—which we did not accept—to tell how we did it. Even if a certain reticence had not intervened, I doubt if we would have had much material. To us it has always seemed very easy, also very practical. When my wife wasn't keeping the wolf away from the door, I was, and vice versa.

Meanwhile, also, we had had two children, a boy and a girl, both born in log cabins and the former during a blizzard; and meanwhile a lot of people had fought a war in which I took a slight and inglorious part.

But the war helped me to become a nonactive rancher and a daily and arduous writer. There were a lot of young men who wanted to go ranching after the war, and I got hold of some of them and formed my ranches into a company. Now they are a corporation. That sounds impressive, doesn't it? We have three ranches, and we have dudes and a boys' camp on one of them, silver foxes and hay on another, and cattle on a third.

Incidentally, my advice to all prospective young ranchers is that if they wish to make a living at ranching they had best run a three-ring circus, as we do.

Nowadays, still active and still young enough to know that I shall never be a good golf player, I can live where I want, and I do. For part of the year, as a rule, I am on one of my ranches; during the winter I am in North Carolina—the best winter place for writers, let it be said, I have ever known. Just far enough away from New York so that no one can ever get you to come in for "a conference," but near enough so if you have to go to New York you can.

Sometimes I live in Europe. That's a nice life, isn't it? The description of it sounds just like the advertisements of the schools that teach you to write. Yes, it would be a lovely life if I didn't have to write every morning from nine to half-past one, and—well, if it just wasn't life. But so far it's been a pretty nice life, anyway, because, when it comes right down to facts, I would rather write than do anything else in the world.

That is the trouble with writing, and it constitutes one of its grave dangers where the public is concerned. The writer represents the nearest approach to perpetual motion as yet discovered. He is an irresistible force and you can't stop him. He writes because he has to.

***Austin Parker***

*(Continued from Page 50)*

in passing only elementary English, which proves that the literary urge was still with me. So I was turned over to a tutor, Cony Sturgis, the best teacher I ever had, who was told to educate or kill me. Although often tempted to take the easy way out, Cony persevered and actually got me into Cornell.

For some reason I studied to be a mechanical engineer. The less about that the better. I passed integral calculus, but I can't keep my bank account straight. The best I can say about those two years of engineering is that, when not too lazy, I am awfully handy about the home. I can fix little things.

Finally, almost exhausted, I tottered into a general college course and made whoopee with the fine arts. In the meantime the idea of being a writer sprouted within me and prospered like a weed. I wanted to put a shoulder against some of Mr. Webster's very heaviest words and shove them all over the place.

My family objected to my going into newspaper work—because a newspaperman is so likely to be shot before he can draw—but I had to do it or bust. I worked two summers as a reporter on the Helena Independent; then I was made editor of the Cornell Widow, the funny paper, and before three months had passed I edited myself right out of the university. My only diploma was a story in the New York papers that I had been expelled, canned, fired for razzing the Ithaca W. C. T. U. But, thanks to Bones, I was used to landing on my face. So I hurried off to New York while the fair name of Parker was still news and William A. Orr, of the Tribune, gave me a job. My salary was fifteen dollars a week and Bill gave me an assignment to cover a banquet every night so I wouldn't starve to death. I nearly died of indigestion.

In January, 1915, I decided that the war was going to end soon and I hurried across to France. Will Irwin and Richard Harding Davis had the jobs I craved, so I drove an ambulance. Later I went into the Lafayette Flying Corps and served in French uniform until a year after we entered the war.

Then I changed to the United States Naval Aviation Service and was sent to Italy, where I was loaned to the Italian Navy to fly land planes from Venice. When it was decided that we amateurs had done all the damage possible and that the rest of the job had better be left to the professionals of the Peace Conference, I returned to this country.

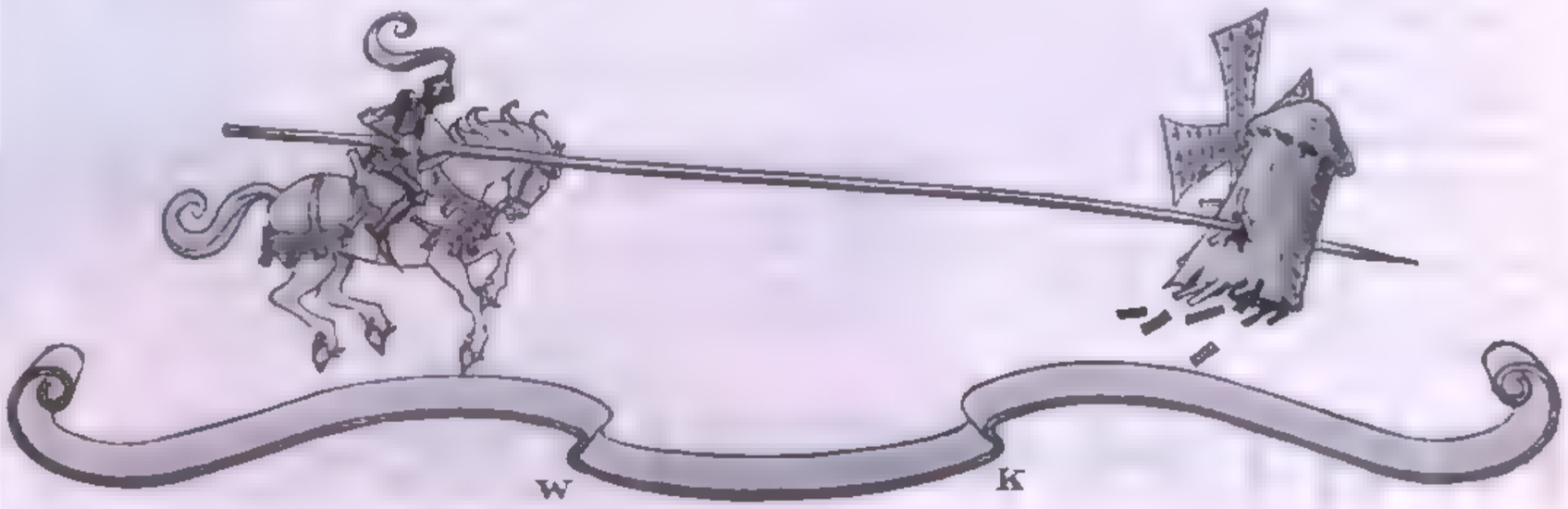
For a long time I had been thinking of writing fiction. With the war over, I couldn't hit upon any good reason why I shouldn't do it—so I did.

After thirty-five years of living, I have come to only one conclusion about life: I like it.

Some of my chief aversions are: Early rising, reformers, the Socialist Party, patrioteers, politicians who vote dry and live wet, picnics, bridge, banks, grand opera, lap dogs, lemon pie, fog when I am flying, people who talk baby talk, any form of work except writing.

Among my enthusiasms I should like to list: Writing, attractive women, Paris, New York, ships bound in either direction, good food, Montana before the homesteaders came, horses, Central America, aviators, the Old Testament, Joseph Conrad and Miriam Hopkins, especially when she isn't rehearsing a new play.

Finally I should like to say that I can't spell and that I don't give a hoot.



## The Leader of a Famous Line

# A New Iron that Almost Thinks

WAS $5.00
Now Only $3.95

The famous Hotpoint SUPER-IRON with the CALROD element. Only Hotpoint can give you the practically indestructible CALROD element, cast in solid iron; also the big comfortable Thumb Rest that rests your wrist; the exclusive, cool Hinged Plug that trebles cord life, and its many other advantages.

$6.00

The popular Hotpoint Model "R." Millions of women have paid $5.00 to $8.25 for it. This tremendous volume has enabled us to lower our costs with no change in quality.

**Only 3 Hotpoint Irons are shown here. There are 21 in the full line —including types and sizes for every home, travel, laundry or tailor use; from the petite 3-lb. Hotpoint at $3.50 to the 25-lb. tailor's "goose." All have the famous Hotpoint Quality that won the gold medal at the Philadelphia Sesqui-Centennial and other international expositions.**

THE marvelous new Hotpoint SUPER-AUTOMATIC Iron almost thinks for you. It gives you convenience, speed and economy you never dreamed possible. Women everywhere are talking about it.

***No more scorching!*** You don't have to be constantly on your guard while ironing, for fear *this* iron will get too hot and scorch. Just set it for any heat you want and iron away.

***No more pulling the plug!*** This iron *automatically* keeps the heat exactly as you want it: low, medium, high—or any heat in between—*without* pulling the plug. It uses current only one-third of the time on much of your ironing.

***No more waiting!*** On heavy, damp pieces the Hotpoint SUPER-AUTOMATIC keeps right up with you. You can go right on ironing when, on the same pieces, another iron would get too cool—wasting your time while you waited for it to regain sufficient heat.

***No more worry!*** If you are interrupted to attend to the children, or by the doorbell or telephone, this iron knows you are gone and uses current only about 15% of the time, —just enough so that on your return it will be at *exactly* the same heat as when you left it, ready to continue without wasting a minute. You don't have to waste current and time waiting for it to heat up again, or wait for it to cool down because it wasted current and got too hot. The Hotpoint SUPER-AUTOMATIC is *worry-proof;* it can never get beyond the desired ironing heat.




**The New Hotpoint**
**SUPER-AUTOMATIC**
**Maintains ANY Heat You Want**

You set this throttle for ANY heat you want—low for light work, high for heavy, damp pieces or any heat in between.

**And now—**
***"The Iron that Almost Thinks!"***

The amazing new Hotpoint SUPER-AUTOMATIC with its adjustable Heat Throttle. You'll know it by its rich blue handle and trimmings. Price $8.80

***Save money!*** Actual ironing tests prove that the Hotpoint SUPER-AUTOMATIC Iron reduces the amount of electricity used for an ironing: 27% less in ironing light pieces and 8% less in ironing heavy work.

***Save time!*** The same tests prove that this iron saves 27% of the time required for ironing light pieces and 16% for ironing heavy things; in each case removing the same amount of moisture from the clothes, as necessary for perfect ironing results.

No other iron, plain or automatic, can offer all that the Hotpoint SUPER-AUTOMATIC gives you. Only Hotpoint can give you the great advantage of the marvelous CALROD heating element, cast in solid iron, where it is forever sealed in and protected. No other irons have this practically indestructible construction. Also the large, comfortable Thumb Rest that rests your wrist, arm and shoulder; the Hinged Plug that trebles cord life, the famous Hot Point and a host of other features. We invite you to see the line of Hotpoint Irons on display in your electric company or dealer's store.

**Hotpoint**

EDISON ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO., Inc.

5600 West Taylor St., Chicago, Ill.

*Factories:* Chicago, Ill., and Ontario, Calif.

A GENERAL ELECTRIC ORGANIZATION

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF HOUSEHOLD ELECTRIC HEATING APPLIANCES AND ELECTRIC RANGES

# These Miles Save Money

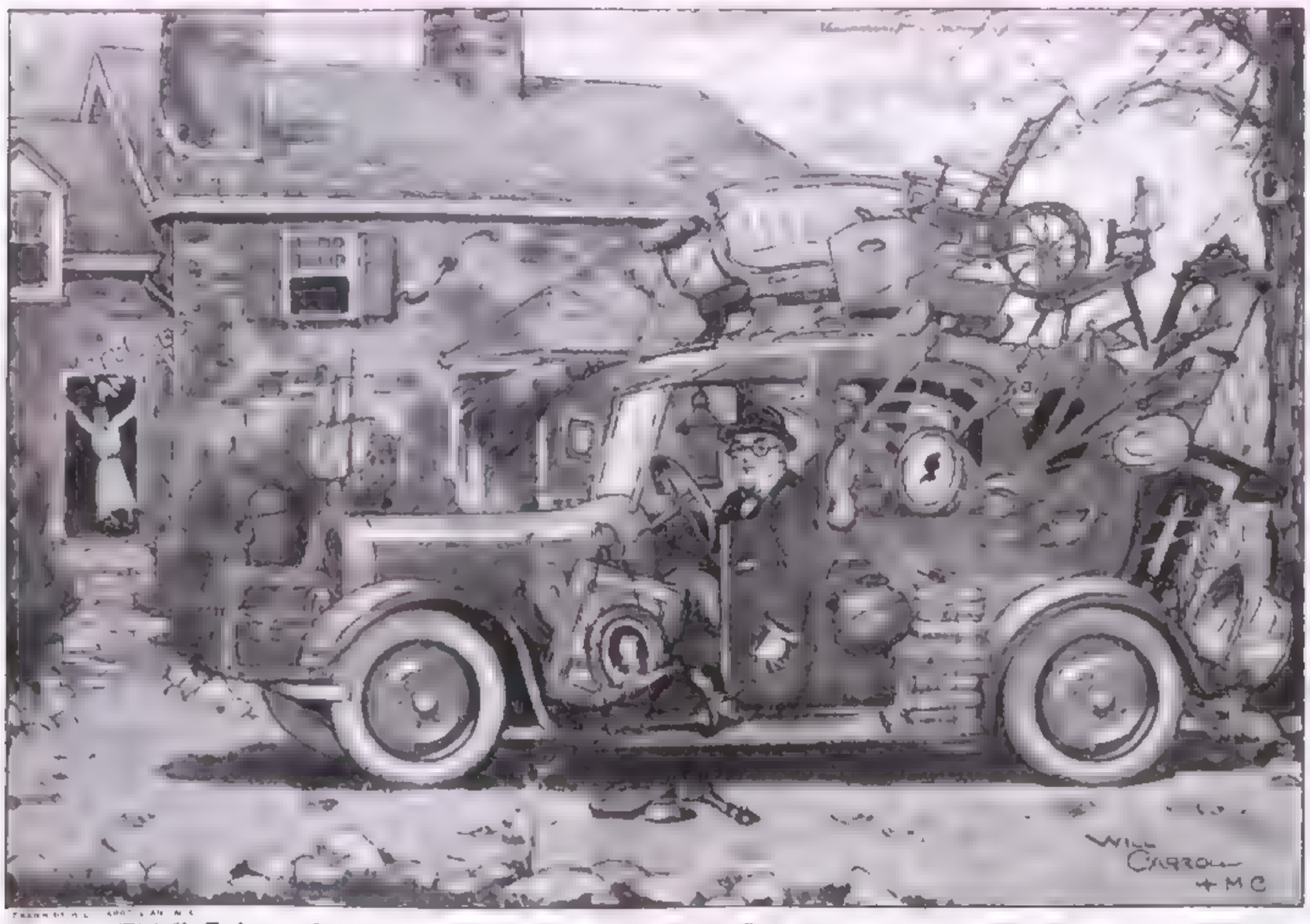
***The miles you get over and above the mileage you expect from your tires are the miles that cut your tire costs.***

**Extra plies of *"Equal Tension Cord"*, the High Crown Tread and the full oversize air chamber of the Federal Double Blue Pennant give you greater riding comfort and the *extra* miles that save you money. The next time you buy a tire go to the nearest Federal Agent. He gives extra service on these extra service tires.**

**FEDERAL RUBBER COMPANY**

*Sales Division* **Chicopee Falls, Mass.**

# CARTOON AND COMEDY




*We Have With Us Today—a Celebrity! Joseph Hergesheimer, Having Taken a Day Off From the Strenuous Task of Writing, Returns After Wandering Among the Hills of Chester County, Pa., Seeking Recreation*

OH, I JUST HAVE OPINIONS ON ANY PLACE NOW!
-AND WE DON'T HAVE TO READ GUIDE BOOKS OR ANYTHING
I MEAN MY HUBBY WAS ACTUALLY SURPRISED— I'M GETTING SO BROADENED
HE TELLS US JUST WHAT TO SAY ABOUT EVERYTHING WE SEE
THE FOREIGN LECTURE CLUB

*Tabloid Culture*

*THE THEATRICAL SCENE PAINTER BUILDS HIS OWN HOME*
*Street View* *Rear View*


**GLOVER'S**
*for dandruff and falling hair*

**BOOKLET MAILED FREE!**

Itchy scalp?... baldness creeping back on the temples?... dandruff tightening its grip?... hair lacking lustre; lifeless and drab?...

This book, just published, explains the real secrets of hair health. Acclaimed and endorsed by great authorities.

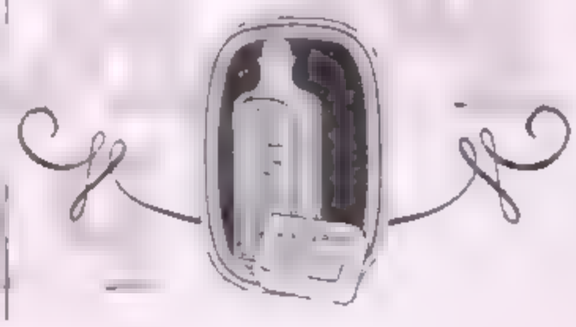
WHEN you have tired of trying out lotions—turn to Glover's, *the true mange medicine*, and get a thick growth of beautiful, healthy hair. Scientists say its formula cannot be improved. But, when used with the Glover's System, its benefits are actively increased.

Get a bottle of Glover's "Hair Application & Mange Medicine" and a cake of Glover's Medicated Soap today at any drug store. And write for the new free booklet. Address:

H. CLAY GLOVER CO., INC.
Dept. P. 119 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

*Sales Agents:* Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc.
40 East 34th Street, New York

**GLOVER'S**
HAIR APPLICATION
& MANGE MEDICINE
*to be followed by a shampoo with*
**GLOVER'S**
MEDICATED SOAP

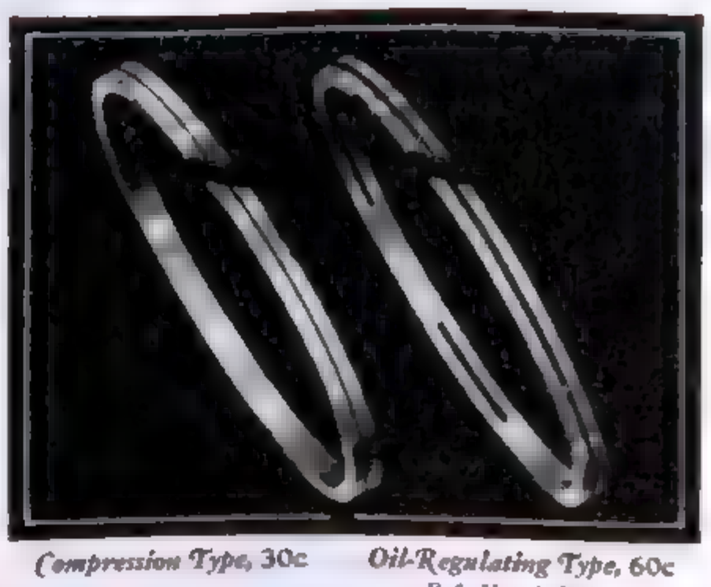


# The Garageman's Lullaby

To me they come from near and far
And each complains about his car:
"She eats up oil and fouls her plugs;
She has no pep; she's full of bugs;"
"She misses fire and drags her feet;
The way she lags has got me beat!"
But gently now I calm folks down:
"Your car's all right, don't scowl & frown;"
"Just all you need to give her wings
Is PERFECT CIRCLE Piston Rings!"
?
"They'll end your troubles any day—
They'll put you right—and on your way!"

ONE PERFECT CIRCLE *Oil-Regulating* ring and two or more PERFECT CIRCLE *Compression* rings for each cylinder constitute the finest piston ring equipment you can buy.

THE PERFECT CIRCLE COMPANY · HAGERSTOWN, INDIANA
*Export Sales Department, 549 West Washington Street, Chicago, Illinois*
America's Oldest Volume Producer of Piston Rings



*Compression Type, 30c* *Oil-Regulating Type, 60c*
*Pat. May 1, 1923*

# PERFECT CIRCLE
## PISTON RINGS

# THE DUKE STEPS OUT

(Continued from Page 21)

wants to step on somebody's face. I know that pride. That is the trouble with him. He is too proud to have common sense. He must do what the girl says. He cares more for what she says than for what Jake says. What does she know about the fight game? Nothing. But it makes no difference. What she says goes. Old Jake can cut paper dolls. It is always so. Women and business—they don't mix."

The Duke began to grin. He had always been profoundly affected by Jake, even when he knew that Jake's feelings were exaggerated. Now for the first time he felt that Jake was absurd.

"That's right," Jake said bitterly. "Laugh! Laugh at old Jake! You will not be laughing when this boy Kerrigan knocks you for a loop!"

"Come on, Jake," the Duke said, "quit feeling so sorry for yourself."

Jake got out of his chair and lumbered toward the Duke, shaking his forefinger in the old threatening way that the Duke knew so well.

"Do you deny it?" he roared. "Do you deny there is a woman?"

"No," the Duke said cheerfully, "I don't deny it."

Jake threw up both hands in a gesture of despair. "I knew it! I knew it! I should have watched him closer. I should never have let him out of my sight."

"Listen, Jake," the Duke said sharply. Jake turned and looked at him. The Duke smiled. "I don't deny it—but, after all, what of it?"

"What of it?" Jake cried. "He asks me what of it! He don't even know it is the end of him." He shook his head and groaned. "Boy," he continued, "I have many times told you what of it. To be a great fighter you have got to like it. If you do not like fighting and think fighting, it doesn't go. When you have gone crazy about a woman you do not think about fighting. You think about her. When you have not got her you cannot think about anything else, and when you have got her she will not let you think about anything else. That is the way it is with women. When you marry you are a goner."

"But, Jake," the Duke said, "you're married yourself!"

"That is a different thing altogether. I was not a fighter, and besides I was no longer young. I have been everywhere. I have seen everything. I have had a good time. I have made money and lost it and made it again. I am lonesome. My digestion is not so good any more. I am tired of hotels and restaurants. So I marry a nice woman—not too young—who knows how to make old-fashioned noodles and goulash and chicken paprika. It is all right to marry when you are getting old and lonesome and you want some home cooking once in a while. But it is not so when you are young. And especially it is not so for a fighter. I have seen it. First he is too much interested in the girl and then he is not so much interested in training. She wants to feed him good—why not? He is her husband. Pretty soon he is overweight, and then he is fat. He does not want to get up at six o'clock in the morning to do his road work."

"That is one thing I never have understood," the Duke said. "Why does road work have to be done so early in the morning?"

"Ah!" Jake cried, his eyes gleaming with triumph. "You see? What did I tell you? You never asked me that question even before you fell for this girl!"

"But why," the Duke insisted—"why does road work have to be done so early in the morning?"

"When would you do it—just before you go to bed?" Jake inquired with sarcasm. "In the afternoon you punch the heavy bag and the light bag; you do your belly exercises; you box six-eight-ten rounds; you get a rubdown. Then you are tired. You do not want to run ten miles. Besides, you are hungry. You want to eat. And after you eat, you play cards awhile and bawl everybody out because you are in training and it spoils your temper. Then you go to bed. In the morning you wake up. You are fresh. Then is the time to do your road work."

The Duke yawned. "All right, I will do my road work in the morning. I am sleepy now. I want to go to bed. Where do I sleep?"

Jake pointed to a door. "In there," he said crossly.

The Duke went into the next room. He saw that it was furnished with twin beds. He knew what that meant. Now that he was signed to fight Honeyboy Kerrigan, and Jake had posted a forfeit of ten thousand dollars against his appearance on the appointed day, Barney would sleep in the same room with him. He would never be out of sight of Barney, even for a minute, if Jake could help it. They would watch him and guard him as if he were one of those princes whose reign is plotted against. They would guard him even more carefully than a prince is guarded. A prince may sprain his ankle or break a bone in his hand or get a bad cut above his eyes or take too many cocktails or pursue a pretty lady or gain five pounds in weight with impunity. But not a champion about to defend his title.

Barney followed him into the room. "Shut the door," the Duke said. Barney shut the door. "How did you happen to meet up with Jake?" the Duke asked.

"He was waiting for me when I got off the train," Barney replied sadly. "He wanted to know where you were, a course. I told him you had drove the car down by yourself because you were sore at me. A course he didn't believe it."

The Duke shrugged his shoulders. He knew he had to reconcile himself to going into hard training for nine weeks, but it came hard.

Barney sat down on the edge of a bed and rummaged in his suitcase. He pulled out a heavy automatic pistol of the sort that is issued to petty officers in the United States Navy when a landing party goes ashore, and a box of cartridges. He took the empty magazine out of the butt stock and loaded it.

"That," the Duke said, "is nonsense."

"Yeah," Barney said. He pushed the loaded magazine back in place and put the pistol under his pillow.

"You've never fired it yet," the Duke continued.

Barney grinned.

"No, kid," he admitted, "I never had to—yet. But it's come handy just the same. Don't ya remember?"

"It would have been just as useful if it hadn't been loaded," the Duke said.

Barney shook his head. "No, kid," he said. "You forget the psychology. The psychology is that you got more confidence bluffing a tough baby with a loaded gun than a empty one. You feel better knowin' you can drill him if you havta. An' there's more'n that to it. You pack a empty gun an' somebody's liable to find it out."

The Duke lay down on his bed and clasped his hands behind his head and stared moodily up at the ceiling. He was so silent and so preoccupied that Barney was annoyed and irritated.

"Kid," he said, "why do ya do it?"

"Do what?" the Duke asked.

"Razz Jake the way ya do."

"I wasn't razzing him—or at least not much. I meant what I said. I am going back to college just as soon as this week's vacation is over and I'm going to stay there until two or three days before the fight, and as soon as the fight is over I'm going back there and finish the year."

"Kid," Barney said earnestly, "ya gotta take this fight kinda serious. This Kerrigan maybe ain't clever, but he's strong an' he's fast an' he's got a wallop an' he can take it. You can't play with him. An' more'n that, you're goin' to have trouble makin' the weight. You ain't a natural lightweight any more."

"I know. Run ten miles every morning. Never get anything to eat except lamb chops and spinach. Dry out for two or three days before the fight. And you rub the last pound off just before I weigh in."

"It isn't so bad," Barney protested. "An' it's only for nine weeks."

"It doesn't leave much time for anything else."

"It don't leave ya much time for a girl."

"No," the Duke said bitterly.

"Then why don't ya stay from her until after the fight? Why don't ya go up to Friedman's place like Jake wants ya to? Don't ya see, kid, as long as you gotta train, ya might as well do it right?"

The Duke shuddered. The thing he had always hated worst about being a fighter was living in a training camp. The monotony of road work and the monotony of food and the monotony of the training restrictions were bad enough, but the monotony of training-camp conversation was almost insufferable. Sparring partners and rubbers and their hangers-on were usually loyal friends. But once you were familiar with their point of view and their lore, they were dull. If the Duke was silent they worried about him. If he buried himself in books they felt he was high-hatting them. And whatever he did, Jake fretted.

"Barney," the Duke said coldly, "you might as well not start any argument. You heard what I said—I meant it."

"All right, chief," Barney said sadly. "All right."

The Duke lay awake for an hour after Barney had gone to sleep. He lay awake and thought how he would live for the next nine weeks. He wouldn't have much chance to see her. And when the nine weeks were over she would know that he was a prize fighter. If she didn't see his pictures in the newspapers when they reported the fight and recognize him, he would tell her who he was. He would no longer be under any obligation to Jake or the promoters to keep the story of his going to Minnewaska a secret. It wouldn't matter if the story got into the papers after the fight.

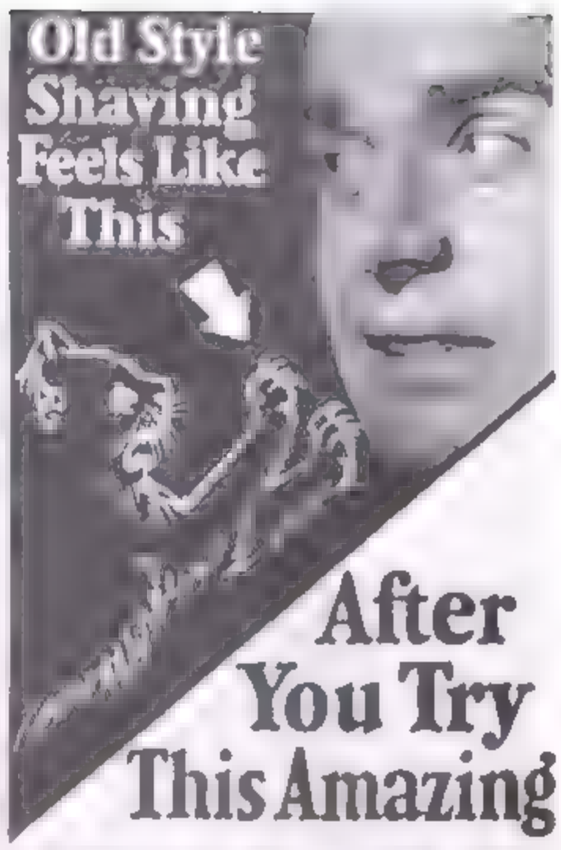
He smiled a trifle grimly at the thought of seeing the story in print and how surprised his new friends at Minnewaska would be. He could imagine Widdecomb and Professor Gardiner and Helen Scott and the Wilsons discussing it with Pauline. He could imagine little groups of students gathering around Tommy Wells and Boss Walker on the hill between classes to talk about it. They would all enjoy such a piece of gossip. They would think it a great joke. But how would Susan Corbin take it?

He would rather tell her the whole story before it got into the papers. He could take her out to dinner somewhere and say:

"You wanted to know how I made my living. You said that was the mystery about me. Well, you were right. And now I'm free to tell you. I'm a prize fighter. I ran away with a cheap show when my father died. And one of the men was an ex-prize fighter. He was once famous as the Frisco Kid. He taught me to box. And the boss used to match me against other boys so he could bet on me and win. I fought in barns and the back rooms of country saloons for bets of ten or twenty dollars. And when I got to be too good they used to match me to fight with one hand. They used to lash my right arm and make me fight with my left. The Frisco Kid thought that would give me a good left hand and teach me to duck. It did. In the beginning I had nothing except my natural quickness. I must have been quicker than most.

"But in time I got to be clever. I learned to hit as hard with my left hand as with my right. I learned to duck so well that no

(Continued on Page 59)


After You Try This Amazing NEW WAY to SHAVE

Often Gives 365 Keen Shaves With One Blade

SLICK, velvety, shaves forever and no more continual remembering to buy razor blades! That's what you can expect from KRISS-KROSS, the amazing blade *refurbinator!* Makes new blades out of old a surprising way—week after week, month after month. Gives them a sharpness they seldom possess even when *brand new!* No wonder experts pronounce it one of the greatest inventions ever patented!

KRISS-KROSS renews all kinds of blades (except Durham). Employs famous diagonal stroke of master barber. Eight "lucky leather grooves" do the trick in 11 seconds. Automatic, decreasing pressure. Nickel jig notifies you when blade is ready with *keenest cutting edge steel can take!*

**Special OFFER Now!**

Right now, to introduce KRISS-KROSS stropper which is *never* sold in stores, I am giving with it (FREE) a unique new kind of razor. Really 3 razors in one! Gives *sliding* instead of *pulling* stroke. Reduces beard resistance 45%. Send for details of special offer to-day. No obligation. Just mail the coupon now.

AGENTS! Make big money. KRISS KROSS $5 to $14 an hour and more. Average $60 to $500 a month. Spare time workers often take in $6-$10 profit an evening. As soon as sharpen one KRISS KROSS blade you see they [illegible]

Rhodes KRISS-KROSS CORP.,
Dept. K-392, 1418 Pendleton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Rhodes KRISS-KROSS Corp., Dept. K-392
1418 Pendleton Ave., St Louis, Mo.

Without obligation, please send me detailed [illegible] never sold in stores. Also tell me about 3-way razor you send without charge.

Name

Address

Town State

( ) Check here if interested in becoming representative.

© United States Radiator Corporation, 1928

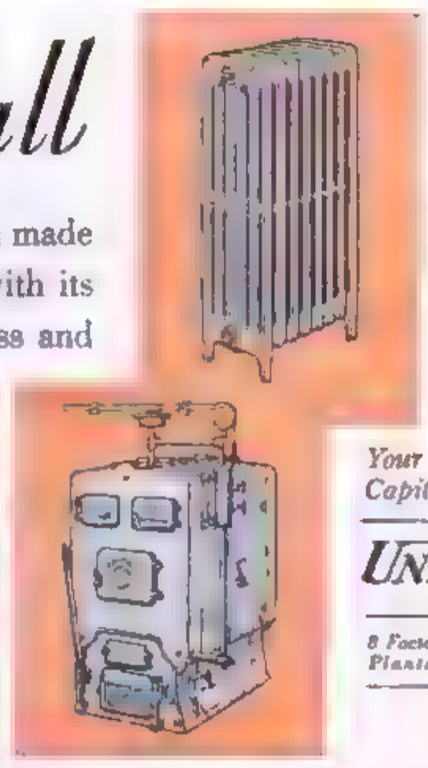
# Baby's first snowfall

HER EYES big with wonder, baby looks out upon a world made new; a world with its noises mysteriously hushed, with its outlines powdered and softened. The dazzling cheerfulness and unceasing dance of the snow bring a look of glee to her enraptured little face.

What father hasn't known such a moment? Within him wells up a feeling of fierce protection. It is a profoundly sobering thought: that this frail bit of humanity must not suffer the cold touch of winter.

If for no other reason, then, parents thinking of children's health are turning to the certainties of *Capitol guaranteed heating*.

With every Capitol boiler is given a remarkable, new-type guarantee; a definite, nonquibbling guarantee of results. A guarantee not only of parts, but of performance. It is a complete and broad warrant of heating satisfaction and comfort—in writing.* If any Capitol boiler under the stated conditions should fail to heat satisfactorily its full published number of radiators, the necessary additional boiler capacity will be supplied without any additional charge.



Thus all uncertainties about boiler size are banished, fuel saving is assured, and needed reserve power for extra-rigorous days made sure. Ask a good contractor about *Capitol guaranteed heating;* and write for our interesting and informing free book, *A Modern House Warming.*

* GUARANTEED HEATING

*Your contractor receives a written guarantee on the heating capacity of every Capitol Boiler. No other heating equipment assures you satisfaction so definitely.*

UNITED STATES RADIATOR CORPORATION

8 Factories and 33 Assembling Plants Serve the Country — GENERAL OFFICES DETROIT, MICH. — For 38 years, builders of dependable heating equipment

THE PACIFIC STEEL BOILER CORPORATION

Division of the United States Radiator Corporation, builds welded steel heating boilers for large installations—business buildings, factories, schools, hotels, and large apartments.

Guaranteed Heating WITH

Capitol Boilers

AND RADIATORS

(Continued from Page 57)

ordinary boy could hit my head at all, and to ride with a punch so that when I was hit I wasn't hurt.

"And then I found I could make money—a lot of money fighting. I wanted money. I wanted an education more than anything else in the world. I wanted to belong. I wanted a home like the only good home I had ever seen—a home like Alan Brooke's. Money was my only chance of getting out of the world I was born in. So I grabbed the chance to make money by fighting."

She would be startled. She would be shocked. But how would she react when she got used to the idea and realized that though it was unconventional to be a prize fighter, it wasn't necessarily crooked? Perhaps she never would get used to the idea. Perhaps knowing that he was a prize fighter would give her a fresh slant on him and enable her to see how complete a fake he was in her world. She might be furious at being deceived.

He would have to avoid making love to her until he could tell her the truth about himself. The better he got on with her now, the worse it would be when she found out what he really was. The only thing to do was to wait.

The only thing to do at this moment was to go to sleep. They'd have him out early enough in the morning. From now on he would have to be out of bed at six o'clock in the morning, or a quarter past, and on the road at half-past six, jogging along in two or three sweaters and thick woolly training trousers tied at the ankles—trot-trot-trot, for two hours until the sweat poured off him. It was the only way to take off the last ounce of fat. It was the only way to get the legs he needed to go fifteen rounds at top speed.

His style demanded good legs. He depended almost as much on speed of foot as on speed of hand. He was in and out so fast that his man could never get set to hit him hard. And then, when the other man was a bit blown by the pace, and discouraged at being made to miss so often, and slowed down by the body blows he had taken—then was the time to work him around into position, to turn him a little with a left to the body and hit him on the button with everything you had.

But you couldn't do it if you didn't have the legs, and legs came from road work. Legs came from running ten miles every morning.

IX

GILSON'S is a public gymnasium in North Clark Street. Any man with fifty cents may go there to exercise or to look on. But it is patronized exclusively by prize fighters and the followers of prize fighters.

The gymnasium occupies a floor two flights up in a dingy old loft building. At the top of the stairs is a partition of unpainted boards. To one side is a small arched opening, shoulder high, at which a fat man in a straw hat and a beach jacket presides. He takes in the money and opens the door.

Beyond the door is a large room that was once painted a poisonous metallic green. The color is now much softened by time and scrubbing. In the middle of the room are two rings for boxing - smaller than regulation prize rings but fitted with ropes wrapped with soft cloth and hung from heavily padded posts. The ring floors are covered with canvas, tightly stretched. On a pillar beside each ring is a gong with a wire by which to ring it.

The simple apparatus that fighters use in training is arranged around the sides of the room. There are light bags, suspended by a cord in a circle of laminated wood. There are heavy bags, suspended from beams; long cylinders of canvas and leather filled with horsehair and weighted with sand till they offer the same resistance to a blow as a man's body. There are pulley weights, there are mats. Beyond are shower baths and rubbing tables—that is all.

Usually fifteen or twenty fighters work at Gilson's of an afternoon, and fifty or sixty gangsters and pool-room boys and small gamblers and managers and rubbers and seconds watch them and discuss them in low tones. Although many of the hangers-on are men the police do not want to meet, Gilson's is a singularly quiet place with an atmosphere of silent, earnest physical endeavor. Except for the sharp rat-a-tat-tat-rat-a-tat-tat of a light bag, or the thud of a fist against the heavy bag, there is seldom any noise louder than the shuffling sound of boxing shoes on canvas or the heavy breathing of two boxers in a clinch.

One aspiring young fighter after another goes silently through his prescribed routine. He lies on his back on a mat with his hands clasped under his head, and using his hips as a hinge, raises his legs to a position at right angles to his body and lowers them again with rhythmic regularity, like a woman taking reducing exercises. Only his object is not to take off fat, but to harden the muscular wall of his abdomen so that it will be a real protection against body blows. After ten minutes of this calisthenics, he shadow-boxes for three rounds, fighting an imaginary opponent, ducking and hitting and weaving while keeping on his toes and moving fast. He turns to the heavy bag, and standing close, as when infighting, endeavors to hit his hardest without the preliminary drawing back of the fist that takes time and telegraphs the coming blow to an opponent. And as he hits he tries to correct his natural tendency to hit with the inside of his fist rather than the end, tries to keep his hand and wrist and forearm in one straight line so that the path of his fist is shortened and the shock of impact distributed through his whole arm. He rounds off the day's work by putting on a heavily padded leather headdress and big training gloves and boxing six or eight rounds with some other earnest youngster while a volunteer from among the spectators keeps time and rings the bell to mark the beginning and the end of each three-minute period.

Gilson is well past fifty. He looks, except for an ear that has the curiously swollen and thickened look that can be acquired only by having it pounded by a hard fist against the hard anvil of the skull, like an actor of the older school. He talks like one, too, using more words and more courtesy than most men do nowadays. But thirty years ago he fought anybody within forty pounds of his own weight, and old-timers still recall his fights with Kid Lavigne and Young Griffo and the bloody twenty rounds he went with the negro, Walcott. Gilson coaches a few of his more promising clients and never quite loses the hope of finding one with the makings of a champion.

On the day the Duke began training for his fight with Honeyboy Kerrigan, Gilson's establishment was crowded. The fight had not yet been announced in the newspapers. Fitzmorris and Gratz had delayed giving out the story until they had a secure option on the arena. But Jake had engaged a lightweight Gilson had recommended a young, rushing fighter with the nickname Baby-Face - to box three rounds with the Duke. The news had traveled by word of mouth. The Duke had never fought in Chicago and many local followers of the game had never seen him in the ring. By two o'clock in the afternoon Gilson was compelled to close the door. He had no more room.

The Duke, with Jake and Barney and Mullin, arrived at half-past three. Gilson met them at the door and introduced himself.

"I am proud to meet you, Mr. Wellington," he said to the Duke. "I saw you take the title at the old Madison Square Garden. I'd travel a thousand miles any day to see a fight like that. You boxed like an old master."

"I'm glad you liked it," the Duke said.

"It brought back old memories to me, Mr. Wellington," Gilson said. "'Tisn't often of late years I've seen a hitter who can box. Watchin' these modern youngsters, you'd think the art of a straight blow had been lost to the world altogether—and of a proper uppercut too. I hope some of my boys will watch you close today and take what they see to heart. They're all hookers nowadays and have never seen an old-time straight left."

The Duke grinned. "Some of these hookers are hard to stop."

"Sure," Gilson admitted—"sure they're hard to stop. But what chance of hittin' a clever man like yourself have they got?"

"They do hit me," the Duke said.

"Not clean and not solid, Mr. Wellington," Gilson insisted. "I was at the ringside that night you knocked out Harlem Tommy and I'd say he didn't hit you clean a dozen times in the whole fourteen rounds. You were always ridin' the punches or makin' him miss entirely. . . . But you'll be wantin' to dress now." Gilson turned. "Gangway," he said brusquely and pushed his way through the crowd.

As the Duke followed him a fighter in green tights and a green singlet seized his elbow. The Duke paused.

"I'm Hartigan," the fighter said.

The Duke held out his hand. The man shook hands eagerly. "I'm looking for a fight," he said. "The champion's afraid to meet me. He's been dodging me for two years. Maybe you'd give me a fight."

The Duke saw that he was goofy, even as Barney whispered in his ear, "Punch drunk."

"I'm afraid I'm not big enough for you," the Duke said. "I'm a lightweight."

A brief gleam of intelligence illumined the pale, wandering eyes of the ex-fighter. "Yeah, that's right," he said sadly. "If you were only a little bigger, now, we might do some business. I'm a middleweight, but I could train down. I'd be willing to take the short end to get a good fight—one that would pack them in."

"Here," Gilson said to the simple-minded one, "you talk to Jake Levy. He'll get you a fight if he thinks you look good."

The Duke slipped away toward the dressing room while Hartigan entreated Jake to get him a fight. He hated the spectacle, one of the saddest in the profession, of a man who has taken too many on the chin. He was not sure that the rather frequent cases of mild mania among prize fighters were wholly due to punishment in the ring. He suspected that some of the goofy ones were below par when they began fighting. Nevertheless, it was chiefly the rough-and-ready fighters with nothing but their willingness to recommend them who ended up in this fashion.

"Now," Barney said, as the Duke stripped, "we'll get the bad news." The Duke nodded and stepped on the scales. Barney piled on five-pound weights. "I thought so," he said grimly when he had struck a balance. The Duke weighed precisely one hundred and forty-five pounds.

"It isn't as bad as I thought," the Duke said. "I was up to a hundred and forty-six a couple of weeks ago."

Barney shook his head. "There isn't a pound of fat on you," he said.

"I know," the Duke replied sadly. "It'll take all of nine weeks of lamb chops and [illegible] to get that [illegible] off."

Barney grinned. "You do," he said.

The Duke got into [illegible] and Barney taped his hands and [illegible] in the big gloves and yet cut a [illegible].

"Do I have to wear that thing?" the Duke asked.

Barney [illegible] but proceeded to adjust the gear to the Duke's head. They both knew that he could not afford to run a chance of getting a cut about his eyes. A light blow that splits the skin over the sharp bones of the eye socket will cut, and such a cut is easily reopened. A fighter who goes into the ring with a cut over his eye invites his opponent to reopen it and let the blood flow into the eye so that he cannot see out of it.

"All set?" Barney asked. The Duke nodded.

When they walked out into the gymnasium the crowd was watching a ring in which Hartigan was shadow-boxing. The poor fellow had developed shadow-boxing to a comic art. He would stand with his back against the ropes, and throwing himself against them would bounce himself halfway across the ring, sending a bewildering assortment of hooks at his imaginary opponent as he bounced. Today he outdid himself in the hope of impressing Jake Levy, and the crowd of gamblers and gunmen and fighters and fight fans looked on tolerantly and applauded and made no attempt to disillusion him.

The Duke thought, "They're really much kinder than a bunch of college students would be." He smiled to himself. He realized what a relief it was to be back under his own name. He felt at home for the first time in weeks. He liked the faint odor of rubbing fluids and sweaty leather; he liked the feel of the tape on his hands and the boxing shoes on his feet; he even liked the familiar gymnasium crowd. It was good to be a king again.

The young lightweight he was to box came up and shook hands and grinned, and hoped that the Duke didn't intend to make him look bad. The Duke grinned back.

"I haven't boxed much lately," he replied. "I want to see how bad my timing is." They understood each other.

Hartigan ceased his shadow-boxing. Gilson proudly announced that Duke Wellington, the lightweight champion of the world, would spar three rounds with Baby-Face McElroy. The Duke climbed through the ropes and rubbed his shoes in the rosin. He felt good. He felt happy. Jake leaned over the ropes.

"Boy," he said, "take it easy." The Duke nodded. The bell rang. He was boxing again.

The Baby-Face was fast and strong. He came in hooking with both hands. The Duke speared him with a left and ducked two hooks. The Baby-Face kept boring in. The Duke snapped his head back with a straight left.

He heard Gilson's voice at the ringside saying, "Look at that left, boys! That's a real straight left!"

The Baby-Face hated that left. It didn't hurt him. It merely baffled him. He couldn't get past it. He rushed the Duke—rushed him halfway across the ring, hooking with both hands. The Duke ducked and weaved as he gave ground; ducked all the hooks the Baby-Face shot at his head; caught all the hooks the Baby-Face aimed at his body on his elbows. The Duke felt the ropes against his back. He was not actually touching the ropes, but he knew they were there. The Baby-Face had him cornered. The Duke knew or felt what the boy would do. He would lead with his left and as the Duke ducked he would catch him with the right. The Duke shot in his right. The Baby-Face was the minutest fraction of a second late, or perhaps it was only that the Duke's right was straighter. The youngster staggered back. The Duke hadn't meant to hit so hard, but it wasn't easy to pull a right cross.

He heard somebody at the ringside say in an exalted voice, "Did you see that? Did you see him beat the Baby-Face to the punch?"

The bell rang for the end of the round.

When the next round opened, the Baby-Face came rushing across the ring. The Duke stepped in close and tied him up. As they broke, the Duke hit him twice in the body. The Baby-Face swung viciously at the place where the Duke's head had been. The Duke got up on his toes and let the boy try to hit him.

"You see," Gilson was saying, "you can't hit the champion. He ducks like Young Griffo."

"He ducks more like Jem Driscoll," drawled a cool, challenging voice.

"Hur!" Gilson said.

The Duke, jabbing with his left, missed a right. A sigh went up from the ringside.

"See that!" somebody cried. "He missed!"

The bell rang, ending the round. The Duke, returning to his corner, grinned at

(Continued on Page 62)

PRODUCED WITH THE AID OF ALL THE SCIENCE, ALL THE ARTS AND ALL THE CRAFTSMANSHIP THAT THE AGES HAVE TAUGHT MANKIND, THE MODERN PACKARD FITTINGLY TYPIFIES THE WHOLE RANGE OF HUMAN ACHIEVEMENT

# ACHIEVEMENT

NAPOLEON, in the nineteenth century, with all the wealth of Europe in his hands, could command no better personal transportation than Alexander 2200 years before.

But men were rapidly approaching the time when the accumulated skill and knowledge of countless generations would combine to produce a new civilization through machine power. The first Packard, containing many original features still in use today, was built in the same century that witnessed Waterloo!

Today, after nearly thirty years of research, experience and improvement, Packard cars come as near to the ideal of perfection in personal transportation as seems likely to be reached until some new discovery revolutionizes land travel. Possible refinements are found with less and less frequency. Packard design is tending to standardize in vehicles whose outstanding beauty, performance and prestige are recognized in every section of the globe.

Packard engineering leadership alone could not produce that thing of beauty, grace and power which so fully answers the demands of modern men—which stands, a masterpiece of combined art and science, before your door.

In the Packard organization today are combined the knowledge and skill of more than a hundred separate and distinct arts, professions, crafts and trades—each reaching its highest development in its contribution to Packard superiority, all uniting to make the Packard car the supreme expression of modern transportation.

*The original painting reproduced on the opposite page hangs in the Board Room of the Packard Motor Car Company*

PACKARD

(Continued from Page 59)

Barney. Barney grinned back. They were both pleased. The Duke was overweight, and this was sparring, not fighting. But his timing hadn't gone bad. The Duke leaned against the ropes in his corner and listened to Gilson and the other oldster arguing as to whether his style was more like Young Griffo's or more like Jem Driscoll's. Both men had ceased to fight long before his time. But the Frisco Kid had been a sparring partner of Driscoll's and the Duke had got his early training from the Frisco Kid. Now he heard a new voice in the discussion. The new voice announced that the Duke hooked like Dal Hawkins.

"The champion isn't a hooker," Gilson retorted. "He's a straight hitter."

"But when he does hook," the new voice insisted, "he hooks like the great Dal."

The bell rang. The Duke saw that the Baby-Face was out to do or die in this, the last round. The Duke let himself out. He was warmed up now and he let himself out happily. He stopped the Baby-Face's rush with a straight left and went after him as hard as he could go. He hit the Baby-Face four times without a counter and tied him up. He hit him three times in the body and got away. He stood still in the middle of the ring and let the Baby-Face slam away and hit his shoulders or the empty air. He gave ground slowly and at every backward step he hit the Baby-Face with both hands. He gave ground until the bell rang and never took a blow.

Afterward, when he lay on a table and Barney was rubbing him down, the Baby-Face came over to talk.

"I thought I was fast," he said ruefully.

"You are," the Duke replied.

"I never hit you clean," the Baby-Face protested. "I never hit anything but your elbows."

"We were sparring. In a fight you'd hit me."

"In a fight you'd cut me to pieces with that left."

"I'd try to," the Duke admitted. "But if you'd shorten and straighten your punches a little you'd keep me busy."

"That's what Gilson is always hammering at," the Baby-Face said.

"Sure I am," Gilson said over his shoulder. "And what good does it do me? You didn't hit a straight blow in three rounds, McElroy."

"The boy is good, just the same, Gilson," the Duke said.

"He is that," Gilson admitted. "He's a sweetheart. And maybe now that he's learned what it is like to step out with a champion he'll not think he knows it all, but will still be learnin' something from day to day."

"How would you like to work with me, McElroy?" the Duke asked. "I'm looking for sparring partners."

"Gee!" said the Baby-Face. "Do you mean it?"

"I mean it."

"Why," the Baby-Face said, "I'd work with you for nothing, just to learn more about boxing."

"Don't tell Jake Levy that or he'll take you up on it," the Duke advised. "Tell him I said I wanted you and see what he'll do for you."

The Baby-Face rushed off to find Jake Levy. Gilson lowered his voice.

"I'm not asking, Mr. Wellington, but if you are going to fight Kerrigan, that boy would make a good sparring partner. You won't find one whose style is more like Kerrigan's—if you can call it a style."

"Of course it's a style," the Duke said. "And a pretty good one too."

"But unsound, Mr. Wellington. And a terrible thing to look at—all main strength and awkwardness."

The Duke smiled, amused at Gilson's fervor. "The customers like it," he observed.

"The customers!" Gilson exclaimed. "Mr. Wellington, what do the customers know? They like to see a man on the floor. That is what they call action. His foot may have slipped for all they see. Why, Mr. Wellington, take your fight with Harlem Tommy. I saw as early as the tenth round that it was just a question of when you got the chance you were waiting for. And the customers thought he was beating you! In the fourteenth round, when you had him out on his feet and were measuring him for that last right that put him down for keeps, the house was still yelling at him to knock your block off, and the man in the seat next to mine offered me a hundred to fifty that Harlem Tommy would win. I had just time to say 'Done' before you let go the right. I was almost ashamed to take his money."

"I know," the Duke said. "They don't see the things that you and I see."

"Mr. Wellington," Gilson cried, "the mass of mankind never has been able to appreciate art. And least of all today, when a fourth-rater can make more money than the champion could in my time."

x

WHEN he got back to the hotel the Duke considered how he would get rid of Jake. He did not want to call up Susan Corbin in front of Jake. He did not mind Barney—at least he did not mind Barney much.

Jake lit a cigar and strutted. "Boy," he said, "you were not so bad as I was afraid you were. You are ten pounds overweight. For another boy, that would be nothing at all. I have known a boy who weighed a hundred and fifty-five pounds to make a hundred and thirty-five in three weeks. But you are different. You are not fat. For you, ten pounds are a lot to take off. But they will come off. And you have not forgotten how to box. You missed once or twice today, but your distance and your timing—not so bad—not so bad."

"I am all right," the Duke said. "All I want is to be let alone and I'll be all right."

"Huh!" Jake grunted. "That is what all boys want—to be let alone and to do what they please."

"I'm hungry," the Duke said coldly. "I will have my dinner up here by myself."

"Fine!" Jake said. "Fine! I will order dinner up here for you and Barney."

Jake called a waiter, but when the waiter came he did not consult the card the waiter presented. Instead, he scratched his head in an effort to remember what the Duke had eaten for luncheon. It was not true, as the Duke sometimes pretended, that he trained exclusively on lamb chops and spinach. He got broiled steak and roast beef and a considerable variety of plain boiled vegetables and all the salad he wanted, provided it was seasoned with nothing more fattening than salt and lemon juice, and several kinds of fruit. The diabolical restriction was that his dinner and his luncheon consisted of precisely the same items. If he had steak at noon he had steak for dinner. If he had carrots for luncheon he had carrots for dinner.

"Let's see," Jake said, "you had roast beef this noon, didn't you?"

The Duke turned wearily to the waiter. "Bring me a slice of rare roast beef, some plain boiled onions, some plain boiled carrots and some plain boiled string beans, without any butter, and a water-cress salad with some lemon juice and some fresh pineapple and two pieces of hard dry toast and some tea."

Jake nodded vigorously. "Correct," he said. He turned to the waiter. "Understand," he said, "no butter for the vegetables, no olive oil for the salad, no sugar for the tea." He indicated Barney with a gesture. "And make it for two."

"Yes, sir," said the waiter, staring at the Duke.

When the waiter returned with the dinner, Jake left. He will go downstairs to the dining room and eat oysters and onion soup and roast duck with dressing and chocolate ice cream and four kinds of pastry," the Duke said to Barney.

"C'mon an' eat, kid," Barney said. "You're hungry, so what's the difference?"

The Duke got out the suburban telephone book and leafed through it while his dinner got cold. He couldn't find any Corbins in the Lake Forest list. Ernest Corbin simply wasn't there. The Duke picked up the telephone and told the operator what he wanted.

"C'mon an' eat," Barney urged. "It's good chow."

The Duke sat down at the table and ate in silence. When the telephone rang he jumped. But the operator merely reported that Mr. Corbin's telephone was not listed. He had a blind telephone. The Duke endeavored to cajole her into giving him the guarded number, but she insisted that she did not have it to give.

The Duke sat smoking a cigarette and drinking the weak tea they gave him instead of coffee when he was in training. Mullin came in.

"Where's Jake?" the Duke asked.

"He's having dinner with Gratz," Mullin said. "I think I'll catch the next train for New York."

"I have one little job for you first," the Duke told him. "I want Ernest Corbin's home telephone number in Lake Forest."

Mullin blinked at the Duke and smiled. "What on earth do you want Ernest Corbin for?"

"I don't," the Duke explained. "I want to talk to his daughter."

Mullin grinned. "So that's the girl that Jake's worrying about!"

He sat down with the telephone book. "You don't care how high the hats are when you step out, do you?" he said amiably. He ran idly through the book. "I don't know if I can do this," he protested. "How do you get a man's telephone number when he refuses to list it?"

"You can do it," the Duke assured him. "You know somebody who knows somebody else who can find out."

"The police are the best bet," Mullin said. He called up several police officials until he found a man he knew, and got the promise that he could have Ernest Corbin's telephone number as soon as it could be relayed by the Lake Forest police. "There," he said, "we'll have it in a few minutes."

The Duke got up and walked back and forth. "What do you know about the man, Mullin?"

"Not much. He's a well-known lawyer—a big shot. He's in a lot of things. He's a director of one of the banks." He gave the Duke a friendly smile. "If I were you," he continued, "I'd think twice about crashing that particular gate."

"Why?"

"If I had a daughter and you fell for her and she fell for you, I'd think she was lucky. But people like that are different. They'd never be able to forget the fact that you're a prize fighter and the better you are, the worse they'd figure you as a son-in-law."

"Explain that," the Duke said.

"It's the put-butty angle. If you were a palaka in the sticks and nobody'd ever heard of you but you were otherwise presentable—that would be bad enough. But if they couldn't stop it they'd think the story that you had been a fighter would never break. Whereas, you're the champion. There's no way of keeping your past out of the newspapers. They'll print it every time you do anything unusual for the rest of your life, and if you married a society girl the papers would spread themselves telling the world about you."

"I've been keeping out of the papers at Minnewaska."

"You've got by up there for a few weeks under an assumed name. But how long do you think it will last? I give you until the morning after the fight." The Duke nodded. "Don't you see it won't work?" Mullin asked. "The moment they know who you really are they'll do anything to prevent you from seeing their daughter. It won't matter how good an impression you've made on them before. They just won't have their daughter marrying a prize fighter. They won't have her seen with you."

The telephone rang. Mullin picked up the instrument, thanked the man at the other end and wrote a number down on a card as he hung up.

"There," he said, tossing the card to the Duke—"there's your number."

"Thanks, Mullin," the Duke said earnestly.

Mullin held out his hand. The Duke took it. "I'm catching a train," Mullin said. He smiled at the Duke affectionately. "It's a mad world, but take my advice. Stay out of that picture."

The moment Mullin had gone, the Duke took the telephone and called the number Mullin had got. He told the servant who answered that Mr. Van Blarcom wished to speak to Miss Corbin. The servant replied, after an interval presumably devoted to inquiry, that Miss Corbin was not at home.

The Duke called up twice every day after that, but he invariably received the same reply—Miss Corbin was not at home. Each morning he drove to Washington Park with Barney as soon as the sun was up and ran a mile farther than he had run the previous morning, until he was doing ten miles before breakfast. Each afternoon he boxed a little longer at Gilson's until he was going eight rounds. He slept nine hours every night and ate half as much food as he craved and exchanged no word with any human being outside the profession. The result was that in a week he lost one pound in weight and his normally clear skin got the translucent look of a healthy baby's and he began to struggle with the temptation to hit somebody in the eye on the slightest provocation. He was like a Thoroughbred colt that doesn't really like to gallop with a bit in his mouth and a boy on his back, but is so full of beans that he would go twice as hard as his trainer will let him and must release some of his bottled-up energy by rearing when saddled and fighting for his head when breezed.

Jake observed the symptoms. When the Duke threatened to punch his head he affected to be terribly, terribly hurt. But actually he was delighted. He was frequently as much dismayed by the Duke's good manners as he was by his bookishness. He would study the Duke while pretending to be absorbed in solitaire and wonder if he dared match him against another tough boy. How could so elegant a young man possess enough of the killer to win decisively?

So far training had always made the Duke increasingly crusty, until, at the last, he was likely to be hard on his sparring partners. So far Jake had never failed to bring the Duke to the ring side in such a state of physique and temper that he had put his man down to stay. But Jake was always relieved to see the process actually at work. It helped to convince him that what had happened before was going to happen again. And this time it made it possible for Jake to agree to the Duke's insane idea of going back to college.

Jake found an abandoned brass foundry in Cranesville, twenty miles from Grandison, that he could get for a nominal sum. He set up a gymnasium there with an outdoor ring behind a high board fence for use whenever the weather permitted, and an indoor ring for the days when it rained. He rented a furnished house and installed a cook and a housekeeper and rubbers and two sparring partners besides Baby-Face McElroy. A little later he would run down to New York and get more men to spar with the Duke—a couple of featherweights for speed and a couple of husky boys who would rough the Duke around and sting him into letting go with that punch of his—that punch which always astounded Jake no matter how many times he saw it send a man clean off his feet and bounce his head on the floor.

XI

THE Duke sat at his desk in Professor Kingsbury's house the evening he got back to Grandison and surveyed the situation with the clear, exasperated eyes of a man in hard training. The only thing to do was to avoid Susan Corbin until he could tell her the truth about himself. He could not say to her that he loved her until he

Continued on Page 64

# Glorifying the American Tomato

**The highest ambition a *tomato* can have is to graduate into MONARCH Catsup or Chili Sauce**

THE lovely girl who wins Mr. Ziegfeld's approval . . . the Paris gown that captivates Claire Windsor . . . neither has secured more exacting recognition than has the tomato that passes muster in the *Monarch* kitchens!

To insure tomatoes that are perfect . . . firm, plump, red-ripe, and rich in flavor and vitamins . . . *Monarch* grows its own tomatoes from pedigreed MONARCH Tomato Seed.

It needs only the artistry of *Monarch* chefs, plus the addition of Far East spices and pure cane sugar, to glorify these royal tomatoes into a Catsup or Chili Sauce that is truly Monarch of them all!

You know, of course, that MONARCH Catsup and MONARCH Chili Sauce, like all other MONARCH QUALITY FOOD PRODUCTS, are available only in the stores of Independent Grocers.

*Such regal quality rightfully belongs to the personal-service grocer who puts his personal-presence and care into every transaction that takes place in his store.*

MONARCH

QUALITY FOOD PRODUCTS

THE HIGHEST QUALITY TRADE MARK REGISTERED

REID, MURDOCH & COMPANY (*Estab.* 1853)
Chicago · New York · Boston · Pittsburgh · Los Angeles · San Francisco · Kansas City · Phoenix Wilkes-Barre · Tampa · Jacksonville · St. Louis

© 1928, R. M. & Co.

THE "YANKEE" Brace is being bought on sight by men who thought they didn't need another bit brace. And by men making sure they'll never have to buy another.

"Yankee" Ratchet . . . "Yankee" Chuck . . . "Yankee" Unbreakable Handles . . . "Yankee" precision, finish, efficiency . . . Totally different! Have you pride in ownership of fine tools? See this brace! Try it, at your hardware dealer's.

Four sizes: 8-, 10-, 12- and 14-inch. Price, 10-inch sweep, $8.20.

*"YANKEE" on the tool you buy means the utmost in quality, efficiency and durability.*

Spiral and Ratchet Screw-drivers. Ratchet Hand, Breast and Chain Drills. Automatic Bench Drills. Ratchet Tap Wrenches. Etc.

Write for "Yankee" Tool Book Free

NORTH BROS. MFG. CO., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

"YANKEE" TOOLS

*Make Better Mechanics*


*(Continued from Page 62)*

could tell her who and what he was. He was helpless until he could tell her.

His accumulated mail consisted of three invitations to dinner, a note from Pauline, asking him to call her up the moment he got in, and the Chicago morning papers. He opened the papers to the sporting pages and studied the pictures of himself and Honeyboy Kerrigan that accompanied their stories announcing the match for the lightweight championship on Decoration Day. Both papers had, fortunately, used photographs of himself that showed him full length, in ring costume, and both were front views. He felt reasonably sure that no one in Grandison would recognize him from either of those pictures.

The invitations to dinner troubled him more. There was one from Mrs. Widdecomb, the wife of the professor of sociology, for Monday night. He would accept that. He would meet Susan Corbin there. There was one from Tommy Wells, asking him to dine at the Psi Chi house. He would accept that also. He liked Tommy Wells. But he did not like Boss Walker and he felt that Boss Walker did not like him. He would ask Pauline how to get out of going to dinner with Boss Walker.

The Duke picked up a sheet of paper and for the third time jotted down his daily schedule. He would have to get up at six. Barney would bring the car around at a quarter past six. They would drive ten miles out into the country and the Duke would run all the way back. That would take from half-past six to eight, or a little after. He would barely have time to take a shower and eat his breakfast and make a nine o'clock class. He would attend classes from nine to twelve and have luncheon at half-past twelve. At half-past one he and Barney would start for Cranesville. They should be able to make the twenty miles in less than half an hour. From two until half-past three he would box and punch the heavy bag and the light bag, and do calisthenic exercises for the benefit of the three ropes of muscle that guarded his mid section. He could get a shower and a rubdown in half an hour. He ought to be back at his desk by a quarter after five. He would dine at six and go to bed at nine—half-past nine anyway.

He could squeeze in half an hour's reading after luncheon and an hour before dinner and two hours and a half after dinner—four hours a day. That was enough to keep up his class work to a high standard. But it would leave him no time at all for social engagements. The Duke smiled at himself grimly. The real point was that he would have no time to see Susan Corbin.

The bell of the telephone at his elbow jangled, startling him out of his reverie. It was Pauline.

"Why haven't you called me up?" she asked.

"I got in only a couple of hours ago."

"Anyway," she said, "hop into your car and come right over. I want to see you."

The Duke saw by the watch on his wrist that it was nine o'clock, and nine o'clock was bedtime.

"I'm frightfully busy," he said to Pauline.

"Don't be silly. This is important—awfully important."

"All right," the Duke said; "I'll be there in five minutes."

Barney grumbled at the idea of the Duke's going out at nine o'clock in the evening, but he went over to the garage around the corner and got out the Benham. As the Duke got in beside him he thrust his automatic pistol into a holster under the cowl, where he could reach it easily.

"Playing cowboy?" the Duke asked.

"Orders is orders," Barney said, unruffled. "Jake told me to go wherever you went and to take the gun along. I promised him I would."

"It's all right, Barney. I didn't mean to be nasty. I'm sorry I said that."

"Forget it, kid," Barney said. "I been with you before when you were in trainin', many's the time."

"Am I always unpleasant when I'm in training, Barney?"

"You're no worse than the most a them," Barney said. "It only seems worse with you because you're such an easy-spoken bird when you ain't workin'."

The Duke was partially aware that training spoiled his temper. He thought it was mostly that he didn't like the food. He wasn't, he thought, a glutton. If he ate exactly what he pleased he would not go above a hundred and fifty stripped, and a hundred and fifty stripped would seem lean among other men of his height. The effort necessary to stay under a hundred and forty-five stripped was out of all proportion to the results achieved, and making the lightweight limit was torture.

"Now, kid," Barney said when he stopped the car in front of the Gardiners' house, "I give ya till half-past nine with this dame and then I start blowin' the horn. I got to get ya to bed."

"All right," the Duke said irritably, and dashed up the walk.

Pauline met him at the front door. "You may kiss me," she said. The Duke kissed her. "That was almost perfunctory," she told him.

"No," the Duke said, "it was merely respectful."

She led the way into her living room and ensconced herself in her favorite corner of the sofa. The Duke stood with his back to the fireplace.

"I'm going to tell you something that I've probably no business to," Pauline said. "The only reason Susie didn't make me promise not to tell you is that it didn't occur to her that I would tell you." She smiled at him. "I suppose you know that you didn't get off on the right foot with her father?"

The Duke grinned. "Her father wasn't especially glad to see me."

Pauline laughed. "Susie wrote me several days ago that her father had forbidden her to come back to Minnewaska, and she didn't know whether she'd be able to persuade him out of it or not."

"Why," the Duke said, "I barely met the man! What does he know about me?"

"That's the point, Jimmy," she said. "Surely you understand that?"

"I can't say I do."

"You know that she's the apple of his eye and all that. Her sister married a rotter. He's determined that Susie shan't. And he's afraid she may."

"Doesn't he think she has any sense?"

"He's like all parents, Jimmy. He thinks his daughter is a baby. Of course she isn't a baby. She's nothing like as naïve or innocent as he thinks she is. But on the other hand, she's independent. In one way he's quite right to be afraid. Susie is the kind of girl who would marry the man she fell in love with, no matter what."

The Duke sat down in the other end of Pauline's sofa. "Do you really believe that—I mean, do you feel sure of it?" he asked earnestly.

Pauline looked at him, her eyes dancing. "You really are in love with her, aren't you? I know you told me you were in the beginning. But I didn't feel it in your voice as I do now." She looked at him, studying him. "I wonder," she said aloud, "if you will actually get her—in spite of everything."

"In spite of what?"

"In spite of her father and in spite of the fact that so far you've mostly made her mad and in spite of your being ineligible."

"What do you mean—ineligible?"

"I mean in the ordinary social sense—from the point of view of a family like the Corbins," Pauline replied. "Of course, for all I know you may be most eligible. But I'm sure that if you were you'd not be making a mystery of yourself. And Alan Brooke's awfully funny about the whole thing. I sent him a telegram when I got Susie's letter, asking for full details about you."

Pauline arose and rummaged in her writing desk. She found a folded yellow sheet. "There's what I got back."

The Duke unfolded the telegram. It read simply:

WHY DON'T YOU ASK HIM HE WILL NOT LIE
ALAN BROOKE

"You see," Pauline continued, "when you left after taking Susie home at one o'clock in the morning, or about three hours after her father expected her, he wanted to know who you were and all about you. And she was so angry at his attitude that she made it worse. He was convinced that you were a dangerous adventurer who had entered Minnewaska on purpose to carry off his daughter."

"But why?"

"Listen, Jimmy," Pauline said. "Put yourself in his place. He's a fond father and he's especially anxious just now because her mother's in Europe and he has the full responsibility for anything that happens. Instead of arriving at Lake Forest at 10:15 with her friend Helen Scott, his beloved daughter arrives at one o'clock in the morning with a young man in Piccadilly clothes and a Benham car. If you had been driving a typical student flivver, and had worn a yellow slicker decorated with the names and telephone numbers of your friends, he might have been mildly annoyed. But he would have accepted her coming down with you as one of the natural consequences of letting his daughter go to a coeducational college. He couldn't accept you. Benhams don't grow in every small-town back yard. They have to be explained. And when he asked Susie for explanations, she told him that you were the leading mystery of Minnewaska and let him think that she was terribly excited about you. She told him the story you told her about yourself—about being born in Ninth Avenue and earning your own living ever since you were fourteen."

"That wasn't a story. It was the truth."

Pauline nodded. "That's what Susie said. I mean, she told me she was sure you were telling the truth—as far as you went. Don't you see, old dear," she said, "that it's time to come across? You'll never get anywhere unless you tell the whole story."

The Duke frowned. At that moment in the street outside, Barney rested a heavy hand on the button that sounded the Benham's horn.

"What on earth is that?" Pauline cried.

The Duke turned and ran out of the front door and down the path. "Look here, Barney," he said, "you've got to lay off that. I am going to stay here a little longer."

"Kid," Barney began, "you ——"

"I mean it, Barney," the Duke interrupted. "I'm staying here a few minutes longer."

"All right, kid," Barney said wearily.

The Duke went back into Pauline's living room. "That was my chauffeur," he explained. "The doctor has put me on a regimen. I am supposed to go to bed at nine o'clock every night and a lot of other things, and Barney considers it his duty to remind me that it's past my new bedtime."

Pauline shook her head slowly. "More mystery."

"What's mysterious about that?" the Duke asked sharply.

"Nothing," Pauline said—"nothing at all. Except that I never saw a human being in such a perfect glow of youth and health as you are—unless it's Susie Corbin."

"Listen, Pauline ——" the Duke said. He paused, hunting for words.

"I'm listening," Pauline cried. "I'm listening so hard it hurts."

"There are ——" the Duke began. "I mean —— Well, the truth is I can't tell you any more than I have already told Susie."

Pauline shook her head. "Oh," she said, "don't you see what a mistake you're making? Don't you see that the only thing to do now is to come clean? No matter what you've done, now's the time. I can imagine Susie's forgiving you anything except not telling."

*(Continued on Page 66)*

*The Sport Landau Sedan, $875*
*Body by Fisher*

# Faster · Finer · More Beautiful
## *and still so low in price*

• *a Successful Six*
now winning Even Greater Success

Once again the policy of progress has been expressed in the Pontiac Six. Once again the value of this impressive General Motors car has been increased. For today's Pontiac Six offers greater power, greater speed, greater beauty than ever before—all with no increase in price.

Mechanically, the Pontiac has been improved by the use of new manifolds and a new carburetor—large in size and of a highly perfected type. The results are increased power for every throttle position, faster acceleration, and higher, more thrilling top speeds.

Its beauty has been enhanced by smaller wheels and larger tires—giving it a smarter, lower, more rakish appearance. New shades of lustrous Duco colors are featured on some of its body types.

In view of all that it has offered in the past, today's Pontiac Six, with its greater power, speed and beauty, represents a value that is making history in the automotive world.

*Pontiac Six, $745 to $875. All prices at factory.*

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

# PONTIAC SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 64)

"But I can't tell," the Duke protested. "I've promised I wouldn't."

"There are times," Pauline said, "when promises ought to be broken."

"I can't do it," the Duke said stubbornly.

"Why can't you tell whoever you've made a promise to that it's all off—withdraw your promise?"

"I can't," the Duke said.

"I can't imagine how you could owe an obligation to anybody greater than the one you owe yourself—unless it's something criminal."

"It isn't anything criminal," the Duke said.

Pauline rose and put her hands on his shoulders and looked into his eyes. "Dear, dear boy," she said, "don't be a fool!"

The Duke shook his head. "I can't talk now, no matter what anybody thinks of me."

"You're making a terrible mistake not to. No matter what you are or what you've done, you're making a mistake. You'll never get anywhere with Susie Corbin until she knows all about you."

The Duke smiled, though not happily. "And perhaps not then," he said.

"Perhaps not," Pauline agreed. "But what if something should happen so that we all found out your secret? Suppose somebody comes along who knows about you—isn't that a possibility?"

"It is," the Duke admitted.

"Surely you can see the advantage of admitting everything as against being discovered."

"Of course I can see it. I'm not stupid. But I can't do anything about it. I promised I wouldn't talk now, and I won't."

Pauline sat down in the sofa again. "All right," she said. "You can't talk. Now the question is, what can you do? There must be some other way out. There always is."

"What happened between Susie and her father? You started to tell me."

"They fought," Pauline said. "It was bad enough that first night after you brought her home. But she says she could have managed him if it hadn't been that you kept calling up on the telephone. The telephone is one of her father's pet crotchets. He hates it. He refuses to list his telephone and he considers giving people the number as at least equivalent to asking them out for the week-end—in intimacy, I mean. He thought that Susie had given you the number. He immediately gave orders that when you called up, Miss Corbin was not at home. She finally convinced him that she hadn't given you the number and hadn't the least idea how you had got it. And then she told him that she was going to devote her spare time for the next six weeks to her senior thesis—that she wasn't making any dates until it was finished—and he let her come back to Minnewaska."

"Isn't she going to the Widdecombs' dinner?"

"Yes, you'll see her there. She had already promised Frances Widdecomb."

The Duke paced back and forth. He was relieved that Susie Corbin wasn't making any dates—and annoyed too. It simplified everything for him temporarily, but he was beginning to doubt whether life ought to be simple.

"Pauline ——" he said, and hesitated, embarrassed at the idea of asking her in so many words what people thought of him and wanting to know. "I wish I mean — what is the popular theory about me?"

"Oh," Pauline said, "there are dozens of theories about you—mostly silly. One of them is that you're a rum runner or a bootlegger who has gone to college. Another is that you're an adventurer who followed Susie Corbin up here with the intention of marrying her for her money. That's what her father thinks. And of course it's been suggested that you might be an absconding bank cashier or a confidence man or a gambler."

"What do you think, Pauline?"

"If you had fallen in love with me instead of with Susie Corbin, I wouldn't think twice about it." She paused, frowning thoughtfully. "Yes, I would too," she continued. "I'd be just as curious as I am now, and I'd be furious with you for concealing your past from me. I'd want to know all about you and I'd be perfectly sure that your being unwilling to tell me meant that you didn't love me."

"But what's your theory?" the Duke insisted.

She looked up at him and smiled mischievously. "I'm the inventor of the only theory that explains all the facts," she replied. "You have money—well, you married that. You're bookish. Jack says you're much the best-read man in his class in advanced composition, but that you've never had much formal education. You know a great deal more than most college graduates, and in some ways you're much more sophisticated and in others you're amazingly naïve. Your social manner reverses the usual rule. Most of the people I meet are outwardly assured and inwardly doubtful. You're outwardly shy and inwardly tremendously assured. Every once in a while you betray the most astounding belief in yourself. Perhaps you had some job that threw you in contact with books. You might have been one of those salesmen in a bookstore who actually read books—I met one once in Chicago—or perhaps you started as an office boy in a publishing house. In any case you're mostly self-educated. And then you met some woman a bit older than yourself who fell for you and married you before you got up the courage to stop her, and then you discovered what an awful mistake you'd made and ran away. Your type would run away to college, of course—having always vastly overestimated the importance of college."

"So," the Duke said, "you think I'm the kind of man that some middle-aged woman with money would just naturally pick out to marry and support?"

"No," Pauline said, "you aren't that sort now. But I can imagine that you were two or three years ago. You have the air of a man who's been a bit soft and who's been tempered by some experience or other."

"Well," the Duke said, "I can tell you right now that your theory is nonsense. I am not married. I never have been married. I have earned my money myself—and not in a bookstore either."

"Oh," she said, "I didn't mean to make you mad. I only meant to tease you a little."

"Did you share this charming theory of yours with Susie Corbin?"

Pauline blushed. "Why, yes, I did."

The Duke bowed from the waist. "Thank you so much," he said. Outside, Barney blew a loud blast on the Benham's horn. The Duke picked up his hat and coat. "I really must be going," he said.

Pauline jumped up and put her arm through his. "Don't go home mad," she said. "Susie came over to tea this afternoon and of course we talked about you—we always do. You mustn't blame us for speculating about you. Besides, I really want to help you." She looked up at him as they reached the front door. "And you need help, old dear."

"It's true I need help," the Duke said grimly. "But what can anybody do?"

"There's only one cure for being nobody from nowhere," Pauline replied—"just one way of overcoming any social disadvantage and that's parties. Give nicer and more amusing parties than anybody else if you can. If not, give more expensive parties than anybody else but give parties."

"That is the first sound idea you've had tonight."

"It is a sound idea. Will you think it over?" The Duke nodded. "And I'll see you at the Widdecombs' dinner Monday night?"

"Yes," the Duke said, "you surely will."

Barney grumbled all the way home about the Duke's staying out till eleven o'clock and the Duke wisely let him grumble. Barney dropped him opposite the front door of Professor Kingsbury's house and drove on around the corner to put the car in the garage the Duke had rented from the nearest neighbor.

By the time Barney got in the Duke was in his pajamas. Barney knocked at his half-open door.

"I'm going to bed, Barney—really I am," the Duke said. "Come in and see for yourself."

Barney stood in the doorway and saw that the Duke was indeed ready for bed. "That isn't what's on my mind right now, chief," he said. "Come into your liberry and take a look outa the window and tell me what you see."

The Duke followed Barney into his dark study and gazed out of the window. The street was dimly lighted by a distant lamp.

"I think I see two birds standing in the shadow of a tree across the street," the Duke said.

"Yeah," Barney said. "Couple flat-feet."

"Are you sure?"

"They followed us over to the Gardiners' in a flivver and then they followed us back."

"Do you suppose Jake is having us shadowed, Barney?"

Barney shook his head. "Jake would no more spend a nickel on dicks than you an' I would. Jake knows too much about that kind."

The Duke shrugged his shoulders. "They're nothing in my life," he said. "If they want to shadow us, let them."

"I never did like policemen much," Barney said, "and as for these here private dicks—why, most a them would double-cross their own mothers."

As they were leaving Grandison the next afternoon on their daily trip to Cranesville, Barney nodded at the mirror.

"Here comes the dicks," he said.

"All right, Barney," the Duke said, "step on it gradually and I'll see what they do."

Barney complied, while the Duke turned around in his seat and watched the flivver through the Benham's rear window. The macadam road was dry but rutted and the small car was too light and too short to take it well. The Duke saw it skid badly.

"They're getting about all the bouncing they can take right now," the Duke said.

Barney stepped the Benham up to sixty miles an hour and the flivver receded until it was lost to sight around a curve.

"Give her all she'll take, Barney," the Duke ordered. "Let's see how fast we can make this twenty miles."

They made it in twenty-four minutes and parked the Benham inside the high board fence that surrounded the Duke's improvised training quarters, feeling quite certain that they had lost the detectives for that day. Jake came out of the building and greeted them with a broad smile.

"Boy," he said to the Duke, "you are actually on time—even ahead of time. How did the road work go?"

"I did ten miles before breakfast," the Duke replied.

"Good boy!" Jake said heartily. He took a yellow envelope from his pocket. "Here," he said, "is a telegram for you."

The Duke tore open the envelope and read:

DARLING: JUST SAW IN THE PAPERS THAT YOU ARE WORKING AT CRANESVILLE. WE ARE PLAYING GRANDISON MAY FIFTEENTH. YOU MUST COME OVER. WIRE ME BUT DO COME. LOVE AND KISSES

NORAH

The Duke smiled. It would be good to see Norah again.

"It's from Norah McCune, Jake. She says ——"

"I have read it already," Jake interrupted. "I think you should do what she says."

"What? Stay up till midnight, Jake?"

"Yes," Jake said solemnly. "For once it is good to break training a little and see a nice girl like Norah McCune. She is a nice girl—a nice, simple, loving girl—which I would not say for most actresses."

"Why, Jake," the Duke said, "you don't think most actresses are bad girls, do you?"

"I did not say bad," Jake replied. "Bad or good—what is the difference? They love only themselves. But Norah McCune is the kind of woman you should marry sometime. She is a fine figure of a woman and she knows what men are, so when you are a fool she would just laugh and not upset everything."

"She could even learn to cook," the Duke said with mock enthusiasm.

"That is all right. Have your little joke. When you are so old as I am you will know that cooking is not a joke. A woman should know how to cook or else she can never get nobody to cook right for her. But Norah McCune now—she is no silly girl. If you must be crazy about some woman, why don't you be crazy about her?"

"I see," the Duke said. "If I must be crazy, why not be sensible about it?"

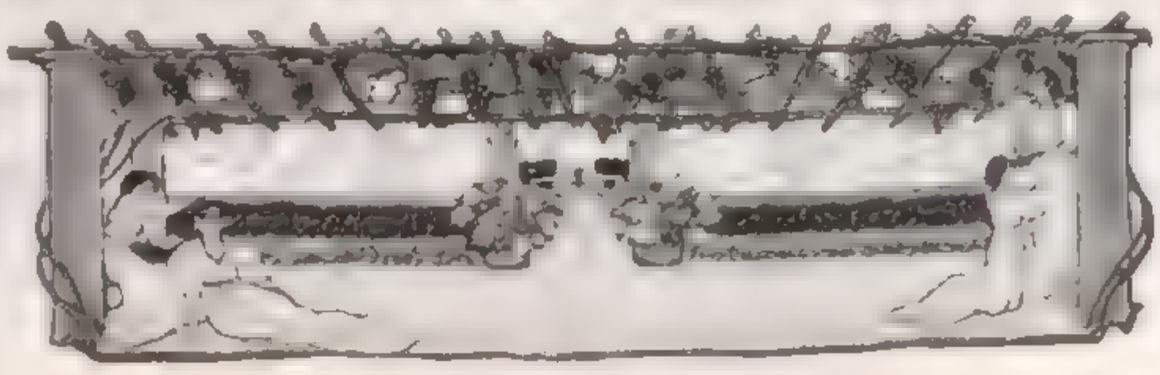
He was too busy for the next hour and a half to think. He worked with the heavy bag and the light bag. He boxed three fast rounds with the Baby-Face and two faster rounds with a featherweight known as Sailor Bing, and two slower rounds with a thick-set colored welterweight who hoped to be known as the Black Panther and who used his superior weight to rough the Duke around. But on the drive back to Grandison he could think. He asked himself why it was that everybody was so determined to prevent him from pursuing Susie Corbin. Her father had taken a violent dislike to him on sight, Jake was dead set against his interest in Susie, Mullin had warned him, and Barney had urged him to forget her. Pauline was half-hearted in her support of him, and the girl herself had merely tolerated him when she had not been openly hostile—except for that moment when she had broken her first date with him and they had stood facing each other without speaking for a few tense seconds before she turned and ran away.

"If I gave her up," the Duke said to himself, "the cheer would be practically unanimous."

He wished that he could have a talk with Alan Brooke. He was grateful to Alan for his forthright telegram to Pauline. It meant that neither Pauline nor Susie herself would take seriously the gossip that he was some smooth sort of crook. Alan Brooke could tell him whether it was possible that a girl like Susie Corbin would marry a man who had been a prize fighter—if she fell in love with him.

The Duke grinned at his own dependence. Nobody could know in advance how Susie Corbin would take the discovery that he was a prize fighter. The most Alan Brooke could do would be to pat him on the back and urge him to go in and try. The trouble was that until Susie knew that he was Duke Wellington, he couldn't go in and try. And yet he could not stay away. The one bright prospect in the immediate future was that he would see her at the Widdecombs' dinner on Monday night.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



# VALSPAR FOR BEAUTY

## *indoors and outdoors*

***You now have the choice of 4 Hour Valspar, or Regular Valspar, or Valspar Lacquer.***

***4 Hour Valspar*** is especially designed to give the maximum service and beauty on floors and all *indoor* surfaces with the added advantage of drying quickly—in two to four hours.

***Regular Valspar*** is the supreme finish for *outdoor* surfaces. Its resistance to sun, rain, snow and ice makes Regular Valspar's sturdy beauty well-nigh invulnerable.

***Valspar Brushing Lacquer*** is used for purposes of decoration where exceptional speed of drying is essential. Valspar Lacquer dries in about twenty minutes ready for use.

All three Valspar products offer you the colors which are most in demand today, in addition to the "Clear" (transparent) Varnish or Lacquer.

All three Valspar products are waterproof, heat-proof and wear-proof. Any product which bears the name Valspar will stand the famous Valspar boiling water test. This is your assurance of long-lived beauty and protection.

***For Indoor Use***

**4 Hour VALSPAR**
CLEAR AND IN COLORS

The new *4 Hour* Valspar offers you genuine Valspar protection in the first successful speed-varnish. This remarkable quick-drying *interior* varnish reduces drying-time to 4 hours or less. Now you can Valspar furniture, floors, woodwork, etc.,—either clear or with beautiful colors, in the morning and use them in the afternoon. For *quick* results which last—use *4 Hour* Valspar!

***For Outdoor Use***

**VALENTINE'S VALSPAR**
The Varnish That Won't Turn White
CLEAR AND IN COLORS

The *Regular* Valspar—which, during the past 20 years, has made the Valspar name famous—remains the perfect varnish for *outdoor* use. Valspar your boat, your automobile—anything and everything which must face the elements, for that staunch beauty which survives not only use, but *abuse*. Neither blistering sun, sleet, ocean spray—nor even live steam—can mar or damage any surface protected by Valspar!

**VALSPAR**
BRUSHING
**LACQUER**

***Dries in Minutes!***

### Colors used in above illustrations

Floor is being painted with *4 Hour Valspar*—Tudor Brown
Chair with *4 Hour Valspar*—Holland Blue
Hanging Book Shelf with *Valspar Brushing Lacquer*—Palm Green
Porch Chair—Regular *Valspar*, Vermilion
Yacht and Porch Floor—Regular *Valspar* Clear
Automobile—Regular *Valspar Enamel*, Mixed Colors

The famous Valspar boiling water test

***This Coupon is worth 20 to 60 cents***

VALENTINE & COMPANY 388 Fourth Avenue New York N Y

I enclose dealer's name and stamps—20c for each 40c sample can of colors specified at right. Not over three samples of Valspar Clear or in colors supplied per person at this special price.) Print full mail address plainly

Dealer's Name
Address
Your Name
Address
City

Send me these Valspar Samples at 20c each
1
2
3

# Let them take Barefoot Freedom back to school

ALL summer long their growing muscles have had a glorious opportunity to develop naturally.

Let them take barefoot freedom back to school. Keep them in Keds as long as the climate permits and let their feet stay free and uncramped.

The farther a child gets from "barefoot freedom," the smaller are his chances of having good feet, unless some definite provision is made for letting the foot exercise normally. Keds are anatomically correct for all normal feet. Cool and comfortable (because of the special insole of Feltex) they give the feet the ease and freedom they need to function naturally.

The arch stays strong and springy. Keds tough rubber soles not only wear long, but absorb shocks and jars. To get the best value for your money, order Keds by name and make sure the name Keds is on the shoe.

Keds are made in a dozen different models ranging in price from $1.25 to $4.50. Made only by the

**United States Rubber Company**

**TRAPPER EVANS *will send you the actual footprints of wild animals***

By arrangement with Trapper Evans, old-time Montana woodsman, the makers of Keds offer actual tracks of many American wild animals imprinted in clay-like material, hardened and mounted on felt. Each one is an original footprint. Write Keds Outdoor Dept., Desk H, 1790 Broadway, New York City, and ask for a free list of these tracks. Or, if you prefer, enclose 35c for any one of the following: Wildcat, Coyote or Antelope. The tracks of the Bear Cub, Mountain Sheep and Timber Wolf cost 50c each. Your letter will be forwarded to Trapper Evans in Montana and he will mail you the tracks of your choice, postpaid in U. S. or Canada.

THE "GLADIATOR" (*right*) *has a distinctive non-skid sole. In brown, white or gray. For all-round use.*
THE "SPOR-TIE" (*left*)—*for growing girls, misses and children. Upper of fancy mixed basket weave sport cloth, with olive trimmings and corrugated sole to match.*

*They are* not *Keds unless the* name *Keds is on the shoe*


# SWAG

(Continued from Page 28)

is where you and your rags come in—a blind, an excuse for doing business—an' you are dumb enough an' that frail pretty enough to make a sweet front!"

George said all this just like it made him very mad. He knew it all, just like he said, but to prove it would be like painting ice with ename'; just about as hopeful and just about as easy to make stay set.

"Gosh!" I said. "Gosh!"

"So you see, kid, the life of a copper ain't so sweet an' easy as it looks. Take this silk here. I've got it. I traced it down. I know that Bill arranged to switch the cases on that truck, but what's the use? All I can do is recover the silk an' save the insurance company or the creditors their money. That's very good, of course, but when I do that it just makes Bill work harder an' steal more to make up his losses on this deal! I know what'll happen. I'll recover the silk it's over in the cellar of the other buildin', by the way—an' Bill an' Belzer will try to appear happy over it all. You'll find that Bill has a charge against him on Belzer's books. He'll pay that from money Belzer had to put up before Bill went in on the deal, then he'll take the silk, an' it's all a straight business deal!"

"There is an invoice in the store," I admitted. "You got it right, George. Belzer sent an invoice the night before the truck was robbed."

"Sure thing," George agreed. "Now, kid, listen to me a minute. There was about one chance in a thousand of me gettin' Bill an' his gang clean for stealin' or receivin' stolen goods. I didn't want to blow that chance. By makin' a collar every time I could, I would only get myself laughed at. So I've waited. Now I think I see my chance. There is just one thing more that proves to me that you are an on-the-level kid. There is one way that you can hang the goods on this Bill Nigel, too."

"I can't help do that, George," I said. "Honest, he has been too nice to me—too decent about everythin'. Don't ask me to."

"How about the girl?" George asked, his lip up once more.

"I—gee, George, I can't go back on Bill that way. I don't know hardly anythin' an' I don't want to know any more."

George thought that over a lot. Finally he said: "Well, you ain't a paid policeman an' you can use your own judgment about bein' your brother's keeper. I won't ask nothin' more of you." For the first time in my life I liked George. "But you're in on this thing, kid -in deep. Here I've caught you prowlin' around secret passages, which don't make you look very innocent!" I started to repeat why I was there and all about it, but George grinned. "I'll tell you why I knew, from the second I saw you crouched up there on them stairs, that you was innocent," he said. "There's the best proof in the world. Was you scared when that door started to open?"

"Scared?" I asked. "Scared?" George grinned again.

"I knew you was the minute I saw you up there," he said. "It was a genuine scare, too—not faked. You was like a rat in a trap. An' that proved to me that you didn't even know the way back to your room through the other passage. Didn't you know there was a way up there from here?"

"Red said somethin' once," I gagged. "He said somethin' about walkin' right into my room."

"Sure," George agreed, "an' if you had known about that little trick, you never would have been caught up there on these steps, would you?"

"I'll say I wouldn't!"

"Exactly. That's how I knew right away that you are on the straight in this racket." He was grinning again. "I knew, because if you were one of the gang you woulda known the passage an' used it for a getaway. But, kid, I ain't after a thief for stealin'. I'm after a murderer for killin'! Unnerstand that? I'm after a man that killed another in cold blood—killed him because of what he knew—an' whoever that killer is, he came through your room the day he did his murder. Just as sure as poppin' Hades, son, I'm goin' to get that man as soon as I'm able to locate the entrance to the passage upstairs. The best thing you can do is help me, kid. How about it?"

I recalled the gun George had taken so carefully from the wall. I looked into this cop's eyes and saw there all the persistence I had always known to be his. I gulped and nodded.

"Yes," he muttered to himself, looking at his watch in the meantime, "Cally Dolan is out on a gem plant tonight; Red is half drunk over in Wiggerty's place; Smitty is rushin' a moll toward a night club; an' Bill is moonin' with this jane at the recital —that gives you an' me a chance to work!"

*x*

WELL, if there is anything more to be said about what I should have done under those circumstances, you will have to say it. I was completely in George's hands and, at that time, I honestly believed that he could have got me twenty years in prison. I was just as sure that he would shoot me, too, if I didn't do as he wanted. Of course there wasn't much that I could do, but I answered his questions as honestly as I could.

It was a cinch to see that George used his head, and used it fast. I could tell that by the way he spotted me up on the stairs, and again, how easily he knew that I was really scared to death and not faking anything. I learned afterward, too, that the only reason he questioned me so long was to see if somebody else had been with me and left me there as a foil.

George admitted later that that was why he left that hidden door open so long. He wanted a way out, if it came to shooting. Then, the way he figured about the passage that led to my room and realized, in a matter of seconds, that I didn't know of that passage or I would have used it to get away from him, made me see that no matter how much or how little brains he had, they were well trained to his job and he used them all.

I was still quaking on my ribbon legs and my throat seemed ready to shrivel up, no matter what little thing happened, but I felt kind of friendly toward George. When I saw his side of it all, and saw how he was licked when it came to catching fences, I felt friendlier to him than ever before. In him I saw a way out for both Byra and me.

"I know lots more than you do about this thing, kid," he told me. "I have for a long time. I have been workin' steadily, an' quietly, too. Ever since that day when the old pawnbroker was bumped in this place, I've been workin'. If I've seemed to hang around the place a lot, it was just to rock Bill to sleep. I wanted you all to think that I was just nosey an' after the stolen-goods business. That fooled Bill; it gave him confidence. He knew he could beat the worst I ever would dig up in that line. But at other times an' in other ways I've been hot on the trail of the killer. I've had my own ideas an' I've had to follow 'em up alone. Bill has got a lot of political pull that he knows darned well how to use."

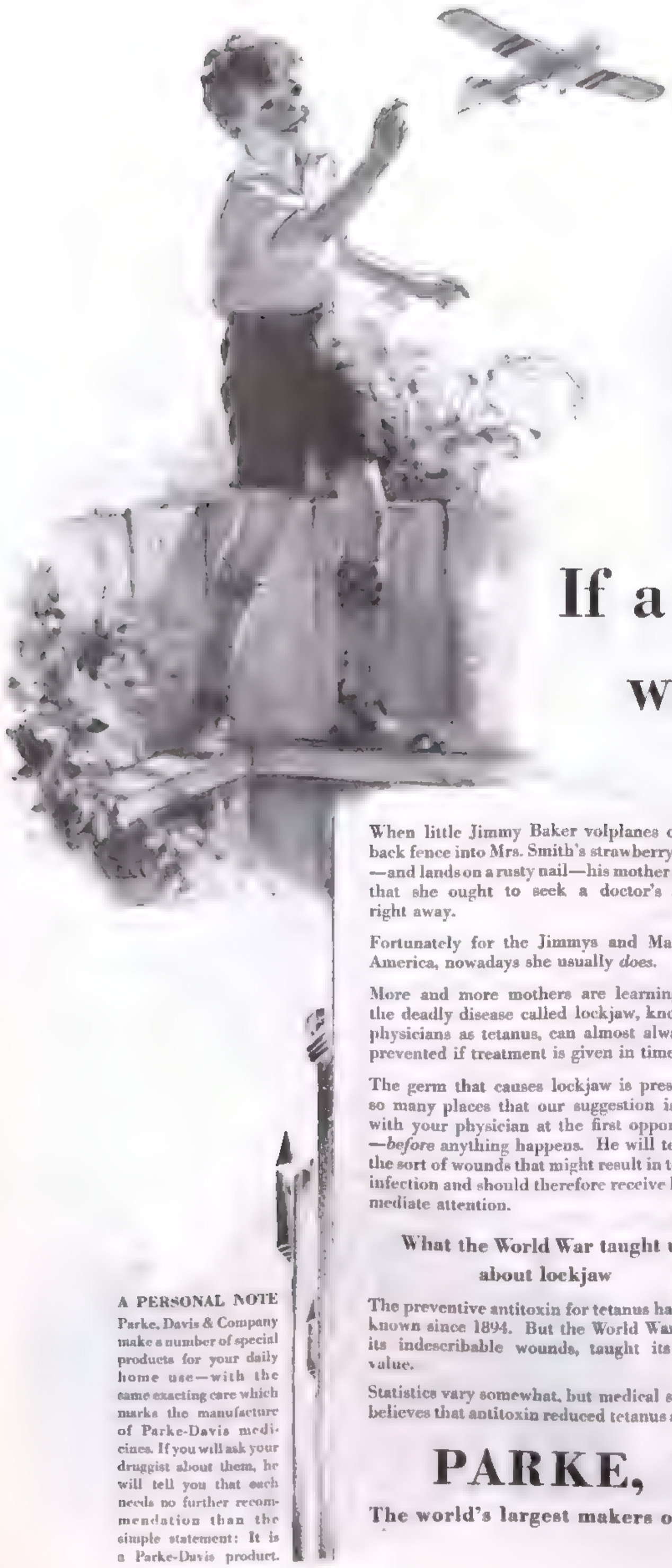
"I know he has," I agreed.

"How do you know?" George snapped. He was the quickest man I ever met with a question, and every question he asked seemed to lead right to things you didn't want to say. I stalled a little; how could I answer that? It would embarrass George.

"Well," he snapped, "did you hear me? How do you know he has political drag?"

"If you've got to know," I snapped back at him, "I heard him talk to somebody today about havin' you chased away to some other part of town!"

(Continued on Page 71)



**BUILDING THE FORTRESSES OF HEALTH**

One of a series of messages by Parke, Davis & Company, telling how the worker in medical science, your physician, and the maker of medicines are surrounding you with stronger health defenses year by year.

# If a rusty nail waits for Jimmy

When little Jimmy Baker volplanes off the back fence into Mrs. Smith's strawberry patch —and lands on a rusty nail—his mother knows that she ought to seek a doctor's advice right away.

Fortunately for the Jimmys and Marys of America, nowadays she usually *does*.

More and more mothers are learning that the deadly disease called lockjaw, known to physicians as tetanus, can almost always be prevented if treatment is given in time.

The germ that causes lockjaw is present in so many places that our suggestion is: talk with your physician at the first opportunity —*before* anything happens. He will tell you the sort of wounds that might result in tetanus infection and should therefore receive his immediate attention.

## What the World War taught us about lockjaw

The preventive antitoxin for tetanus has been known since 1894. But the World War, with its indescribable wounds, taught its great value.

Statistics vary somewhat, but medical science believes that antitoxin reduced tetanus among wounded soldiers by approximately 87½ per cent.

During the ten years since the war, Parke, Davis & Company have steadily improved the quality and effectiveness of tetanus antitoxin.

Methods of administering it have also been improved. So, for those who receive the benefit of modern preventive measures, the danger from lockjaw has practically disappeared.

We have prepared a very interesting booklet about the prevention of disease, called *Fortresses of Health*. We shall be glad to send you a copy if you will mail your request to Parke, Davis & Company, Detroit, Mich.; Walkerville, Ontario; or London, England.

* * *

In the scientific work which has so effectively improved medical practice during the past two generations, Parke, Davis & Company have made many pioneering contributions. In America's first biological laboratory we began the manufacture of diphtheria antitoxin, for example, immediately after its discovery in 1894, and have since increased its concentration fully 1000 per cent.

Medical preparations bearing the Parke-Davis label have been prescribed by physicians with perfect confidence for 62 years.

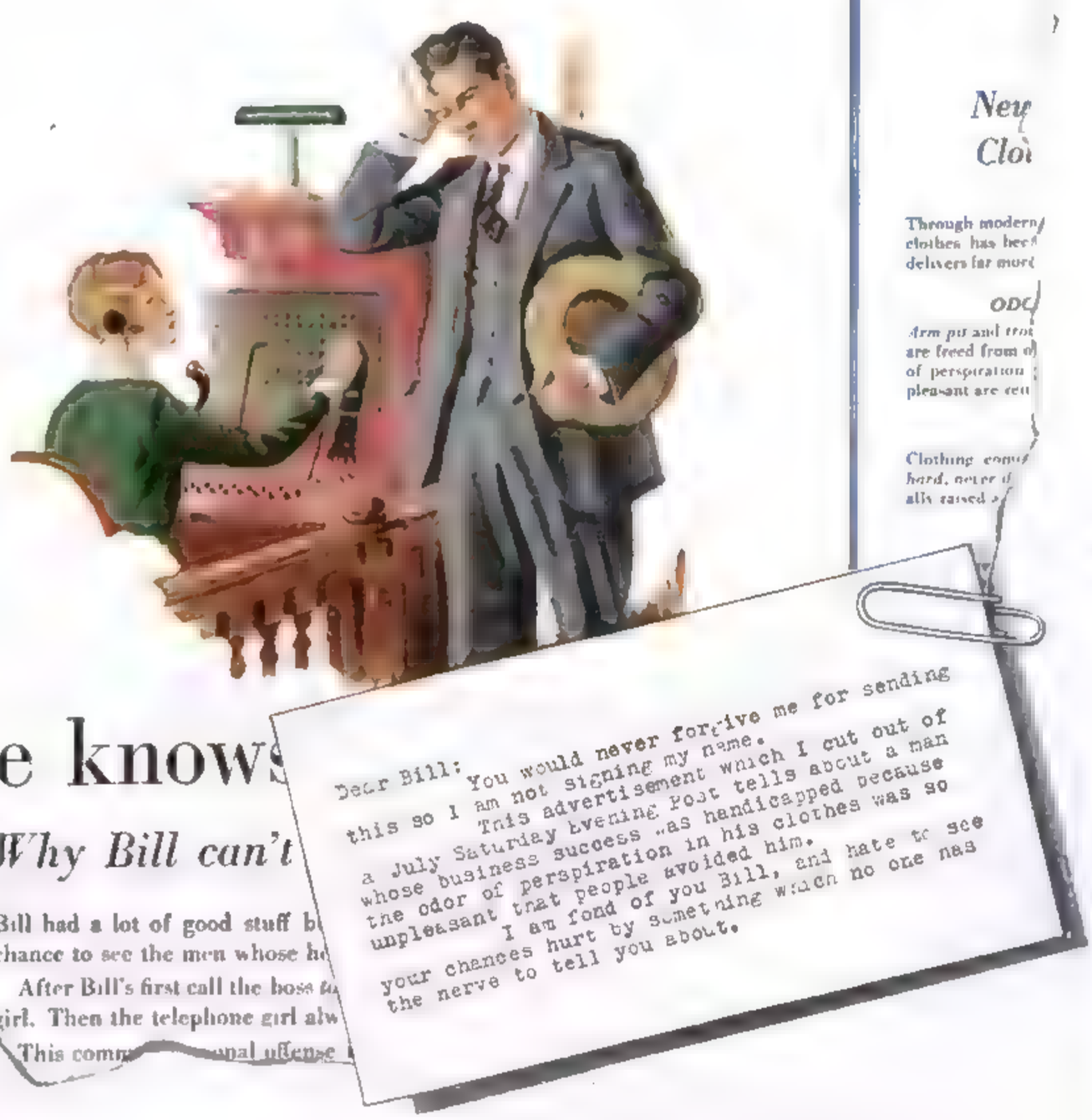
**A PERSONAL NOTE**

Parke, Davis & Company make a number of special products for your daily home use—with the same exacting care which marks the manufacture of Parke-Davis medicines. If you will ask your druggist about them, he will tell you that each needs no further recommendation than the simple statement: It is a Parke-Davis product.

# PARKE, DAVIS & CO.

**The world's largest makers of pharmaceutical and biological products**

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST


New
Clo
Through modern
clothes has bee
delivers far more
ODO
Arm pit and trou
are freed from o
of perspiration
pleasant are rem
Clothing comes
hard, never d
alls raised
Dear Bill: You would never forgive me for sending
this so I am not signing my name.
a July Saturday Evening Post tells about a man
whose business success was handicapped because
the odor of perspiration in his clothes was so
unpleasant that people avoided him.
your chances hurt by something which no one has
the nerve to tell you about.
I am fond of you Bill, and hate to see

# She knows

## *Why Bill can't*

Bill had a lot of good stuff b
chance to see the men whose h
After Bill's first call the boss t
girl. Then the telephone girl alw
This comm nal offense

# *Now* Bill Knows—

## Why he can't get in to see the boss

**Bill was mad when he got the unsigned note with the advertisement which told about the handicap of men whose suits of clothes are offensive with the dried-in odors of perspiration.**

He was mad for the whole day. The next day he stopped being mad because he had examined his clothes when he went home at night. His clothes told him he was guilty.

The new scientific method of clothes pressing removes all odors of perspiration which linger in worn garments.

## *New Facts about Clothes Pressing*

Through modern pressing equipment the care of clothes has become a scientific operation which delivers far more than perfectly pressed garments.

### *ODORS REMOVED*

*Arm-pit* and *trouser waist-band* and *center seams* are freed from offensiveness. The odors of perspiration which cause garments to be unpleasant are removed by heat, steam and vacuum.

### *NAP RAISED*

Clothing comes back to you *soft-dried; never hard, never damp.* The nap of the fabric is actually raised and the lustre of the cloth restored.

### *GERMS KILLED*

Germs are always present in clothes that have been worn. This pressing method, using temperatures of about the range at which surgical instruments are sterilized, kills disease producing germs, destroys moth eggs and larvae, kills insects and prevents the spread of skin diseases.

### *VACUUM DRYING*

Garments are not baked by dry heat. They never have a stiff *boardy* finish. A vacuum attachment draws air through the fabric with a fluffing, beating action that leaves garments soft and *feely.*

### *CREASES LAST LONGER*

Regular pressing by this method maintains the original balance and fine lines of your suit. The pressed effect lasts longer.

### *CAN'T HARM DELICATE DRESSES*

By *regulated* steam pressure the Valetor smooths wrinkles gently and safely, sending back your loveliest chiffon, crepe or satin frock soft and fresh.

### *AVAILABILITY*

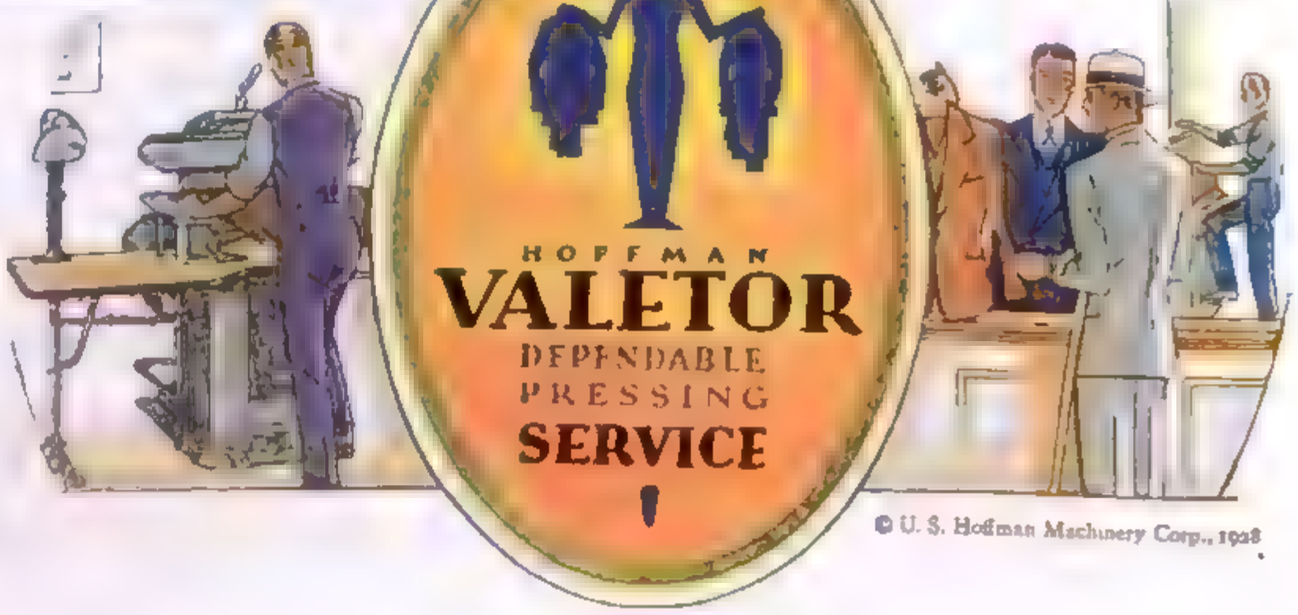
The Valetor sign is on the windows of clothes pressing shops with this modern equipment. Look for the Valetor sign in your neighborhood. You'll probably find one nearby. If not write us for the name of the nearest one.

U. S. Hoffman Machinery Corporation,
105 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

*In Canada: Canadian Hoffman Machinery Company Limited, 91, Don Roadway, Toronto, Canada.*

## *You can depend on your VALETOR*

*To Wives. We are collecting stories of men who helped themselves earn more money by becoming neater in appearance. They are vivid experiences. The President of our corporation would be delighted to have you write him telling any true experiences you know. You need not mention any names. We promise not to mention your name. Write to Mr. E. D. Stocker, U. S. Hoffman Machinery Corporation, 105 Fourth Avenue, New York City.*




© U. S. Hoffman Machinery Corp., 1928

(Continued from Page 68)

"Transferred, huh?" George mused to himself.

"Yes," I said. "Bill told this man to send you to the sticks."

"Ain't that a sweet reward fer a cop?" George wanted to know. The way he said it looked like I was to blame for things. "The cop that does his job, kid, most always gets it in the neck! But that won't stop me. I'm goin' to get the man that bumped that greasy old pawnbroker. Even if I have to work from the sticks, Johnny, I'm goin' to do that . . . You said you heard him tell a man! what man?"

"I'm not sure, George. I just heard ——"

"What did you hear?"

"Well, a name—just a single name. It might have been a first name, or a last one."

"I don't care a rap what it might have been," George came back at me, "what was it?"

"Dennis—that was all I heard for a name—just Dennis."

"Mulcahey, huh?" George mused again. "Well, I guess he could do it all right. The way these higher-up cops fear a ward heeler would surprise you!"

After that he stood quite still for several minutes and his own thoughts were plenty to keep him busy without noticing me. Then he looked at his watch again. He shrugged and turned to me; waved me over and sat down beside me on the lower step of the stairs.

"I'm going to tell you a few things, kid. If I make a crack that is wrong, tip my mitt. I want to go over certain things with you. Remember this: All that you said that day at the station was written down an' held for reference. I may check what you say tonight against what you said that day. Don't let your memory fail you." I nodded. He went on: "That day you came to work here, you an' Red went out after junk, remember?"

"Yes, that was the first thing I ever did here. I rode with Red an' helped him gather an' deliver stuff."

"Sure. An' when you came back you found the old coot bumped an' the cops here."

"Sure. You were here. You remember."

"I'll say I do!" George's lip popped up as he said that. "We questioned you right away. Red was surly an' nasty. You was just a pop-eyed kid, scared to death. Bill was very sure of himself."

George had it all right. He remembered everything just as I did, and I told him so. He nodded to himself as though fishing for the facts to give them to me in their right order.

"There are one or two things you don't know, kid. I'm goin' to hand them to you now.

"First, the reason we found the old man was because three men were standing in front of the pawnshop when the shot was fired. They heard the shot, argued a minute, then one of them ran for a cop. He found the body. The other two waited at the door until the cop got there. The point is this: Nobody came out of the pawnshop by the front way! That means that whoever killed that old coot made a get-away through the very passage I came through tonight. There is no other way out, kid. That would have to be it. True, there was the door to the alley, but that was closed when the cop came in, and it didn't move after the shot was fired, because that bell didn't ring. Two of the men who heard the shot stood in the door of the shop, and they are very certain about that. They will swear to it. Second, the old man was killed by somebody who sneaked up on him. The course of the bullet, figured by the way the body was found, proves that the killer stood just about over our heads where we sit this moment."

I wiggled and looked up. George just grinned and rubbed his chin, and his eyelids half closed over his eyes. He was matching things together in his mind. He had the way of a man who goes over again something that he has gone over a thousand times.

"That helps in all ways, Johnny. It just about proves to me that the killer came up on the stairs we are sitting on and laid in wait there at the hatch above our heads. The chances are even that he did somethin' to make the old man come back into that rear room. I got it figgered that the old guy heard somethin' out there an' went to see what it was. Then, from behind, the killer shot him. He took careful aim. The wound was right through the skullcap."

George looked at me. "Now, you just jog your memory an' tell me if I'm wrong. The body lay just as it was found by the policeman called in. There ain't a reason on earth to think the killer had bothered it after it fell, because the clothes were not unbuttoned and there was small chance of that old bird carryin' anythin' of value on his person. Therefore, the way he was found was the way he fell. That means that to get over him an' out the back way the killer would have to show himself to people in the store or on the street. He would have to step right over the body—because it fell in the narrow passage between those cases—an' pass on out through a door with a bell on it. It's a safe bet he never done that, kid. Am I right?"

"Right," I said. "You got brains to figger all them things out, George! I never dreamed of such things. But what you say about the body an' where it was is dead right."

"Then," George said, like he was saying it for the millionth time and dead sure he was right, "it's a lead-pipe cinch that whoever killed Uncle Isaac must have come up out of this very room, an' after doin' the job, come right back into it again. That is the only possible thing, kid; therefore, I say, it is the thing that happened."

"It must of," I agreed.

"I saw that that first day. I came down here into this room. But it fooled me then. I thought I must be crazy, because there was no way in or out of this place. But it bothered me; then it kept on botherin' me. Finally it bothered me so much I went down an' looked over buildin' permits—specifications too. I found that Bill had a permit to join his two buildings for heatin'. It allowed a passage between the two under the alley. Steam pipes was the excuse. After plenty of work I located the contractor who had done the job. By lyin' a bit to him about me wantin' a similar job done, I got some good information. I got costs from him an' discovered that he had billed Nigel for excavatin' an' material enough to run all the steam pipes in the city! Right away I knew there was somethin' beyond steam pipes to that tunnel under the alley."

More and more I was beginning to appreciate George.

"In ways of my own, kid, snoopin' around nights, if you want to call it that, I located things. I got into the tunnel from the other end. I worked through an' found this place. Then it was all a lot better for me, an' easier to figger. By degrees, I doped out these doors an' how they work. All the time I've kept one thing in mind: I want the killer. I've worked too hard an' too long, taken too many dirty chances with my life, to be satisfied with anythin' else. He's here. I want him. I'm goin' to have him, kid."

"I think you'll get him," I told George. "I'd hate like everythin' to have you after me!" He did not pay any attention to the compliment. He was thinking again.

At long last he said, "Tell me, kid. You was one of the last persons to see the old man alive. Did he act queer at all when he talked to you about the job, or while you an' that nutty little kid pawned your ring?"

"I guess he was always queer," I said. "I never saw anybody like him before."

"You wouldn't," George grunted; "but tell me how he acted, what he did. Mebbe the least little thing you can remember might be just what I need."

"At first," I said, feeling kind of foolish to mention such a little thing, "he kept listenin' all the time. He made Crab an' me wait for our money just on account of listenin'. It was like he expected somethin' to come from the back room."

"An' did it come, kid?" George asked.

"Yes. It was a crash, like a box had toppled over, mebbe, or as if somebody had dropped somethin' heavy on the floor. That was what started the fight between Red an' Uncle Isaac. The old man left us an' went runnin' out there. Crab an' me heard him warn Red not to make any noise."

"That was all?" George asked, kind of disappointed.

"That's all," I said, a little sorry not to have helped him. But all of a sudden George's hand shot out and gripped my knee so hard it hurt. His eyes were wide now and his sneer was gone. He looked very excited and happy.

"That's it!" he said. "By all the pink lizards in willie land, that's it!" He stood up, walked back and forth across the room, a smile creeping about his lips as he got more and more satisfaction from his thoughts. At last he said: "Listenin', was he—warned Red not to make a noise! You know why, do you? It's plain as the spot on your hide where you left a mustard plaster overtime!"

I admitted I didn't see anything very plain.

"Right upstairs in your room, kid, at the time the old man was doin' all that listenin' was the man who later killed Uncle Isaac! There was a meetin' up there, or somethin', an' the old man knew it. Some crooked job was bein' cooked up. The old man knew that too. It's better than even money that he knew so much about it that he got killed for what he knew!" George paced the room some more and I just sat there and watched him. More and more I liked his way of sticking at a thing.

"One thing more, kid, then we'll start a hunt that will lead us to that passage to your room. Think hard now. Are you dead sure you can remember seein' that gun hangin' on the nail there the first time you were down here?"

"Dead sure," I told him. "I know I did, George. I looked right at it an' it was hangin' there just as it was till you took it down tonight."

"Good. It has been hangin' there quite a little while, kid, as the dust along the barrel will tell you. But get this: It wasn't there the day the old guy was killed an' I came down here to have a look around! That's been the one big problem in locatin' the killer—where was the gun? Well, unless I'm thirteen an' a quarter kinds of a fool, this is the gun that killed Uncle Isaac! I can soon tell that by havin' it tested against the bullet that killed the old guy. If that is true, Johnny, here is what happened: You an' Red left here that mornin' to gather your junk. Somebody came down an' talked to the old man, or he went up to your room to talk to them. What he said cooked his hash. He demanded somethin', or threatened somethin'. Then he came back down an' somebody followed him, took that rod off the wall an' bumped the old man off. They didn't put the gun back right away, because they had to clean it first. Therefore it wasn't there when I looked around here. But it was put back after being cleaned an' reloaded, see? There it has hung ever since, an' just as sure as you're a foot high, I know who did the killin'. . . . Now we'll just hunt up that passage. We ain't got any too much time."

I just followed George around as he worked. First, he tried the switch that worked the forge fan and the other door. That didn't help a bit. Deep wrinkles settled on his forehead as he hunted and studied where next to hunt. He tried planks and stones on the outer wall. He tapped very softly with his knuckles against every plank on every wall. They were very thick and all sounded the same.

Ten minutes, twenty went by. I was about to give up. But not George. He was the most thorough guy I ever knew. He stood in the center of the room and grinned at me a little helplessly. He pushed his hat back on his head and scratched his hair. His fingers were all spotted with the dirt of the walls. Perspiration was on his forehead, because the air in the little room wasn't very fresh now. We were all bottled up in there.

Finally he grunted and went over to examine the stairs leading up to the cellar hatch. I saw him run his fingers around the bottom of the side planks where they rested on the floor. I heard him grunt. Then he bent over and caught the bottom step in his hand. He raised the whole staircase off the floor. I heard a queer grating sound off to my right and glanced in that direction. Two of the planks in that wall had popped open, and in the shadows of the opening I saw a narrow flight of stairs running almost straight upward.

"George," I whispered—"George, look!"

His back was toward the opening, but when I spoke he turned toward me. I saw his face light up with pleasure. There he stood, still holding the stairs up from the floor. In that position he looked again at the opening, then winked at me. In a moment he lowered the stairs and the passage door remained open.

"It's gotta be closed from the inside," he said. "Come on. Let's go!"

With my heart thumping like a motor with loose bearings and every part of me shaking like jelly in a stamping factory, I followed George to the passage. He ran his hands along the inside walls of the place, felt of the first few steps very carefully, then stepped inside. From his pocket he drew a small flash light, and this he snapped on and played the light along the little stairway and up into the dark regions.

At last he pulled the door shut behind us, and it clicked and left us standing there in the passage, all dark but for the little bull's-eye light, and all as quiet as a tomb, except for the soft breathing of George and the thumping of my own heart. I caught hold of George's coat tails. I couldn't help it. He turned around and I felt his hand—the one that still held the big pistol—pat my arm a little. I did not let go.

"Keep your nerve, kid," George whispered to me in a tone that was not unkind; "I'll see you through. Hell, you come down here to get somethin' on Bill Nigel, didn't you? I'm just showin' you the way."

Then, very slowly, he started upward. One step at a time, our shoulders rubbing ever so lightly against the close walls and our feet settling on each step as though we might have been walking barefoot on glass.

It seemed to me that those stairs lasted a couple of hours and were three or four miles long. George was going along very carefully. He told me, once, afterward, that every door he opened and every step we touched might have flashed a signal that we were there. Bill had a very complete layout and there was no telling how far such things might go.

Once, when we were about halfway up, George flashed the light down on the stairs and we stood there listening. I couldn't hear a thing, but I knew that George had, or thought he had. The light fell in a circle around my feet; it lit up the steps and I saw one place where a nail had come through the board and was left with its point sticking half out and half in the wood. I had seen nails like that in a good many places—back in our barn at home, for one—but I never saw one that looked so mysterious. I was sorry for the nail, having to be in a place like that.

Finally George went on ahead. I hardly realized it, but I still hung onto his coat tails. After what I had been through, a man would have made friends with the devil. My confidence in George kept growing and growing.

At last we were at the top of the stairs, and there George put out the light. Darkness can be so dark that you feel it. This darkness was. We stood very still and listened some more.

It just seemed impossible that I was standing only a couple of inches outside my own room. I couldn't believe it. When I thought of all that George had said about

(Continued on Page 74)

*6-cylinder Sedan*

**$770**

*4-cylinder Sedan*

**$610**

# LOWEST PRICED SEDANS

In definite dollar-for-dollar value there are no 4-door enclosed cars on the market comparable to the Whippet Four and Whippet Six Sedans.

This is true not only because these smart Sedans are the lowest priced in the world, but because they represent the most advanced ideas in automotive engineering, both mechanically and artistically.

The perfected Whippet Four offers such desirable features as full force-feed lubrication, silent timing chain, extra leg room and powerful 4-wheel brakes. The new Whippet Six, in addition to these, provides a 7-bearing crankshaft, invar-strut pistons and many other advantages.

Such notable values are possible only because of the skill and experience gained in the production of more than 2,000,000 motor cars.

* * *

*Whippet Touring $455; Roadster (with rumble seat) $525; Coupe $535; Cabriolet Coupe $595, Coach $535 Whippet Six Touring $715, Roadster $635; Coupe $695; Coach $695. Prices (f. o. b. Toledo, Ohio) and specifications subject to change without notice. Willys-Overland, Inc., Toledo, Ohio. Willys-Overland Sales Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada.*

*Whippet*

FOURS *and* SIXES

Airedale

## "Fleas Never Torment My Dog Now"

"The first time I washed my dog with Sergeant's Skip-Flea Soap, there were hundreds of dead fleas left in the water. Your Skip-Flea Powder keeps the fleas off most effectively. I wash him frequently and fleas never torment him now."

A dog can't tell you that he has fleas. You should look out for them. They cause intense itching and are sure to bring on more serious skin troubles unless you put a stop to them. Often eczema develops because the owner did not take the trouble to rid the dog of fleas. Use Sergeant's Skip-Flea Soap or Powder.

*Do You Know?*

Do you know how to keep dogs and cats free from fleas? Would you know what to do for the more serious ailments that your dog may develop at any time? You can easily find out. The information costs nothing. There are now effective treatments for all dog ailments and it is a simple matter to find out when and how to use them.

SERGEANT'S
Dog Food
A balanced ration containing a large proportion of freshly cooked *Beef*. For dogs and puppies of all breeds.

*Famous Dog Book Free*

We urge you to write for a free copy of Polk Miller's famous Dog Book. It contains the accumulated experience of fifty years. In clear, non-technical language it tells the symptoms of all dog diseases and explains the best treatments for each. There are useful articles on feeding, breeding and rearing dogs. This book has been the guide for millions of dog lovers. It is revised yearly and kept strictly up-to-date. It has saved the lives of untold thousands of valuable dogs. It is free.

*Expert Advice Free*

If your dog develops a condition not fully explained in the Dog Book, *write us at once.* State age, breed, sex and all symptoms. Our expert veterinarian will answer personally, sending, without charge, complete instructions for care and treatment. Sergeant's Dog Medicines and Dog Food are on sale at dealers everywhere. If you cannot obtain them, write direct. Address Polk Miller Products Corp., 1074 W. Broad St., Richmond, Va.

*Write for Free Sample of Sergeant's Dog Food*
*We Guarantee Your Dog Will Eat It.*

Sergeant's
DOG MEDICINES
*A medicine for every dog ailment*


(Continued from Page 71)

killers running through the walls and shooting down people; when I realized how much had been going on around me all the time that I never even knew, I was kind of dizzy.

To try to think of Bill Nigel, for instance, as a danger to me, seemed all out of kilter. I knew Bill only one way. But I remembered that his face was certainly hard and his voice soft, and that combination, I have since learned, is a dangerous one. The way Bill talked when things were tight stamped him as a pretty tough customer when he wanted to be. I couldn't forget that.

Right there is the bad thing about criminals. You meet them in the street every day. When you ride on a trolley car, or walk along a crowded street, they are there rubbing elbows with you, and they are just the same to look at as other people. From reading books I had built up in my mind pictures of criminals that made different people of them. That is all wrong. Maybe the fellow you apologize to when you step on his toe in the train is even a killer like the man George said had slipped down these very stairs to murder Uncle Isaac.

I kept turning these crazy thoughts over in my mind as we stood there. Finally I heard the faintest tinkle of steel and felt George turning on the stairs so that he faced me. Then he flashed the light on again and it sort of blinded me. I saw something shining in his hand. The gun he had slipped into his side coat pocket and the butt stuck out. The black handle was dull, but there was a rim of steel running through it, and that twinkled in the light.

"Hold out your hands, kid," George whispered. "I'm goin' to slip cuffs on you. It ain't me that'll leave you in the place of a stool, or a rat! If this mob ever got the idea you helped me, your life wouldn't be worth a plugged dime."

I held up my hands and he put the cuffs on. Then he took my own handkerchief and bandaged it tight over my mouth. A queer little smile played about his lips all the time, but his eyes were as hard as the blade on pa's putty knife.

"The sticks, eh?" he muttered. "Well, let it be the sticks. All Mr. Nigel has done is brought a show-down quicker than either of us expected." He was thinking about Bill fixing his transfer.

Then George fumbled around against the end of the passage and it opened. I felt the air of the room that was mine sweep onto the stairs. George had doused the light again, but my room was lighter than the stairs and I could see a little farther, even if I didn't see much better. George went through into the room. I followed him.

He found the switch and snapped it on. Everything was familiar to me. The passage I had wondered about opened right where the door of my room swung against the wall. That made it a cinch that I never would move anything in front of it by chance. George looked around. The gun was back in his hand and he put the flash light away inside his coat. The queer little smile still held his lips; the hard look still filled his eyes.

"Stretch out on the bed, Johnny," he told me. "Whatever happens, you just say it at all of a sudden you woke up and the light in your room was burning and I stood at the foot of your bed. Tell folks that I told you I was arrestin' you, see? An' tell 'em that I put the cuffs on you an' gagged you so's you couldn't sing out a warnin' to others that might come to your room. That will keep the gang away from you later, see?"

I nodded and stretched out on the bed. I was mighty uncomfortable, felt rotten. George sat down on the edge of the bed and looked at me a minute

"Do you ever smoke?" he asked after a minute. I shook my head no.

"Then I won't," he said to himself. "Somebody might smell it an' be tipped off by that. I've got a hunch that you'll have a caller later on. I want him to get into the room without no trouble."

"Only Bill might come," I said, but the handkerchief made the words mumble and jumble so that George only grinned and shook his shoulders to let me know he couldn't understand.

He looked at his watch, held it up for me to see. The time was twenty minutes of eleven o'clock.

There we were, George sitting on the bed, his big gun stuck into his side coat pocket once more, his hands caught together between his knees and that queer smile twisting his lips. Me stretched out on the bed, my hands caught together with the cuffs, that handkerchief tied tight across my mouth. We just waited, and I didn't know what we were waiting for.

"I'll tell you a couple o' things, kid," George said after a time. "I know I'm right, though. I just want to be sure of myself. It helps me to repeat an' repeat; then if there was somethin' wrong I would catch it in tellin' about it, see? I know every member of Nigel's gang—every one! I made it my business to check up on 'em mighty close. I know who was in this place the day of the killin'. I know the only man that could have been here, Johnny. I'm goin' to get him—get him plenty. If he tries to stop me, kid, you'll be a silent witness to his death! If he don't, there'll be twelve witnesses to his death after trial."

George continued: "This is my big case, kid. Mebbe it's true that I'm hard at it just to save a three-thousand-dollar job, but anyway, I'm hard at it. I believe in doin' my job, that's all. Nobody is goin' to stop me. If the big bosses are sore on me for doin' it, they can fire me. As long as I'm a cop I'm goin' to be the best cop I know how to be. There's too many cops that ain't the best kind they know how to be—an' that is rotten."

I got the idea that George was defending himself to himself rather than to me. He was like a man who knows very well he has done the right thing against a lot of opposition, and I could see that he got plenty of satisfaction from these thoughts. He was just telling himself over and over again how right he was. But the way he said it all scared me more than ever.

Just imagine laying on a bed, handcuffed and gagged, and seeing a man either shot down for resisting, or admitting things that would send him to the electric chair for killing Uncle Isaac. What a swell place for me! But George had certainly played square with me. The cuffs and the gag did the trick to save me from the gang after he had got his man. He thought of me, fair enough.

That wait was a terrible thing. The sounds of the street drifted in—the far-off rumble of everyday things like trolley cars and motortrucks shifting through the night and into this room where sudden death lay. Cripes!

I kept thinking, as I lay there, about those common noises. A truck banging across a car track. People walking along the street there and hearing the noise first-hand. Then the sound spreading all over, in all different directions; finally reaching George and me as we sat there in the small room just waiting. The same noise spread into other rooms, I thought. Maybe into rooms where people were reading and paying no attention, or into rooms where other people were having a party and making noises of their own that drowned out the sounds we heard. Men and women heard the same noise; maybe children who couldn't sleep lay under the covers and listened and wondered about it all. But of all these, who could be in a worse spot than me?

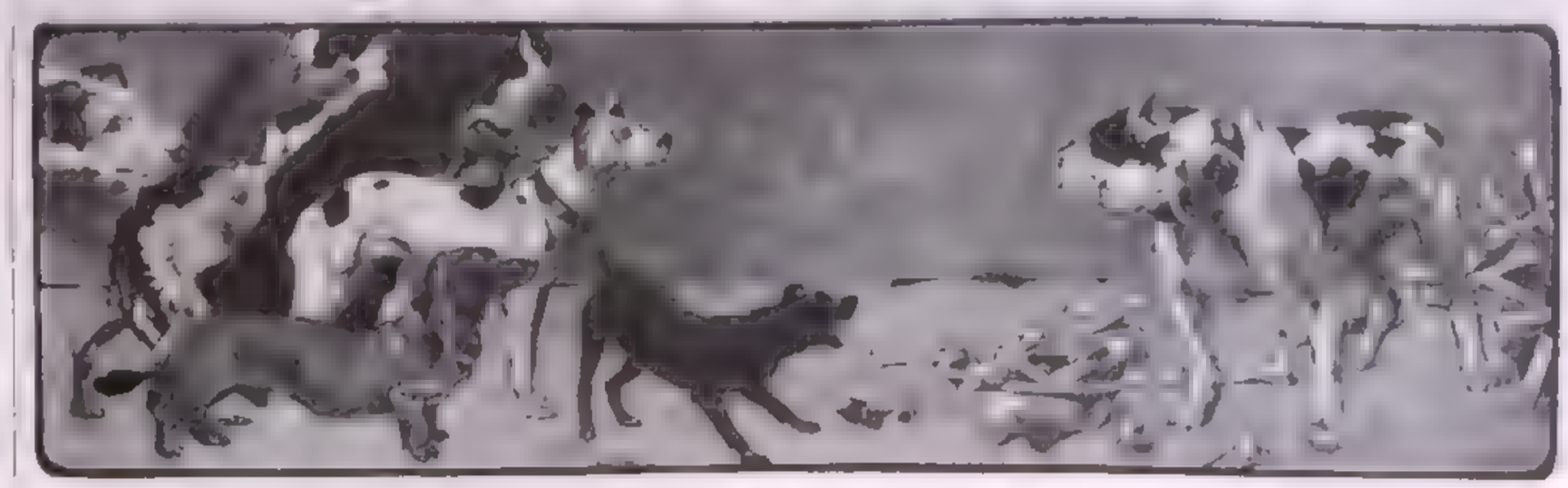
Upon the ceiling, right where my look came naturally, there was a yellow spot on the plaster. I wondered if it had been there when Uncle Isaac used the room. I wondered if it had looked down into the room on the meeting that George thought caused the pawnbroker's murder. If it could speak, I thought, what could it say? Maybe it was just a rain spot—the building was old. Suppose it had been there when Uncle Isaac was alive and using the room. Would that have anything to do with what might happen later, any minute? Would it hear the first step of the person George was expecting? Would it change if a killing took place? Another man dead right there under it to add to its memory of things it couldn't say?

If the spot remained there, why not Uncle Isaac too? I wondered if spirits did come back to earth. If they did, and Uncle Isaac was there, was he talking to the yellow spot, and to the walls, and the bed and the old chest of drawers, and all those other things that see all and hear all and never can speak? I wondered if Uncle Isaac was whispering to those things, and waiting there with us for the man who had killed him! What he must be saying to them in the words that have no sound! How he must be trying to thank George, sitting there with his hands caught between his knees and his big gun sticking out of his pocket.

Once it seemed to me that I saw Uncle Isaac there. He was standing right before George, and he had his old Prince Albert coat on, and the skullcap. The cap had no hole in it and was not wet at all. His stooped shoulders hunched over George's head like they had over the little cage in the old pawnshop; his crazy spectacles were roosting on his huge nose; his dirty hands, with scale on them and the black dots where dust had dried in perspiration, were fingering something. It was my little ring. As I realized it, the ring felt hot on my finger.

I can tell you one thing for sure: No matter who you are—no matter if you are the biggest and smartest and strongest man on earth—even if you have been through a hundred colleges and read a million books and know everything about everything—even then, I say, you are only the leap of an oyster from being crazy!

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

'WELCOME'

*America's great motor highways say it at every turn of the road. "Easy Riding"—U.S. Royals say it at every turn of the wheels. Ride everywhere on U.S. Royals.*

# U.S. ROYAL CORDS

NO BETTER TIRES MADE TODAY

Travel in comfort on U. S. Royal Cords. Forget rough roads, bad pavements and fear of the "detour" sign. Today's ROYAL CORD is the finest ROYAL ever built—for comfort, safety, easy steering, fine appearance and mileage. Ride on Royals. Specify Royals. Always replace with Royals.

US

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

# "Didn't I *tell* you!"

THOSE sickening words! She *did* tell him that he'd have an accident, if he didn't have his brakes relined with RUSCO. Some day, *perhaps* he will stop hearing about it. To drive with peace of mind and full confidence that you can always STOP QUICK, simply have your brakes relined with RUSCO.

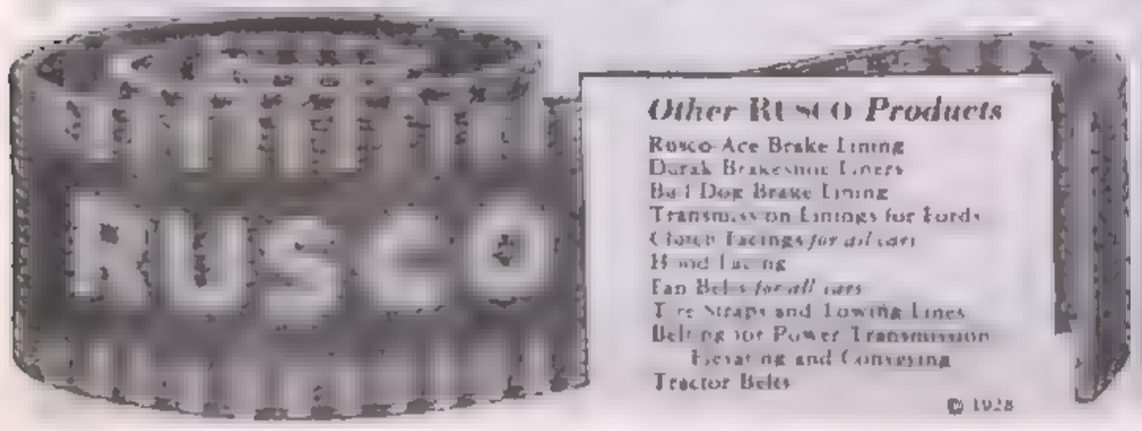
***Holds in WET Weather as Well as in Dry***

Rusco Brake Lining is treated with a special, RUSCO secret compound, so that water has no effect on its efficiency.

Rusco repair men pay more for RUSCO than for ordinary lining, but they do not charge you any more. They use special mechanical equipment that insures expert adjustment and application of RUSCO. Have your brakes inspected, adjusted or relined today at the nearest Rusco Brake Service Station. Send for free booklet. The Russell Mfg. Co., Middletown, Conn.

*Garagemen:* Send today for famous Rusco proposition to the trade

RUSCO BRAKE LINING




# PATIENT HEARS MOCKERBIRD

(Continued from Page 17)

For two days he didn't talk save in necessary monosyllables—just watched her as she ran in and out. Yes, ran! She was a quick one, the Krensz girl; she seemed to run just for the fun of it. In she ran, out she ran—and so soundlessly. Henry couldn't understand it; but he wouldn't ask, not Henry. Then one day she swooped down upon her low shoe, took it off and shook it. The bottom was covered with rubber. Rubber at a shoe! Think once!

She brought him good food—that he would have to give her; och, yes, better food than Henry knew existed in the world; so many kinds and so well cooked that it made the water come into his mouth. And candy even! Henry had never experienced any sort but the hard varicolored pellets dispensed from a wooden bucket, and that rarely; now the Krensz girl proffered him a mushy sort through which his teeth sank at a single clip. At his first experience he had gazed at her in pained astonishment; she had doubled with laughter, sinking her clasped palms in a way she had between her knees and backing off. She had asked him if he liked it, and when he nodded solemnly she brought him bits of it after each meal. She talked much; she told him of her mother seated in a wheel chair somewhere in the rear of the house; she told him of that huge brother who came in each day to give Henry his bath; she told him of their old schoolmates. Henry listened, but he proffered nothing. He had got himself into trouble once through talking. All he wanted now was to get out of that bed, out of that house.

It appeared that he was taking the wrong tack. Och, they had him like such rats in a trap! Henry, with the keen ears of those who live much in the open, heard the doctor and the girl outside the door.

"All the time he lays there dumb," the girl was saying; "just staring in front of himself dumb-like. A half of the time he makes like he ain't hearing nothing I speak. And he puts nothing at all out of himself. Now how do you bring that out?"

"Recurrent coma," said the physician. "Queer—his head has healed so nicely on the outside, but so long as there's something wrong inside —— Keep a special watch on that, will you? Note down any symptom that seems abnormal, any aberration, any unnatural excitement, any change in appearance. He may develop into an interesting case yet."

Coma once? What would that be now? Some such sickness he shouldn't have; and they thought he had it because he didn't talk! And if he did talk, they thought he was out from his head! Was ever man in such wretched plight? Again Henry considered cannily. He would have to talk—that much was certain—but he would consider carefully what he said; he would show no excitement; his one task now was to prove to the Krensz girl that he was entirely reasonable.

"I feel fur gitting up," he said earnestly to her the following morning. "I feel it at me that I have plenty strong. I got to git up. I ain't no millionaires."

She flushed. "Don't leave that make a worry for you," she said briefly. "It will go a while yet till I give you a bill."

"I know it comes dear, living by sickness," he persisted. "And you said I was a week here a'ready."

She considered him. She said slowly, "And I wasn't saying for how much longer." Henry started. "You got to know it sometime—you been here it's just behind three weeks. But what does it make a difference? I ain't ——"

Henry heard no more; all his senses had closed in upon him. He emerged like a snail from a stunned shell. His arms waved like distracted feelers.

"Git me my socks and git out of here!" he moaned hollowly.

She sprang to his side, wide alarm in her eyes. "You stop where you're at!" She restored one naked foot with her vigorous young strength. "Was you off again, or what?"

"I ain't off, but I'm a-goin' out," glinted Henry dangerously.

"What's over you, anyhow? Take another thought if you think you're getting up till I give you the dare." Henry perforce sank back, hating her. She stood above him, ready to pounce upon him. He turned his eyes from the loathsome sight of her. "What is it at you?" she demanded sternly. "I ain't ever badgered you for no money." She stopped suddenly and added a strange thing: "I ain't forgetting how you looked in your face once, even if I was only nine years aged at the time." Her eyes veered from him.

Henry did not see her, scarcely heard her. "What fur number in the month is it, anyhow?" he demanded in dread.

"Leave me see—today makes the nineteenth."

The nineteenth! This time Henry did not even groan; he lay back, staring vacantly.

The Krensz girl stood regarding him alertly, her full lower lip pleated between her thumb and forefinger in a way she had when acutely puzzled.

"Is anything at you?" she inquired. "Do you feel ——"

"I don't feel nothing," said Henry shortly. He gazed at her. Och, elend, it was hard to have to confide in the Krensz girl! But what else could he do? "You ain't to think I feel comas nor anything else. But I got to speak somepin particular to you—somepin that makes an important hurry fur me. Till four days I got to git myself to a sale." He told her then about the Dischinger field. "And it has come to make that much with me," he concluded simply, "that I don't feel fur wanting to live no more if I ain't gitting it."

She had stood without word, without movement, her eyes never leaving his.

"Then you have got fur to have it," she said quietly. For the first time Henry regarded her, not with liking—oh, never, the Krensz girl—but with tolerance.

She made plans. Henry had sat up against the pillows for two days now; today he should sit in a chair; he should even try his strength in taking steps; tomorrow more, the next day much more; and the day following the day of the sale—since he wouldn't allow anyone else to bid for him, she would try to get dare off the doctor for to take him there on a buggy—yes, if she wouldn't! Her eyes were sparkling; she was backing off, her palms between her knees. Henry's eyes sparkled too; for the first time he smiled at the Krensz girl.

"I will show you once how I can make!" boasted Henry the next day.

He did surprise her, and she seemed as glad as he; she praised him and clapped her hands. It was a new experience for Henry to have anyone care what he did or how he did it—even his animals didn't do that—and it made him feel foolish; it made him want to laugh all the time. It seemed as though he and the Krensz girl were playing some sort of game; it seemed as though this must be how the children felt when they ran about shouting and laughing—thus Henry, who had never been a child. He wanted her praise; more and more he craved her praise; he invented naïve pretexts to keep her in the room—and at intervals brought himself up sharply and said to himself that he was paying her enough, yes, anyhow. It was her business to wait on him, wasn't it?—particularly since he was her only patient. And then he goaded himself to remember every so often that this was the girl with the brass curls—yes, he mustn't forget that; he mustn't trust her too far.

He remembered, too, that rumor that she was to marry Kochensparger. It had amused him when he had first heard it; he

(Continued on Page 79)

# "I had lost every ounce of cheerfulness I ever possessed!"

*Los Angeles, Calif.*

"Two years ago an attack of influenza left me so weak that I had to give up all outdoor sports (of which I am very fond) and dancing. I lost weight steadily—became nervous, 'touchy.' And everything I ate seemed to disagree with me.

"Medicines proving useless, my parents suggested a change of climate. But after a month's complete rest I looked and felt no better than before.

"One day a friend of mine offered the suggestion — 'Fleischmann's Yeast.' It seemed useless, but I started in, eating a cake three times a day. The results were wonderful—and prompt. In a month I had taken enormous strides towards recovery. I can't praise Fleischmann's Yeast too highly."

JESSIE E. GRENNAN

MISS JESSIE E. GRENNAN, LOS ANGELES

THE use of drugs and strong cathartics is like a vicious circle. The oftener you take them the sooner you need to resort to them again.

With Fleischmann's Yeast it's quite different. Fresh Yeast is not a medicine but a *food*—the same as any garden vegetable. Yeast gently tones up sluggish intestines, clears out depressing poisons. Evacuation gradually becomes regular, *complete*. Your whole system responds—digestion, appetite, complexion. Even your disposition reflects your new internal health!

Buy 2 or 3 days' supply at a time from your grocer and keep in any cool, dry place. Write for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. D-70, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York.

*Chronic [illegible] and constipation will [illegible] in my work,"* writes Mr. [illegible]. *His letter [illegible]:*

*[illegible], Mass.*

"Recently I formed my own window cleaning business. I work on the [illegible], and in the evening attend to the detail of management, taking in the pots, getting new [illegible].

"I am also keen on dancing. But a bad skin is a real [illegible] when visiting girls for dances. I suffered [illegible], and was troubled with stomach disorders as well.

"My doctor advised Fleischmann's Yeast. It drove all the [illegible] out of my system and made my skin [illegible]. I come home with plenty of pep left over for dancing. What's more, the girls seem glad to dance with me."

R. ROYCE WILSON

MR. L. C. SNOW

[illegible]

[illegible] Fleischmann's Yeast as a corrective for [illegible] constipation. At that time I myself had [illegible], particularly after eating [illegible]. Reading [illegible] spurred me to try Yeast [illegible].

After several months I was enjoying all my taboo dishes. My indigestion had vanished. For the correction of constipation, indigestion and bad skin I now make it a practice to advise the regular eating of Fleischmann's Yeast."

LEROY C. SNOW

## Joyous, vibrant health—*this new, simple way!*

[illegible] Fleischmann's Yeast [illegible] every day, one cake before each meal or between meals: [illegible] or any other [illegible]. For stubborn constipation physicians recommend drinking one cake in hot water—not scalding—before each meal and before going to bed. And train yourself to form a regular daily habit. Harsh, habit-forming cathartics can gradually be discontinued.

# From hundreds of coffees, a few were chosen and mingled

*Years ago this shade of flavor was created—*
*this taste that is now changing the habits of a nation*

A FLAVOR no one had ever tasted! A special shade of mellow richness which no single coffee grown could yield! This was what Joel Cheek set out to create years ago in the South.

What uncounted natural flavors he had to choose from! Syrupy, rich coffee from the East Indies, "winy," acid coffee from Arabia—hundreds of different kinds and grades of coffee from the tropical lands of four continents.

Yet long ago in old Dixie, just as today, no one coffee by itself could please those men and women who made a fine art of things to eat and drink.

"Good to the last drop"

### *Many flavors mingled*

Down in that land of good living—in old Tennessee—Joel Cheek worked long months combining and recombining, testing and rejecting. Finally he achieved it—that skillful mingling of many flavors which has today won such fame as never before came to a coffee.

The news of that mellow shade of difference in Maxwell House Coffee has travelled swiftly from the South through the entire United States.

From New York to Los Angeles, Maxwell House is now by far the largest selling coffee.

An adventure awaits you and your family in your first taste of its smooth, rich liquor. It will give you a new idea of how good a cup of coffee can really be. Grocers have Maxwell House Coffee in the famous sealed blue tins. Cheek-Neal Coffee Company, Nashville, Houston, Jacksonville, Richmond, New York, Los Angeles, Chicago.

*Radio listeners! Brilliant Programs* every Thursday—Maxwell House Coffee Radio Hour, 9:30 p. m. Eastern Daylight Time: WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, KDKA. 8:30 p. m. Eastern Standard Time: WBAL, WHAM, WBT, WJAX, WJR, WLW, WRVA. 8:30 p. m. Central Daylight Time: KYW. 7:30 p. m. Central Standard Time: KSD, WHO, WDAF, WRHM, WHAS, WMC, KVOO, KFRC, WOC, WOW, WTMJ, WSM, WSB, WBAP. 6:30 p. m. Mountain Standard Time: KOA. For stations west of Rockies, see local announcements.

*Where the notables of old Dixie gathered—at the Maxwell House in Nashville—this blend was served for many years*

## MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

*It is pleasing more people than any other coffee ever offered for sale*

(Continued from Page 76)

had said to himself that they would be well matched—that pair. Now it began to seem impossible to imagine her in Kochensparger's old house, a successor to those two others who in sheer weariness had given up the struggle—this creature with her blithe poise of head, her running step, the flare of color upon her strong cheek bones. She never mentioned Kochensparger; he never mentioned Kochensparger. It must have been just such gossip, Henry decided.

"But how you are improving yourself!" she exclaimed in the afternoon of that second wonderful day. "Till a little and I won't have no patient. And doc, too, he's give you up a'ready—you was hearing him, not?—that he ain't for coming again without I send after him?"

"And you wouldn't ever be doing that!" put in Henry quickly. "This hiring expensive doctors and buying land off of auctions ain't going just so good together." He threw himself restlessly. "If I can only oncet git it! But now that Kochensparger's after it, I don't know if ——"

"Kochensparger?" cried the girl sharply. Henry closed his lips. He eyed the girl warily. "But Kochensparger's got him a'ready three hunert acres or such. Was he wanting to git him this little ten on the top of it?"

"He says," said Henry cautiously, and would say no more. He watched the girl as she stood here and stood there, deep in thought. Finally she abruptly left the room. Henry heard the summoning whir of the telephone from behind the door across the hall.

He sat up alertly. What was she doing? Whom was she summoning? Why had she fallen into that strange abstraction after his stupid mention of Kochensparger? Stupid, yes; fear gripped him. Suppose there was something, after all, in that rumor about the girl and Kochensparger. Henry had told the girl just what he could afford to pay for the land; he had told her also his shrewd plans for making it yield even more the following year. Suppose now she ——

She had come running back with her light, noiseless step. She was proffering him three of those candies upon her strong pink palm. And she was laughing; her round candid eyes were gazing straight into his. Och, no, thought Henry, she couldn't fool him that much, and ate the candy.

And then that night he heard Kochensparger's voice. He heard his voice following a knock upon the ceremonial front door. He heard the girl's voice and it rang high like a clear glad bell.

"Come in oncet," he heard her say. "Won't you spare your hat and coat? . . . Och, now, that box ain't for me? Ain't you expensive, though! Come ahead on in here."

In the course of an hour Henry had to have a drink. He was sure the water by his bedside was not fresh. He rang his little bell.

She came in, shielding the light of her candle from Henry's eyes. The golden flare thus flung back upon her own face showed her flushed and happy. Also it showed ringlets about her face—ringlets tipped with brass.

"I wouldn't be keeping you," Henry stared at her hardly. "You have got settin'-up company."

"That's right too," laughed the Krensz girl. "But ring anyhow if you feel to want something." She went swiftly back to Kochensparger.

Want anything? No, he didn't want anything but that land, and that he would have in spite of the Krensz girl and Kochensparger. Och, my, the hard! The hard to lie there and know that he was being betrayed under that same roof! But he would fool them yet! Yes, now he would do what he had said he would never do—he would put a mortgage on the precious ten acres he already owned. The auctioneer knew him. Henry would bid what he had to bid and then he would put the hateful papers on his land. Yes, he would; he was going to get something out of life anyway; he'd never asked for much and this he was going to have. Thus Henry, with a long sob, burying his tormented head in the pillow, then quickly jerking his face from contact with it—the pillow which belonged to the girl with the brass curls.

She came in blithely in the morning and blithely flung open the shutters.

"It makes a fine day," she said, and turned in her usual quick way toward the bed. "And how was you feeling?"

"Good," lied Henry. Oh, he was going to play up to her!

She looked hard at him. She came to the side of the bed and studied his face, haggard from sleeplessness, his eyes dull from anxiety and disillusion. "You sure you slept good?"

"Good," lied Henry; and because she still gazed searchingly at him and because he was determined to be canny, he said as lightly as he could manage; "I was hearing the mockerbird this morning early—just behind daylight."

Miss Krensz stared at him strangely. "What fur mockerbird?"

"The mockerbird where was in the oak just above the bull. It must of been that one, fur I never ——"

"It ain't no mockerbirds around here." The girl stood, her head tilted slightly, her lip plaited between her thumb and forefinger. "Teacher said oncet—don't you mind?"

"I guess I know mockerbirds a'ready!" Henry retorted with some heat. In spite of his resolve, Henry gazed at this perfidious creature malevolently. She placed her palm upon his forehead. He winced with acute distaste. She looked at him in silence; then, without a word, went to her little table, wrote upon her chart and left the room.

It was an inauspicious way to begin the day, Henry reflected irritably; but, after all, why pretend amiability with this woman who had proved herself so treacherous? Anyway, he couldn't do it; he did not know the ways of simulation. It was hard enough to lie upon her bed, to listen to her voice, to eat her food. For two days more—for two days more.

She brought his breakfast presently and Henry choked down what he could, pushed the tray from him and lay back upon his pillow.

"You ain't feeling just so hearty fur your wittles," she observed quietly.

"No." Henry threw his head restlessly.

She stood for a moment with the tray in her hands, then she did an unaccustomed thing. She set it down and hurried across the hall. Henry heard the whir of the telephone.

If she were summoning the doctor—Henry gritted his teeth—it would add proof to what he already knew to be the truth: She and Kochensparger were in league together to get as much of his money away from him as possible.

Now was a time for desperate measures. He lay, his ears acute to small noises. Presently he heard the gate click. Was she off now to do her usual morning marketing?

Henry got one foot upon the floor, then the other. He knew his clothing was in that walnut wardrobe—och, yes, there was his underwear, his socks. How good it seemed to be pulling them on again! Hurry, hurry! Now his shirt, now his trousers! Where were his shoes now?

There were steps in the hall. Henry scuttled into bed, clenched the bedclothes tightly beneath his chin and regarded the opening door with bright, wary eyes.

"Well, well," the physician greeted with professional cheer. "You see I couldn't quite give you up." He picked up the chart, read it and his expression changed. He stared hard at Henry, stroking his jaw; something in the gesture reminded Henry of the girl plaiting her lip. What could she have written upon that chart now?

The visitor walked to the window, looked out, turned casually. "Lots of birds this time of year. Hear any this morning?"

"A mockerbird," stated Henry defensively.

"Sure it was a mockingbird?"

Why did these people question his knowledge of birds? It was the one thing of which Henry was proud. What had birds to do with his sickness anyway?

"It ain't the first time I am hearing it, neither." His red-rimmed sleepless eyes stared belligerently. "It was ower the bull the day he histed me."

"Yes, yes," said the other soothingly. "Just forget the bull now. Let's have that pulse."

His pulse was in his wrist—and his wrist was in the flannel shirt! Henry curled beneath the bedclothing and once more gripped it with desperation.

"She put it a'ready onto that chart." He strove to divert the other.

With deft force the physician secured the wrist. He uttered an exclamation of surprise and stripped down the bedclothes. Henry lay fully clothed, but not, according to the physician's expression at the moment, entirely in his right mind.

"Why did you put these clothes on?" he demanded.

"Because I felt fur it," defied Henry.

"What made you get into bed with them on?"

"Because I felt fur it."

"Get them off," ordered the medical gentleman.

What was the use? Henry let him do as he would with him. The girl came. Again there was a hateful whispered consultation in the hall.

All that day Henry let the girl do as she would. Seething with rebellion, outwardly he submitted. Tomorrow was the sale and she had promised to get him there and then to drive him to his own place. Someway—and this afterward seemed strange to Henry—he never once doubted the Krensz girl's word that she would do as she had promised. Even this day, when she talked so little and Henry talked not at all, her eyes looked so straightly at him and so kindly—so kindly! That was the hard part of it—to have her look so kindly, even almost sadly, and to know she was so treacherous. Yes, and this puzzled Henry and at the same time infuriated him: he found himself watching the Krensz girl when he didn't want to watch her at all; he found himself thinking of the Krensz girl instead of thinking of the sale upon the morrow and of that beautiful slope of field which he was bound to have. Once he found her dancing before him in a blurred watery rhythm—what was it? Tears? Why, he didn't know tears! What had he been thinking of to make tears? He had been thinking of the girl in Kochensparger's house. . . . Henry had never despised anyone, anything, so much as he despised himself in that amazing revelatory moment.

She came in the following morning and threw open the shutters with assumed blitheness—oh, yes, it was assumed, Henry could see that.

"And how was you feeling this morning?"

"Good," lied Henry.

"I guess you ain't hearing no mockerbirds this morning." She looked at him earnestly, so earnestly, as though she were pleading with him to say he really hadn't.

Henry had heard the mockingbird again, but he wasn't going to say so; he had a vague feeling that the mockingbird had incriminated him in some way the day before.

"I am hearing five or either six kinds a'ready this morning," he said cautiously.

The girl looked thoughtful. She took up the chart, looked meditatively at Henry again, then wrote upon it. Henry was acutely aroused. She looked as one who plots.

The physician came. He read the chart. Again he turned to Henry, stroking his jaw. Henry could have laughed had he not been so annoyed by his visit as he watched him dropping his silly pills in a glass of water. This was the day of the sale—the day of escape.

(Continued on Page 81)

Makes the Best Drink Taste Better

EXQUISITE FLAVORS are subtle and elusive. They may be lost entirely if the drink is swallowed hastily. But when sipped through a straw, every shade of flavor is intensified and the drink is enjoyed to the utmost!

It's so easy to keep Stone's Straws in the home for use at parties, meal-time and for serving milk and other drinks to children. The handy 10c Home Package contains a liberal supply.

Not only do straws make the best drink taste better, they also prevent gulping and thereby aid digestion. Stone's Straws are machine made, therefore absolutely sanitary. The best soda fountains and restaurants always use them. Get the 10c Home Package at your druggist's today.

Dealers: Always order "Stone's Straws" by name.

STONE STRAW CORPORATION
General Offices: Washington, D. C.
Factories in
Washington, D. C. and Baltimore, Md.

STONE'S Sanitary STRAWS

gers and chilled bodies because of inefficient radiator valves and obsolete boilers. Athletic youngsters would have the invigorating shower-baths they need for sturdy growth.

Strange, that the very man who considers many of his possessions as old when they have served a year or two, will yet handicap himself and his family by trying to get along with plumbing and heating equipment that is ten to twenty years behind the times.

Guard the health of your home and your property investment by taking inventory of its comfort and sanitation resources.

For informing, helpful, cheerful assistance, call on your plumbing contractor and your heating contractor. They will scientifically appraise and diagnose your heating and plumbing systems in the light of their wide experience.

They will examine your present equipment, make practical suggestions for betterment, and explain in detail the newest developments to give you more service while saving you money.

Today, call them in to "make a health examination of your home."

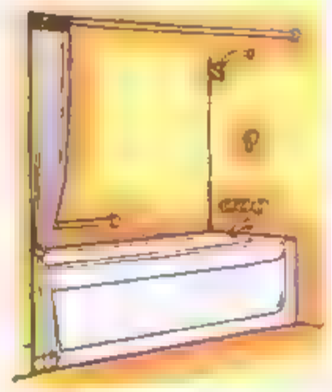
# If *bathtubs and boilers were* MOTOR CARS

Weeks before the *Annual Bathtub and Boiler Show*, the newspapers had been filled with stories about the forthcoming new models. Heating engineers had been copiously quoted. Sanitary experts had expounded their views.

When the doors swung open, a capacity attendance filled the vast structure. Women gasped at the sheer new beauties of line in the wide variety of the newest plumbing fixtures. Men knowingly perused the specification sheets of the latest model boilers. On every side excited partisans were arguing the relative merits of porcelain tubs, of increased fire-travel boilers.

Unfortunately for the health and comfort of America, the foregoing is as yet a purely fanciful account of an awakened public interest in better plumbing and heating.

Were it reality, mothers would no longer be burdened by old-fashioned sinks and dwarfed drain-board space. Children would not suffer pinched fin-



## Plumbing and Heating Industries Bureau

*The national association of Heating Contractors, Master Plumbers, Wholesalers, and Manufacturers*

Evansville, Indiana

MAKE A HEALTH EXAMINATION OF YOUR HOME

(Continued from Page 79)

When he heard the clock in the outer hall strike nine he said to the girl: "I ain't needful fur a buggy to pack me. It ain't only a piece ways. I want to go on my own feet standing."

She said in a constrained tone, "No, you don't need no buggy."

At 9:30 he said: "I'll put the clothes at me now. It makes the sale at a quarter behind eleven."

"It's plenty time," she said, and left the room.

Henry presently rang the little bell. She did not appear. He started to get out of bed. She came in at once. Again she made excuse.

Twice this happened. The suspicion grew upon Henry that she was in reality in the hall outside, listening for movement upon his part.

Ten o'clock struck. There was no time to be lost! He'd get his own clothes. He got his feet upon the floor. She came in. Henry grabbed a sheet chastely about his modest self and faced her.

"I'm a-going to git my own clothes." He glinted dangerously. "Take another guess if you're thinking to fool me out of that sale." He started toward the wardrobe.

She got there first. With two sweeps she had reft Henry's clothing from the hooks. She made for the door, slammed it, locked it.

For a second the sheeted Henry stood in nightmare. Then: "You pack them clothes in here backward!" he shouted.

"You ain't going on no sale!" she called back.

"I am a-going on that sale!" cried Henry. "You lock open that door! Doc said a'ready this morning I could go—you was hearing him yourself. He passed his word he wouldn't be stopping me off if you would go with and set alongside." If she heard she gave no sign. Henry continued to shout, to gesture at the locked door. "Nobody's going fur to stop me! Do you hear oncet?"

Silence. He sat down weakly upon the bed. He'd got to get out—he'd got to get out! How? With the door locked and his clothing gone?

He went to the window. He tried it cautiously. It wouldn't give! He wrenched frantically. But of course the catch was on! Windows weren't locked from the outside. There was the way of escape—but in what to escape?

He made for the wardrobe again. On the way he grabbed up the chart. What was it the girl had written which had made the doctor look at him in that queer fashion? "Patient hears mockerbird"—that was the entry of the day before in her round painstaking hand. But what about today's? "Patient still hears mockerbird." Henry's mind spun dizzily. But he hadn't told the girl he heard the mockingbird! Why, then had she written it? . . . He saw it—he saw it! She'd lied, that's what she had, because she didn't want him to get out! She wanted the road clear for Kochensparger, so she'd lied about him hearing the mockingbird. Just why hearing a mockingbird should make him seem crazy in medical eyes Henry did not know: he only knew he'd had a frantic time persuading the physician to allow him to go—and now she had blocked it! But she hadn't; no, if he had to go in the sheet, he'd go!

He felt a sick surge of disappointment as he stared into the wardrobe—a woman's gingham dress, a shawl —— What was this? A man's coat? Yes, but no trousers—a linen duster; on the shelf a derby hat and an ostrich feather; on the floor his own shoes. He seized upon the latter with trembling haste. He considered again—the duster—a woman's, probably—well, anyway, if he could get it on —— It was a man's! It must have belonged to the huge brother, for it would have wrapped twice about Henry. But it covered him and his nightrobe and left exposed only a couple of inches of bare limb above his shoes. Henry had never in his life felt so triumphantly clothed as when he enshrouded himself in the duster, clapped on the derby and made for the window.

He hoisted it cautiously, measured the drop of five feet and projected one leg over the sill. All would have gone excellently well had it not been that Henry in his haste and excitement had taken no account of shoe laces. One of these inconsiderable articles caught upon a snowball bush in transit. Henry landed, limbs outflung, after the manner of an expiring crab, upon the nasturtiums beneath. The nasturtiums promptly took the count. Not so Henry! Henry, dazed and uncertain, sat up; he drew within him a troubled breath of life and blinked about him. The shoe laces were crawling dizzily from him, but with an effort he captured them. The one important thing, as it seemed to him at the moment—the only important thing—was to keep all his clothing tightly to him. He took the time to lace meticulously his shoes.

This proceeding was somewhat hampered by a black cloud which rhythmically obscured his vision. Henry numbly kept pushing back the obscuring investiture without pausing to reason that the derby must also have belonged to the huge brother. His feet properly accoutered at last, Henry rose and—still somewhat dizzy but with returning caution—made for the gate of the side garden. This gave upon a rear street of the town, and down this street went Henry with keen sense of elation. No one stopped him; no one apparently recognized him. Beyond some hoot calls of urchins he was unassailed. Alternately glancing over his shoulder and pushing at the derby, he went as fast as might be toward the steps of the old courthouse upon the edge of town.

He was disheartened as he came within view of the structure by the size of the crowd there collected. That was the reason there had been no one upon the streets! He was still more disheartened, as he drew within hearing distance, to discover that the bidding was already in progress. Breathless, the derby once more descending, Henry stumbled against a packing box upon the outskirts of the assemblage, rebounded and fetched up to hear a feminine voice just in front of him call out with determination: "Eight hunert twenty-five!"

"Come on now, folks," pleaded the auctioneer. "We like the ladies fine, but we don't believe in them getting no such a bargain as that. That would spoil them too much. What's a matter, Mr. Kochensparger? You started strong; you ain't going to let a woman get ahead of you, was you?"

Henry, dumb, all but deaf, caught the gleam of rich yellow teeth slightly to his fore.

"I got yet my reasons," said Kochensparger in his deliberate way, and turned to grin expansively upon the woman by his side. "That there was my bid you was raising," he admonished in loud possessive whisper. "You didn't know that, ain't? Let it to me; you get into too much excitements." He poked her with his elbow, half facetiously, half irritably.

Yes, they were standing together, he and the woman who had bid. And now she was smiling up at him, happily, triumphantly. "Listen oncet!" hissed Kochensparger. "He's a-goin' to knock it! Och, we won't need to bid no more! He's a-knockin' it to youse!"

Now—now was the time to speak! But Henry couldn't. After he had heard the woman bid it never occurred to him that he could. At the sight of her there, flushed, triumphant, happy, desolation such as he had never known swept him in a shrouding darkness even blacker than the derby—sheer grief that in all the world there could be such loveliness and such perfidy. Nothing seemed worth while; the ten-acre field seemed nothing. And with it all a queer feeling which set him swaying upon his heels—a feeling that if she wanted it she must have it!

It was over. Henry pushed back the derby. The crowd was breaking away. In front of him rose altercation.

"What do you mean by somepin like this, anyhow?" crashed a voice familiar and yet unfamiliar, for now there was no deliberation in it. "What do you mean, you ain't bidding fur me? Was you doubling-crossing me? Was you bidding that there in fur yourself?"

The woman laughed. She whirled, clasping her palms between her knees and backed from him. Her eyes sparkled this way, that way, lit upon Henry—stayed upon Henry. She straightened slowly, soberly. The derby eclipsed him; he raised it. She was still staring at him, but now she was coming toward him.

She would scold him; she would try to drive him back to bed; Henry braced. But she expressed not even her astonishment that he was there; instead she burst out as though this were the most important thing in the world:

"You did hear a mockerbird! A woman is here from Flathead ower and she says did anybody see her tame mocker. Och, to think that you have your right senses by you, after all!" She gazed upon Henry in his duster as though he were the most gratifying object she had ever beheld.

Henry got his voice: "But the chart—what made you put it at the chart that I was hearing the mocker when I ain't telling you I was? This morning a'ready ——"

"For the reason I wanted doc to stop you at your bed, and then when he never, I had got for to lock you out of your clothes. Och, don't you see anyhow? I could get the land cheaper for you than what you could get it for yourself. I had my reasons for knowing that when I oncet started in, that quick the other one would stop his bidding, for he would think ——"

A red man broke from those who had detained him and lunged between them.

"You ain't answered yet that question I said to you! You answer me up now! Was you a-biddin' that in fur yourself?"

"For him," said the Krensz girl.

"Slicker!" howled Kochensparger. "A-gittin' me there and a-squeezin' informations out of me! And see here oncet! What about them candy? Where's them three rich expensive boxes you slickered out of me a'ready?"

"In him," said the Krensz girl.

In speechless frenzy Kochensparger seized her by the arm. Henry launched out upon the instant with his stiff leg: the derby descended, but he got in some neat footwork.

"Leave loose!" muttered Henry to the hatband. "She ain't belonging to you!"

"I guess you mean to say she belongs to you!" sneered Kochensparger.

"You fetched him to me, anyway!" The Krensz girl laughed, and her laughter was like a clear glad bell. "Yes," she repeated, as though it amused her, "it was you where fetched him to me. And so far forth as the land goes, you ain't wanting no more land till you git me paid all."

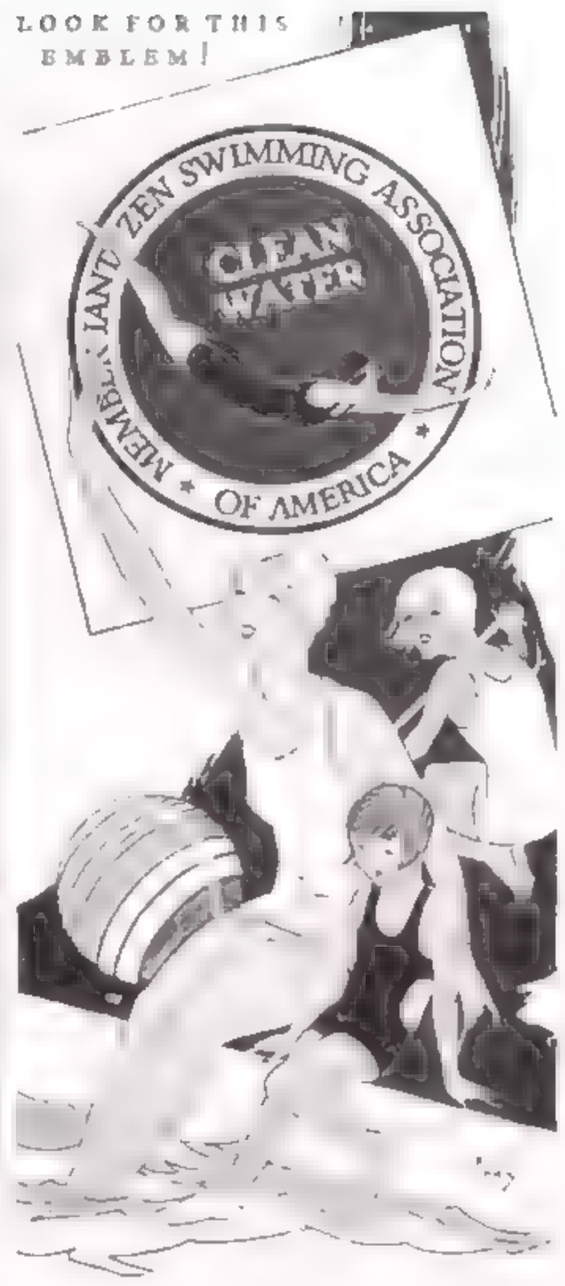
"You—paid? What do you mean—paid?"

"The hospital bills, to be sure," retorted the Krensz girl crisply. "It was your bull, ain't it, where busted him? It was your bull where had trespassered onto his field. To see that it don't take no lawyer! And then ag'in, here's somepin else—you packed him into my place yourself when he didn't have no say about it, and you says still to see that I made out a good bill fur it. Well, I am making out that there bill till a few days now."

Kochensparger sat down upon the packing box.

The derby descended. She took it off. "I'll pack it," she said possessively. "You don't become this stiff kind just so good."

"That ain't what makes," grinned Henry. "What makes is to git somepin where you'll become. With what you have saved from the land we can git some of them silks from cornstalks, not?"


*Approved* sanitation and *safety*

TWO HUNDRED pools and beaches . . . swimming places equipped with finest facilities . . . display this emblem of the Jantzen Swimming Association of America. It stands for pure, clean water, high standards of sanitation and safety. And only pools and beaches which maintain these high standards can retain membership.

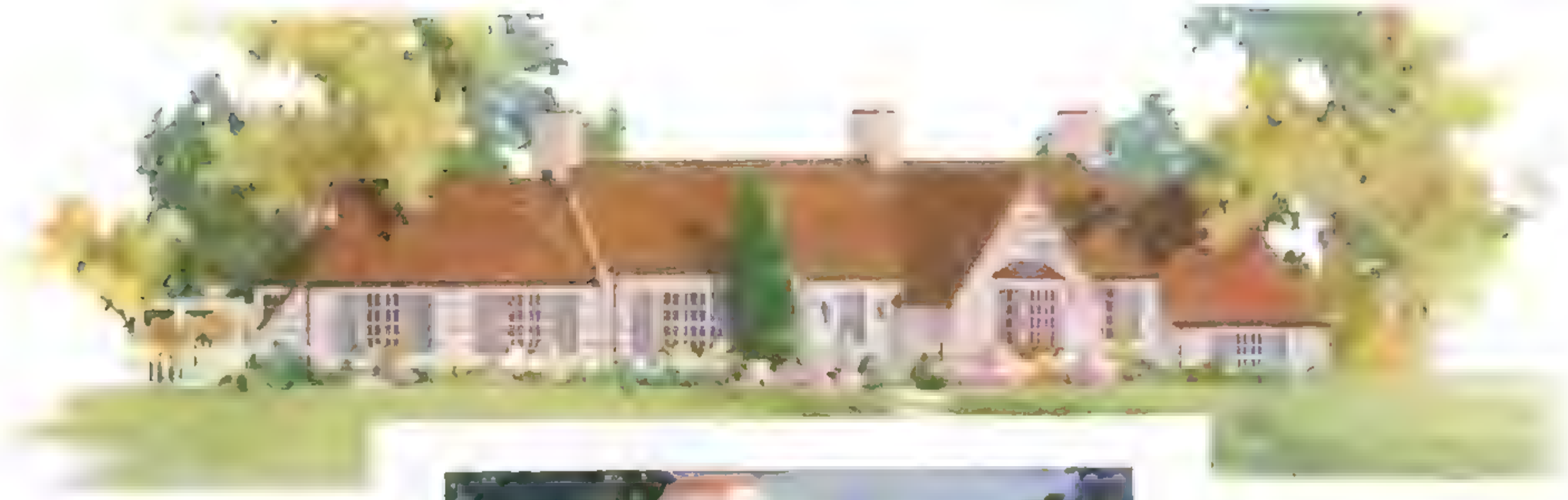
This Association was founded to raise the standards of sanitation and to develop swimming . . . to acquaint people with the benefits of this healthful sport. Its influence is shown by the fact that other pools and beaches are raising their standards to meet its strict admission requirements

Every swimming stroke — the crawl, back, side or overarm — aids muscular development, gives you added grace. The regular, deep breathing which every swimmer must master is especially beneficial Swimming, too, is an excellent method of reducing . . . easily, quickly, safely!

Send for free booklet: "*Swim for Health and Beauty!*" by Norman Ross, former world's champion swimmer Jantzen Swimming Association, Headquarters, 695 Sandy Boulevard, Portland, Oregon.

*Jantzen Swimming Association*
OF AMERICA

*Sponsored by*
THE GRAVER CORPORATION
*Engineers and Filter Manufacturers*
East Chicago, Indiana
ROBERTS FILTER MFG. COMPANY
*Filters and Recirculating Equipment*
Darby, Pennsylvania
WALLACE & TIERNAN
*Chlorine Control Apparatus*
Newark, N. J
JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS
*Swimming Suit Manufacturers*
Portland, Oregon



*Creo-Dipt residence of Mr. Earl E. Beyer, Scarboro, New York. Architects, Patterson & King, New York City. Roof of variegated brown, side-walls Creo-Dipt Dixie White.*

# *It's true...* a Creo-Dipt house costs *less...not more*

PLEASE don't look at this picture and say: "What a beautiful house . . wish *we* could afford it!"

*Any one* can afford the beauty of Creo-Dipts.

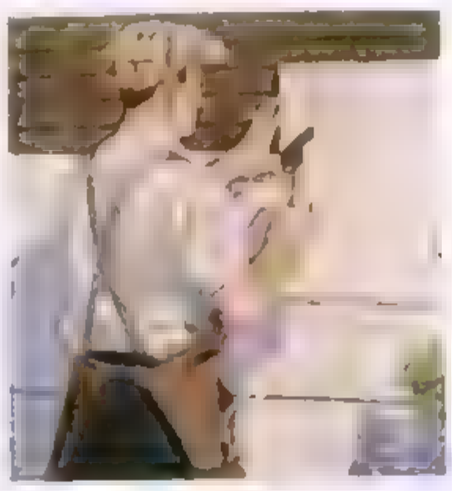
Put Creo-Dipt Stained Shingles on the side-walls of a new house, and in five to seven years they save enough upkeep to pay for their entire cost.

Or, cover *the side-walls of your present home* with Creo-Dipts and make a similar saving—and a big fuel saving besides—because Creo-Dipts over-siding keep out winter-cold and summer-heat.

And you can cut your roofing bills by building new roofs or re-roofing with Creo-Dipts.

Genuine Creo-Dipt Stained Shingles must fight rot and weather and last longer than ordinary shingles.

Genuine Creo-Dipts are cut only from the tough heart of giant cedars, 200 years old. The grain of the wood runs 100% straight from top to bottom of each shingle, so they will lay flat and snug without curling.



Many home owners are saving paint and fuel by laying Creo-Dipt Stained Shingles right over the side-walls of their present home. Mail the coupon for photographs.

And genuine Creo-Dipts come protected against weather—*ready to lay*—with the entire shingle surface covered with an even coating of color and preserving creosotive oils. This protective coating makes Creo-Dipt houses weather gracefully, with so much less upkeep.

If you own a frame or stucco house—or if you plan to build—you should clip and mail the coupon below today. It will bring you all the facts about Creo-Dipts—photographs of all types and sizes of old and new houses with Creo-Dipt side-walls and roofs—color chart, showing the wide choice of attractive Creo-Dipt colors.

Or, ask your architect, builder or lumber dealer. Insist upon *genuine* Creo-Dipts, with the name Creo-Dipt on each bundle.

CREO-DIPT COMPANY, INC., 1307 Oliver Street, No. Tonawanda, N.Y. *In Canada:* Creo-Dipt Company, Ltd., 1610 Royal Bank Building, Toronto. Sales offices in principal cities. Leading lumber dealers everywhere have *genuine* Creo-Dipt Stained Shingles in stock.

# CREO-DIPT
## *Stained Shingles*

**SEND FOR PHOTOGRAPHS**

Creo-Dipt Co., Inc., 1307 Oliver St., N. Tonawanda, N.Y.

Enclosed find 25c for portfolio of large size photographs of new Creo-Dipt homes by cost group, home remodeling, [illegible] suggested color schemes and name of local Creo-Dipt dealer, who will recommend a reliable carpenter-contractor. (Outside U. S. or Canada, please send 50c in money order or international stamps.)

Check

☐ Covering side walls ☐ Building new ☐ Re roofing

Name

Address

© C D Co., Inc., 1928

FACTORIES: NORTH TONAWANDA, N. Y., KANSAS CITY, MO., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., VANCOUVER, B. C. SALES OFFICES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

# THE LAST U

(Continued from Page 19)

the light. Watch out you don't get into the flash. Five minutes and I'll be up again."

He and the watch officer went down to have coffee out of the drive of the wind and water, but one or the other of them was always vigilant. Techel could hear the periscope turning this way and that, going up and coming down like an inquisitive ostrich. The observer was probably trying to get some distant object against the horizon.

"Is it often like this?" gasped a voice in Techel's ear.

The steersman looked over his shoulder. The third man had leaned over the cockpit and was speaking to him.

"Schwartzkopf?" asked Techel, recognizing the voice. "Yes, it's often like this—worse. Duck! Here's a big one!"

The other man came out of the water gurgling and choking. The steersman put the boat's head for the light again and turned to laugh.

"I thought you were a sailor," he said.

"I'm a torpedo man," gasped Schwartzkopf. "They've got me standing watch here. Oh, this is frightful! I'm going to be sick!" He groaned heavily and hung against the cockpit in agony.

"You go about in the U's a while and you learn what kind of soup sailor men drink, by golly!" remarked Techel unsympathetically. "No laying around the *Bierstuben* in Kiel for us! Go right out and take Neptune by the ruddy beard! Stand up and be a man! What the hell, you're older than I am!"

They shipped another sea that cascaded over the conning tower as though it were a tide rock.

Schwartzkopf made no attempt to escape the water, but hung to the edge of the conning tower, then collapsed limply.

"You'll get wet if you don't duck better than that!" shouted Techel.

"I don't care. I'm drenched to the skin. Oh, how cold I am! The water feels warm on me. Oh, the swine—the swine!"

"Here!" said Techel, seriously alarmed, and also penitent, for he had shipped the last wave purposely. "Lash yourself to the handrail! Idiot! You'll be overboard if you aren't careful! You dummy! I can't reach him! Here! I can't leave the wheel, but see if you've got sense enough to find a belt there. They've got patent lashings in there. Hook the belt around you."

"I want to die!" husked Schwartzkopf. "I was sent here to die! Let's have it over with!"

"Yes, I know!" bellowed Techel. "I've been seasick myself. You can't die of it, though, that's the worst of it! Here, give me your hand! Now if the old U falls off we're both gone. There, that'll hold you!"

He had turned and, quitting the wheel for just a second, he dragged the other toward him, reached into the cockpit, found a belt at the first grab, snapped it around Schwartzkopf and was back at the wheel. Several hundred gallons of cold sea water broke over him, but he had the boat back on her course just as the commander came up again.

"What's this?" asked the commander, shaking Schwartzkopf's body, for the latter had at last fainted and sagged in the safety belt like a dead man.

"It's the man from the König Albert, sir."

The commander made no comment, but turned to study the darkening horizon with his glass. A few minutes later he tapped Techel on the shoulder.

"Below!" he ordered. "Have someone give you a hand to get this invalid down."

He descended, and Techel, calling through the hatch, got someone to help him slide Schwartzkopf's inert body down two ladders to the *Zentral*. They left him there for the moment, wrapped about the ammunition-hoist motor to keep him from rolling under their feet with the motion of the boat. They dived, found bottom at thirty meters, and here they came to rest, rolling a little and bumping on the sand.

"Secure all and go below, the watch!" ordered the voice pipe.

"Night on the bottom!" exclaimed Techel. "And our first night out! Soft!"

"Sea's too rough to do anything else," observed one of the others. "It'll keep the patrol boats in too. Give this man-o'-war's man here a kick or two in the rudder post and see if he can't revive enough to get to his bunk."

"No," objected Techel, "give me a hand and we'll berth him like an admiral's barge. He's half drowned. I had to lash him to the rail up above and he must have drunk enough Channel to lower the tide level. Here, grab hold in back of him. We'll get these oilskins off him and turn him in."

"Drag him out of here, anyway," ordered the electrician at the listening apparatus. "I've got to stand watch in here. I don't want him running off at the head around me. Go on, rouse him out of here!"

They got Schwartzkopf out from behind the motor, and half dragging, half carrying, got him through the alleyway to the crew's quarters. Everyone was awake, for a night on the bottom the first night out was a rarity indeed. There would be no duty except two men on watch in the *Zentral* to take turns listening for hostile propellers or for signals from friendly U-boats. Two card games were already going. Others, in their bunks, read magazines they had brought out with them; the cook began to play an accordion. They greeted the arrival of Schwartzkopf with uproarious comment.

"Where'd you find that?"

"Made surface and found it on the wireless."

"No such a thing! That's the sailor man we took on in Bruges last night. He came aboard with a nice new sea bag and everything. I seen him."

"String him up by the heels over the gurry kid."

"One less to feed tonight, cook. Come on, pump up the old bellows!"

Techel and his helper hoisted Schwartzkopf into his bunk and began to peel his oilskins off.

"Look out you don't get his blankets all wet," cautioned the other man. "Gee, jumper and pants wringing wet! Why, he's soaked to the skin!"

Here Schwartzkopf came to himself a little. "What are you trying to do?" he demanded.

"Lie down," replied Techel. "We're peeling you off. We're going to spend the night on the bottom, but you can't sleep in these wet clothes. Can you sit up while we get your jumper off? There! Sit out this way and then your head won't bump on the other bunk."

The crew's quarters of the U-boat were rather cramped, with a double row of bunks down each side and a mess table down the center that took up all the available room. It thus arrived that when Schwartzkopf sat on the edge of his bunk to prevent bumping his head on the one above, he projected himself into the card game.

A player turned sharply about to remonstrate, but checked himself. The card game suddenly ceased to have interest. Beyond, toward the electric stove, the cook played his accordion and a fine male sextet sang:

*"Ein Wort aus grossen Tagen*
*Es loht wie Flammenschein*
*Kein Zagen und kein Klagen,*
*Deutsch sein heisst Kämpfer sein."*

Which meant in effect that Germans shall ever be warriors without fear. The effect was totally ruined, however, for the accordion suddenly gave a wail like a lost child and the tenor swallowed his high note with such a gulp that he choked. A sudden anticlimactic silence descended upon the compartment.

"Now then," began Techel, "raise up just ——"

He suddenly realized that his voice was the only sound. He looked about him. The boat rolled gently, bumped, raised a little and then snuggled back again into the sand like an uneasy sleeper. The close-cropped heads about him waggled, but never for an instant lost their intense regard.

They all stared at Schwartzkopf's naked back, on which was a huge scar, a red star-shaped thing, from which long streaks went out like rays. It was a gunshot wound—and new.

"Oh, boy!" gasped Techel. "Where did you get that?"

"Get what? That scar? I got a piece of iron through me in the Baltic last year, in the expedition to Helsingfors." He crawled into the bunk and lay down. "This is my first trip since," he muttered. "A wound like that weakens a man more than he thinks."

He had spoken weakly, but in the silence all had heard. The submarine rolled again, and the men could hear the rush of the tide rustling the sand along her sides.

The silence became embarrassing. None of the men of the U-boat wanted to be the first to speak. Here was a wounded man still weak from his sufferings, and they had laughed at him. Not one of them had a battle scar; and here was a man in their midst that had gone out, as a sailor man should, in God's air and sunlight, had taken what came his way from the Russian shore batteries and done what he could to return it. A wound in battle! The accolade of the warrior!

It was the cook who finally spoke. "Well, now I'll just brew you a dish of tea," said he. "Er—ahem—nothing better than tea. A man always goes under his first trip in a U."

"That's right," agreed several card players. "Man, I remember my first cruise! You'll be all right by morning. All night in the bunk will straighten you out."

They went on with the card game, but not so boisterously now; and the cook being busy with the tea and unable to play the accordion, there was no further singing.

Daybreak found Techel, the commander and two lookouts on the conning tower. The U-boat was running on the surface, charging her batteries and renewing the air in her interior, vitiated by the night on the bottom. This was going to take some time, for the sea was high and the only hatch that could be opened was that on the conning platform, and this not all the time. The four men each watched a quarter of the horizon and the boat slammed along, both periscopes lowered for better concealment, cutting into each succeeding sea like a mechanical knife.

"Weather will be clear," remarked the commander. "Too much wind, though. This will shove up a sea that won't go down for days."

"Smoke-o!" exclaimed Techel suddenly.

He pointed forward. The boat rose on the crest of the next sea as a man gets to his feet to better his vision.

"Ah-h-h!" exclaimed the four in chorus. Six smokes, little black smudges, advancing in line, and beyond them, farther away, two more.

"Mine sweepers!" said the commander, bracing himself against the wild heaving of the platform in an endeavor to use his glass. "Yes, those are sweepers. H'm!" He leaned over the pelorus to take the bearing of those smokes as they mounted the next crest.

"Shells!" shouted a lookout suddenly.

"Shells?" demanded the commander. "Where away?"

But even before he had fully raised his head, his hand went out for the button that rang the emergency-dive gong.

The others had been looking toward the distant sweepers so intently that they had seen nothing else, but now they all braced themselves and looked in the direction of the lookout's outstretched arm.

A sea slapped the conning tower and broke over them in a white cloud. When they had dashed the water from their streaming faces they saw another cloud leap out of the sea to leeward, high and gleaming, flowering outward like a fleur-de-lis, then falling back into the ocean again with havoc and white water.

"Listen for the gun!" barked the commander. They cupped their hands behind their ears, but heard nothing.

Whack! Another column of water spouted.

"The sweepers, sir?" asked Techel.

"Never! They don't carry a gun that could make that burst. But where else —— Even if it was a big British U we should be able to see it!"

He looked up at the framework that supported the net-protection gear as if he had a mind to climb up there for a better view. Those who watched saw his face suddenly harden.

"Below!" he husked. "It's a plane!"

All took a second to look. Above them, like a gull, was a great white plane with red circles on its wings. He was beating up to windward for all the world like a sea bird, for the high wind had carried his bombs wide and he was going to take more margin on the next ones.

The men threw up the hatch and the clamor of the emergency gong came up to them from below. They went down amid a clang of closing bulkheads to the *Zentral*, where the depth gauges were already dropping, dropping, ten meters—fifteen—twenty.

"Steady, all!" said the voice pipe. "Course ten."

Blung! came the muffled explosion of a bomb.

"What is it?" whispered the others to Techel.

"Plane!" he answered.

"Oh, well," they said with relief, "his bombs will burst on the surface. We'll get away from him!"

The course was changed; then a minute later, again. They continued to zigzag and at the end of half an hour heard no more bombs.

"Well, that's the end of that," said Techel, beginning to button his oilskins again.

"Propellers!" said the electrician at the listening apparatus.

The course was instantly changed, and they had the satisfaction of having the electrician report "Fainter!" But their satisfaction was very short-lived, for he reported "Propellers—loud!" a few minutes later.

Then began a chase that much resembled a woodchuck harried by dogs. The submarine had a speed of seven knots, which would be raised by the tide rushing up the Channel to nine. The plane had undoubtedly, by wireless or otherwise, alerted all the patrol craft in the vicinity, any of which, even the drifters, could run circles around the U-boat.

The Channel was narrow here, with a hostile coast on two sides and the great barrier of nets, mines, destroyers and subchasers that protected the Channel ports on the third. The hunted U-boat then could go only in one direction and the patrol craft would do what they could to bar it.

"Starboard ten! Port twenty! Up fifteen! Down thirty! Hard port! Blow Number 4 and 5 Tanks!" Orders came down the voice pipe in quick succession, then there would be a silence of several minutes, then another succession of orders, so that the boat would dive, spin about, double on her tracks like a fleeing trout, come up, peek, turn again and go off across her former course in a long zigzag.

Often, after one of these flurries, the men in the U-boat would hear the slam of bombs, like a gigantic hammer against the

Continued on Page 88

"Just plain

Say all who have seen this most brilliant of new car creations . . .

THE *Silver Anniversary*

# wonderful"

AMID all the fanfare of new car announcements, one fact stands out with shining clarity: *Motorists are turning to the Silver Anniversary Buick with an eagerness which proves that they regard it as the greatest value ever offered in the motor world!*

This radically new and different automobile is rolling up the biggest demand ever won by any new quality car. It is drawing more people to the showrooms than any other automobile ever drew before. It is focusing the attention of America by quality-standards so new, so advanced and so epochal as to preclude any thought of comparison.

New masterpiece Bodies by Fisher marking the highest degree of dashing, daring, debonair beauty ever achieved by the world's foremost builder of automobile bodies!

Thrilling new abilities—as unmatched as they were unknown a few weeks ago—resulting from sweeping advancements in the world-famous Buick valve-in-head engine!

New acceleration like a shot from a gun . . . dazzling new top speed that few drivers will care to attain . . . a mighty increase in power in what was already the most powerful automobile engine of its size in the world!

And, in addition, gorgeous new colors—sumptuous upholsteries—new adjustable front seat in the closed models—full-width rear seat providing plenty of room for three adult passengers—new appointments and conveniences never before known to motor car practice!

America has seen plenty of automobiles. But America has never seen an automobile like this. *"Just plain wonderful"* is the country's verdict on the Silver Anniversary Buick!

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN
*Division of General Motors Corporation*
*Canadian Factories:* McLAUGHLIN-BUICK, *Oshawa, Ontario*

# BUICK

(Continued from Page 83)

hull, and realize that it was only the adroitness of their commander that had saved them.

The men in the *Zentral*, at diving rudder, tank control or switchboard, began to feel uneasy. They had been chased before, but never for so long, nor with such persistency. The whole Channel fleet must be after them. They began to realize, too, that this thing could not last very much longer. The instrument panel was before their eyes, on which the mercuric pressure gauge read forty millimeters, and the battery strength only fifteen hundred ampere hours remaining. This meant that they must make surface very soon, to release pressure and recharge the batteries, or they were lost. The commander realized this also, for he ordered the boat up for a peek with the periscope every two or three minutes. But there must have been no comfort in the view, for each time he came down again and the man at the phones would shake his head gloomily. The mercury gauge continued to climb and the battery strength to drop.

"Stand by for the surface! Gun crew, stand by!"

The lowering gear hummed as the periscope came down like a sword into its sheath.

"Blow tanks! Up!"

The hatch was thrown open with a report like a gun and the pent-up air escaped with a long sigh. The commander, the watch officer, Techel and the gun crew spouted from the interior. Ah, the bright sun and the blessed clean salt air, clear and cold, that made the blood run through the veins again like fire!

"There she is!" said the commander, pointing.

The watch officer followed the outstretched arm, and so did Techel, though he had no business to look in that direction. There was a big ship there, a freighter, streaked and daubed like an Indian, new and shining in her fresh paint, upward of seven thousand tons burden.

"No escort now, you see," went on the commander. "That swines' nest we were in all morning were patrols and sweepers. Where's that cow heading for up this way? Holland? Ships of her tonnage don't go to Holland these days."

"Let's stop her and ask," smiled the watch officer.

"Not here," said the commander, and he likewise smiled. "We're too far from home. But she's mine, never fear that!"

"Subchaser ahead, sir!" interrupted Techel.

"Two! Yes, I see them. Headed across our bows. Watch them! We won't dive unless they change course."

The U-boat headed away to the eastward, to pass well astern of the two subchasers. Then they headed northward again.

Thirty minutes they were up—not very long for their needs—when they sighted another group of sweepers, escorted by two destroyers. The destroyers must have sighted them at the same instant, for they began to vomit smoke and changed course.

The U-boat went down to thirty meters, but it was not deep enough. A ham of bombs descended on her, and one of them, better timed than the rest, burst near enough to blow all the fuses, put out the lights and knock two men in the engine room senseless.

"Down forty!" said the voice pipe coldly. "Throw on emergency lighting circuit! Report on controls!"

"Underwater listening apparatus out!" reported the electrician. "Emergency circuit out!"

"Forward and aft diving rudders working."

"Steering gear working."

The commander came swishing down the ladder, fumbled his way to the instrument panel and turned a flashlight on the battery gauge. The eyes of the other men in the compartment followed. They could not read the figures, but the needle was low.

"Open up the bulkhead," ordered the commander, "and we'll see what's happened elsewhere. Meanwhile turn to and get the switchboard going again."

The bulkhead door was unbolted and the commander went forward, his flash light winking along the alleyway.

"Techel!" said a voice in the darkness.

"That you, Schwartzkopf? Where did you come from?"

"They've had me in the upper control room all day, writing down changes of course. You don't know how many times we've escaped sinking, but I do! He hung around deliberately. He's following a freighter."

"Yes, I saw her," said Techel hurriedly. He was listening intently to the gyroscopic compass for any sound that would indicate injury to its motor.

"Well, she wouldn't see us, would she?" demanded Schwartzkopf. "She wouldn't screech out by wireless and bring everything between Gris Nez and Flamborough over us, would she? And they won't bar the way home, of course?"

"Get out of there!" said the electrician coldly. "We've got work to do! Stand clear!"

"Watch John Bull beat us out of here like a rabbit out of a bush! I ——"

There was a thud and a sharp cry.

"I told you to shut up!" barked the electrician. "One more yap out of you and I'll belt you with this spanner! Get out of here!"

They heard Schwartzkopf fumble his way up the ladder to the upper control room.

"Shut the hatch!" ordered the electrician. It was shut. "Now hold the lamp while I go over these fuses."

"He'll get a knot tied in his neck if the skipper hears him!" said one of the others. "Give us a hand and we'll open up the after bulkhead."

"He's sick," said Techel. "They sent him to sea too soon after his wound. Pay no attention to him. Listen! Smell for battery gas when you open that door! We may be making water somewhere!"

They stayed on the bottom the rest of the afternoon, while the electric circuits were restored and the hull inspected. There was a slight leak aft and another in the tiny kitchen, but both could be kept under control until the boat made surface and then they could be stopped from the outside.

The tide changed and so swift was its down-Channel rush that the boat was dragged along the sand, and stones rattled against the hull like hail. They could not tell where their enemies were, for the underwater phones were gone beyond repair. By five o'clock they had things in shape again and were ordered to knock off and have tea, torpedo and control room crews first, gun crew and black gang later.

It thus happened that Schwartzkopf and Techel found themselves side by side again. The electrician who had struck Schwartzkopf was having his tea in the warrant officers' quarters, hence that matter could be discussed.

"Never lose your head," advised Techel. "No matter what happens on these U's, never say anything. You're liable to rattle somebody and as a result the boat and all of us will be lost."

"All the same," remarked another, "I'd turn him in for slugging me. He's too sour, that boy. Been in the U's too long. It's got his nerves. Turn him in and do him a good turn by getting him put ashore."

"No, no," protested the others, "leave well enough alone. It's all over now. Forget it. Least said soonest mended."

"He was right," smiled Schwartzkopf, "and I was wrong. I was afraid. A man has only one life, after all, and he hates to have it thrown away by somebody else."

"Well, that's a question," began Techel, but the other interrupted.

"He hates to have it thrown away," he repeated. "We're the only U-boat in the Channel, that I know. You know it too. You can't win a war with one U-boat. Furthermore, the English never did anything to me, nor I to them, so that why I should try to drown them, I can't understand."

He sipped his tea, but tin cup after tin cup went to the table while the other men looked at him in horror.

"You can look at me all you want," said Schwartzkopf grimly, "but what are we doing out in the cold sea in this sardine tin, instead of all comfortable at home by our fireside?"

"We're fighting for king and fatherland," said Techel softly.

"And if there were no king?" smiled Schwartzkopf.

"There'd still be the fatherland."

Schwartzkopf took another sip of tea and his smile became broader.

"I was in Russia," he said. "That's where I was wounded, in front of Helsingfors. Then, after, when I was in hospital, I talked with the Russians. They had lost five million men that they knew about. They were sick of the war. So they said: 'We are simple men like you. All we want is to live at peace with our wives and our children. It was our emperor that wanted war. We have no emperor any more, so there is no need for further fighting.' That was sensible. The Russians had nearly killed me, but I found out afterward that they were men just like me. Good, jolly lads too. So that ended that. What good did four years of war do? It made four or five million widows and orphans."

The cook had come in to see what was keeping them so long over their tea and had heard the last speech.

"Fellows," he began, with his fat face disturbed and solemn, "this is some of the bilge we heard in Kiel. We're all buddies here and it won't go any farther. Now you"—he leveled his finger at Schwartzkopf—"you're from the fleet. I've heard of that fleet. You won't go out and fight like men, but mutiny and raise hell. We're sailor men here. We've been doing our bit in the U's, come fair, come foul. We're going to keep on doing it. You open your sludge drain to me again on this cruise and I'll knock all your teeth down it!"

The buzzer on the bulkhead hummed twice.

"Surface!" roared a voice down the alleyway, and the men at the table hurriedly got to their feet.

Techel mounted the ladder to the upper control room and here he got into his oilskins as quickly as possible.

"Open the hatch!" snapped the commander. "Up with you!"

Outside, it was still blowing and black as a wolf's stomach. Not a light, not a star, and only the gleam of the breaking seas showed where the boat's bow was. Techel opened the binnacle; by a miracle it was intact. The steering apparatus worked. Behind him, Techel could hear the commander testing the buttons and the controls, then the two officers in consultation. It seemed that they were lost, what with the zigzagging and emergency diving and finally being dragged on the bottom an undeterminable distance. Their only solution was to lay a compass course and follow it until they struck a light either on the English or the Dutch coast.

"And we've lost the blue-and-white ship!" remarked the watch officer.

"I'll find her again," replied the commander grimly.

"She'll be doing twelve knots," objected the watch officer. "She must be well into the North Sea by now."

"Honest ships go their way," said the commander, "like honest women. The other kind hang around and loiter here and there, waiting to catch the unwary."

"Ah?"

"Yes, and ah! Now—h'm—smoke?" Sniff-sniff! "Smell smoke, steersman?"

Techel sniffed deeply. Indeed he did. A reek of soft-coal vapor and gas swept across his face—near! He could feel the cinders in it! It must be a patrol boat! Down they must go again—and the batteries still uncharged!

"Hear propeller wash?" asked the commander calmly.

"White water ahead!" cried Techel.

A line of white barred their way, straight across the black sea. Techel decided instantly what it was. The smoke they had smelled was from two sweepers and this white water that curled toward them was the net! The watchers on the boat would feel the surge of the U against the net and after that it would be but a question of a few bombs.

"Head her straight for it!" barked the commander. With luck, he would slide over it; but the men on the sweepers would know, and those sweepers could make fourteen knots! They hit the white water—were through it—beyond it. No shock, no resistance.

"Ship's wake!" cried the watch officer.

"Guess it was. She's by and gone, anyway. Smell smoke any more?"

No more smoke. They kept on, and an hour later raised the glare of searchlights.

"Ah!" exclaimed the commander. "I know where we are. That's the canal-zone barrier. There's a net under those lights, no mistake about it."

The lights moved here and there, like long fingers. Patrol boats, drifters and an occasional destroyer went up and down. To try to run that barrier was certain death. But the commander had his position now, the course was changed and they slipped off into the dark again.

All night long they drove on the surface, recharging the batteries, renewing the air in the compartments and bringing up the crew, four by four, onto the conning-tower platform for a breath of air. The deck was awash and the flying spray drenched everything, but the men came up and drank great lungfuls of the night air and laid up a store for the long hours they must spend below in the smell of oil and chlorine and wet clothing.

They were driven down again by two airplanes at daybreak, and then pursued throughout the day by a group of subchasers that bombed them mercilessly. The rumor got about that the depth charge that had nearly wrecked them had started a plate in one of the fuel tanks and that the subchasers were following them by the slick of the leaking oil. Providentially, a fog came up and in this the U got away.

In addition, thanks to the low visibility, she ran the searchlight barrier; and though the vibration of the net signaled her passing and guns banged and a destroyer missed ramming them by a hairbreadth, she got safely over. They went to ground for an all-night rest shortly after, but a mine sweeper rooted them out and sent them flying blindly northward again. They needed no underwater phones to tell them now of pursuers. Not a quarter of an hour of the next forty-eight that was not rung on the U-boat's hull with the clang of depth charges. The whole patrol fleet, wearied by weeks of inactivity, rushed madly about the surface, maddened by the excitement of the chase and the certainty that there was a U-boat in the Channel.

Yet the U never turned her nose homeward. She went up and down, doubled here and there, quartered across and then reached back again, her batteries low, her fuel running down, her men sleepless, hungry, exhausted, but her commander calm, iron-jawed, inflexible.

The afternoon of the fifth day they got among mines—a British field, just laid. The motors were instantly shut down and the boat allowed to drift, which she did for two hours, then another two from the time they had heard the last mooring cable scrape along the U's plates. Many a heavy sigh went up when the crew heard the motors going once more.

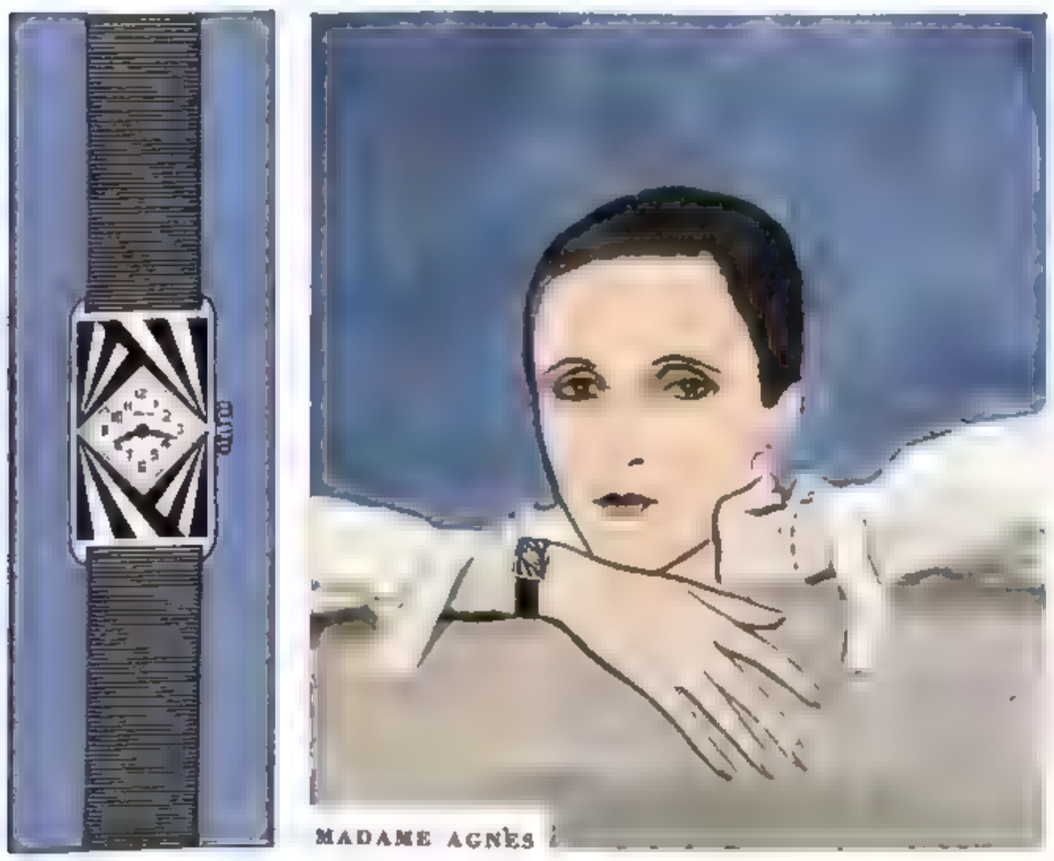
Then they went away again, slowly, for the speed of the underwater motors could be controlled, whereas the Diesels could not. They zigzagged here and there, like a hound after a scent, sniffing, peeking, searching in the valleys between the seas, as they had for the past four days, when they were not fleeing for their lives. The whole boat knew now what the object of

(Continued on Page 88)

# ELGIN PARISIENNE WATCHES

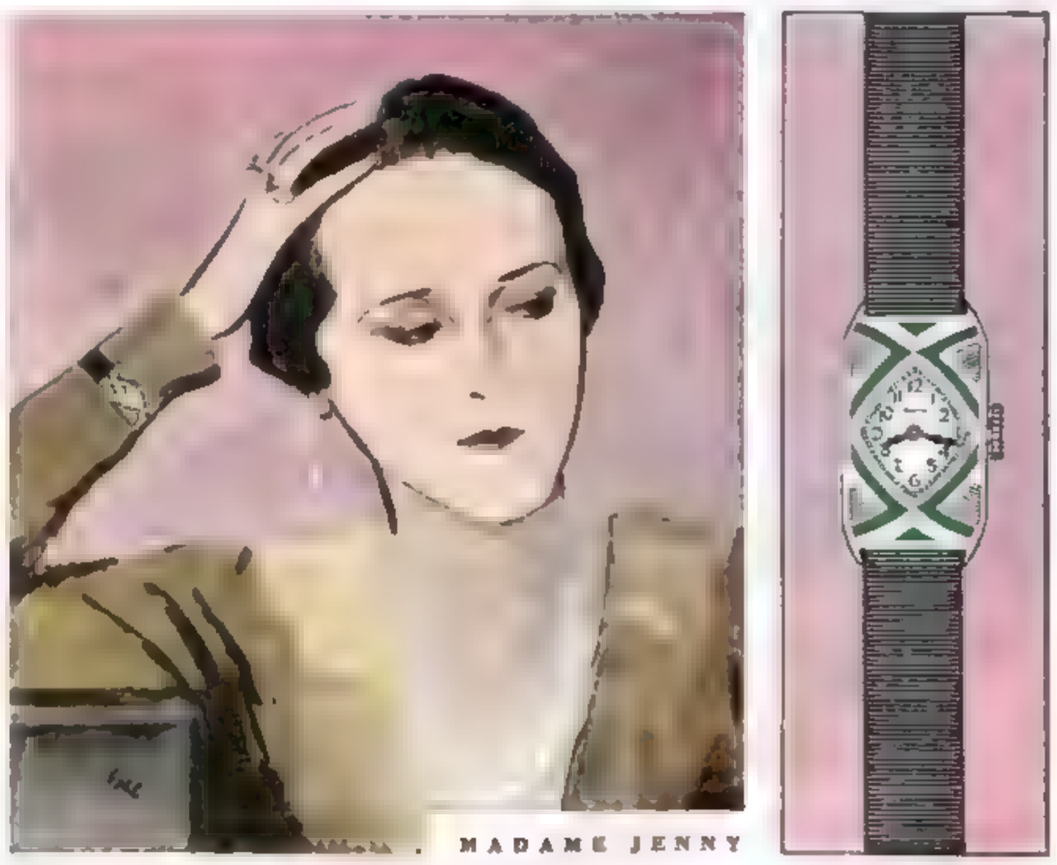
TIMELY.... AS ONLY PARIS COULD STYLE THEM

TIME-TRUE..AS ONLY ELGIN COULD MAKE THEM



MADAME AGNÈS

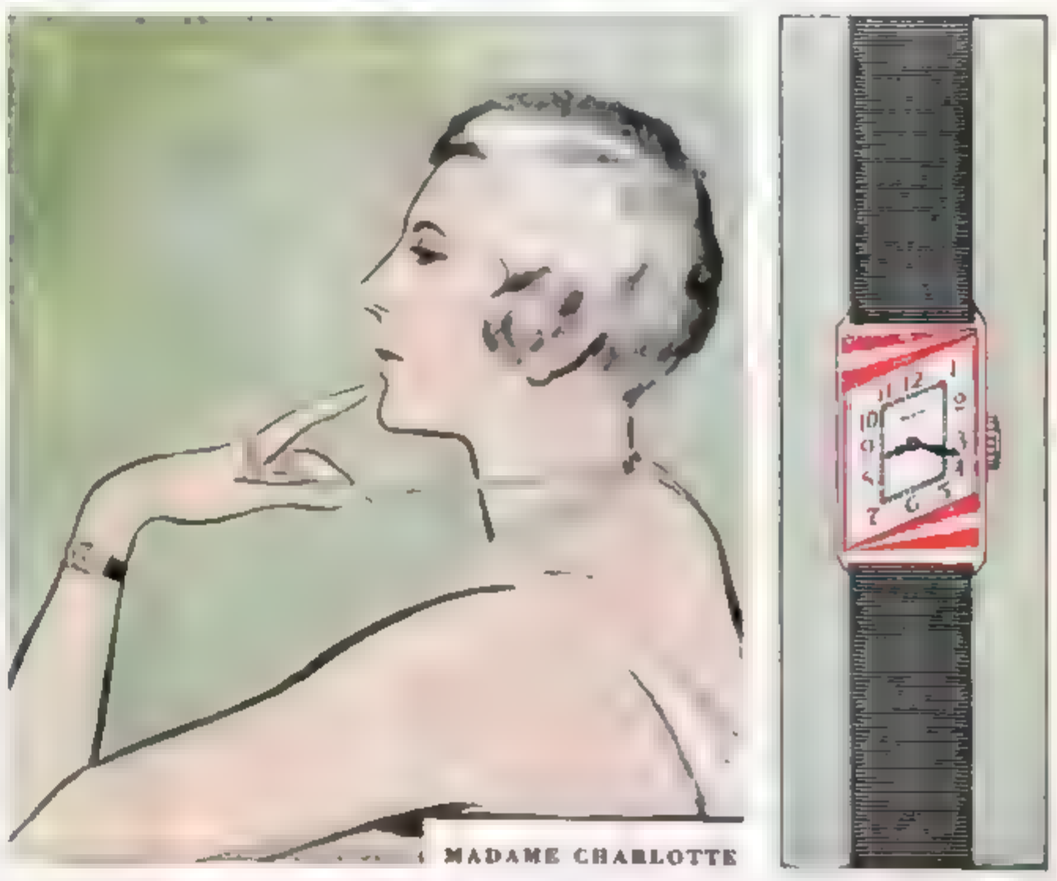
THE AGNÈS MODEL . . . Only such an artist . . . and personage . . . could have designed it. For Agnès lives as she creates . . . artistically. Her modern art home, her conversation, her chic, are famous . . . and famous, too, is the Elgin Parisienne she has designed. With jade, black, or ruby enamel. In a free, modern spirit, she has set a new note in watch design, and Elgin sets a new note in price . . . . . $35



MADAME JENNY

THE JENNY MODEL . . . Modernism need not depend alone on planes, and points and angles, chic as they are, declares Madame Jenny. This famed modiste and Chevalier of the Legion of Honor has approached a watch case as she would approach a frock . . . and flowing, feminine curves attain a modern, modish flair. And Jenny meets the modern vogue for color with jade, black, or ruby enamel . . . . . $35

THESE three famous French fashion authorities . . . heads of great dressmaking houses of the Rue de la Paix . . . have designed the ELGIN Parisienne watches which appear beside them . . . For ELGIN consulted Paris on designs, to give accurate ELGIN movements new and beautiful cases . . . These Parisienne watches are chic, gloriously smart, but above all . . . correct! In good taste! Free from the freakish! In style today, tomorrow, and years from tomorrow . . . Only $35, thanks to ELGIN efficiency. Slip a Parisienne upon your wrist . . . correct time and correct style shall be yours for long, long years to come . . . Two things say so . . . the Parisienne's basic, unchanging good taste and the ELGIN guarantee.



MADAME CHARLOTTE

THE PREMET MODEL . . . designed by Madame Charlotte, famous Directrice of the House of Premet. And exquisitely does the watch reflect the woman. Picture the charm of hair as white as white gold . . . and a youthful, fascinating face. And miraculous hands, artistic, competent . . . blend of doer and dreamer. The Premet model of the Elgin Parisienne is fashioned with jade, black, or ruby enamel . . . $35

# What do *you* smoke?

Some smokers like Turkish tobacco. Others favor Virginia. Most prefer a blend. There are smokers who think cigars the only smoke. The pipe fans bite into their stems with contented teeth . . .

Is it peculiar that with all this variety of opinion the big majority of smokers agree that one lighter is to be most desired . . . and that is a Firefly made by Clark?

The Firefly Lighter is a faithful loyal friend of the smoker. It always works and leaves the thumb unscarred, unsmudged. Then the patented cap, which seals-in the liquid and the vapor, multiplies the number of lights from a single filling.

Firefly Lighters may be bought for as little as $4.50 or for as much as you want to pay. Should your local shops not carry enough variety, write for a descriptive booklet.

CLARK LIGHTER CO., Inc.
580 Fifth Avenue · New York City

FIREFLY
A CLARK LIGHTER
ALWAYS WORKS

(Continued from Page 86)

their hunt was. It was the big blue-and-white freighter. They discussed her below decks. They had followed ships before, dogged them to their death after days of tracking, but this blue-and-white one was one of so many that went up and down the North Sea, and there were so many patrol boats and destroyers of all descriptions that pursuit of her must be madness.

"What do you say, Techel—you saw her?" asked one of the men when they were below at their tea. "I claim she'll be doing fourteen knots. That's all we can do on the surface, and running submerged all the time, we won't average eight knots."

"We don't run in a straight line, either," suggested another. "We're all over this swines' nest. Wait now before you begin to yell. I know. We haven't shifted position three miles since yesterday. I heard Liedermann say so."

"If the Old Man is hanging around after that ship," said Techel, his face in his tin cup, "it's because he knows what he's doing. If he gets us sunk, he goes with us."

"But if someone had told him that he could save the fatherland by going out and sinking his boat, just so somebody aboard it would sink, too, mightn't he do it? Mightn't he run around this way trying to get up his nerve for it?"

Thus spoke Schwartzkopf. The men looked at him silently, for he was not popular. Some grunted scornfully and poured more tea.

"Who is there aboard he could save the fatherland by sinking?" scoffed one of them finally.

"Me!" spat Schwartzkopf, leaning across the table.

"Bah!" Some of the men got up from the table as though in disgust.

"Look at this!" replied Schwartzkopf. He reached into his jumper and produced a small square card, blood-red, which he tossed on the table. All bent over it.

"Soldiers, sailors and workers of the world," it read, "greeting! The bearer, Ottomar Schwartzkopf, of Gotha, Thuringia, is a member of the Sailors Council, circumscription of Kiel." And it was signed in the corner: "Ottomar Schwartzkopf, President."

There was a long silence while the men read and reread the card. They had heard of these things—of councils, of mutinies, of investigations, of the search for sure troops to suppress unrest, and of a general coffee-burning to cover the smell afterward.

"I was sent to the U's to drown!" said Schwartzkopf vehemently. "I was, I am, an enemy of the rich, of the Kaiser, of all those who send men to die while they stay safe at home. So I am to be killed, not openly, but subtly—so. But my work was well done. The others will carry on. And this day two weeks there will be no more Kaiser, no more officers, no more war!"

A man who sat by the bulkhead leaped to his feet and tried to close the door.

"Shut up, you idiot!" they husked. "They'll hear you in the *Zentral!*"

"This Kaiser, for whom you would give your lives," smiled Schwartzkopf, "thought nothing of sending thirty-two innocent men to drown with me."

There was the sudden clamor of a gong.

"General quarters!"

Men rolled out of bunks and clambered over the table. Techel, as steersman off watch, had his post in the upper control room, ready to take over the surface wheel, to act as messenger or to take the wheel in the *Zentral* in case of emergency.

The commander had his face in the periscope. He turned at last and smiled happily.

"It's my ship," he said. "I knew I'd find her."

He began to jockey the boat for position, to get to just the right spot from which to fire the torpedo with the most chance of success, as a shooter wriggles his body and digs his elbows into the ground.

The commander stretched out his hand to a button. A green light glowed on the switchboard, and the word "*Fertig*" flashed. He took his eyes from the periscope and watched a gauge. When it stood at zero he pressed another button. A red light flashed—"*Los.*" The hand of a big dial began to tick seconds.

Techel, by the torpedo-room voice pipe, heard sudden exclamations, rapid orders, the sound of a man snoring in his sleep.

"Something's wrong in the torpedo room, sir!" he cried, but the voice pipe spoke in its turn:

"Defective torpedo, sir!"

"Has it left the tube?"

"Yes, sir, just barely."

"Full speed astern! Close water-tight doors!"

They listened. The hand on the dial ticked its way around, three minutes registered—four—there was a terrific growl from beneath the boat, but no shock, no motion. The torpedo had sunk and exploded on the bottom. The commander swore, for he had lost his position for torpedoing.

"Number 2 Tube—*fertig!*"

Again the torpedo snored in the tube, again it rolled lazily out, but this time they heard no explosion, no rumbling growl, only the tumultuous entrance of the commander into the torpedo room. Those in the control room listened at the voice pipe.

"Defective torpedo—open up and let's examine the others—what model were they? Two late-model steels and both defective! Well, now that was dirty work on someone's part. Who'd do it?"

Techel started. He knew who was in that torpedo room! The torpedo men knew who had done it, too, but how they indicated their suspicions, the listeners could not tell. All they heard was a sudden stern command and a voice say coldly, "Tie him up to the stanchion."

Brief scratchings, the sound of struggle.

"Schwartzkopf, you're a dirty hound!" went on the commander's voice. "You knew that if that torpedo exploded on the bottom in shallow water it would blow us to junk! And rather than this boat should come out and go back and maybe put enough courage into the rest of the sheep in Bruges to come out themselves, you'd sink the lot of us!"

"And myself, too!" snarled Schwartzkopf. "Scabs! You're keeping the war going!"

"Put in a bronze!" ordered the commander. "Schwartzkopf, we'll arrange your case later!"

He mounted to the control room again. "Surface!" he commanded.

"Surface?" gasped the watch officer. Surface? In daylight and in full view of a ship that could call up all the hounds of the Channel by wireless?

"Surface!" replied the commander. "I'm going to have that ship and I'll never catch up with her running submerged! She must have seen our periscope by now and she knows I'm after her. She'll begin to loiter purposely, the old flirt!"

They pursued on the surface, though still running with underwater control. They opened the hatch and Techel and the commander went up, but they sat on the platform and let their legs hang down the ladder. Their lives might depend on seconds if they had to make a crash dive. It was dusk, but they could see the ship, the last afterglow gilding her streaked sides.

"*Fertig!*" ordered the commander. He took the bearing of the target. "Fire!"

The boat hiccuped the torpedo on its way and Techel counted seconds to himself. Twenty, twenty-one, twenty-two——

"There!"

A great white fountain, flaming in the sunset, leaped amidships of the distant ship; then, after it had fallen back, they heard the heavy roar of the explosion.

"I guess that finishes that!" said the commander with satisfaction. "She was an American Q boat, as full of guns as she could pack. I had news of her before I left Zeebrugge. Else why should she hang around the Channel and without any escort? Honest ships and honest women don't go out alone. I was sent to sink her. We want to encourage the American public!" He laughed a little, then looked toward the blue-and-white ship. Even without his glasses, he could see that she had taken a heavy list to port.

"She won't sink," said the commander. "She's full of wood and empty barrels. They'll have to take her home though." He looked about him. Smoke lined the horizon like trees along a distant road. Midway between, a tiny silver-gray shape leaped from sea to sea, her wake flashing in the sunset—a subchaser.

"We'll go home now," said the commander. "So ends the cruise of the last U!"

"The last U?" stammered Techel.

"The last U. We'll never dare to send any more out. It's one thing to fight the world, but when Germans begin to fight Germans, it's time to quit. Go below and pass the word to send Schwartzkopf up here."

Schwartzkopf went up, his clothes torn and his face bruised where the men had pounded him. Those in the upper control room could hear nothing but a low murmur of voices. Suddenly the commander appeared and descended the ladder. He was alone.

"Close the hatch!" he ordered. "Diving stations!"

All looked at him and the watch officer started to speak. The commander's face hardened and the other held his peace.

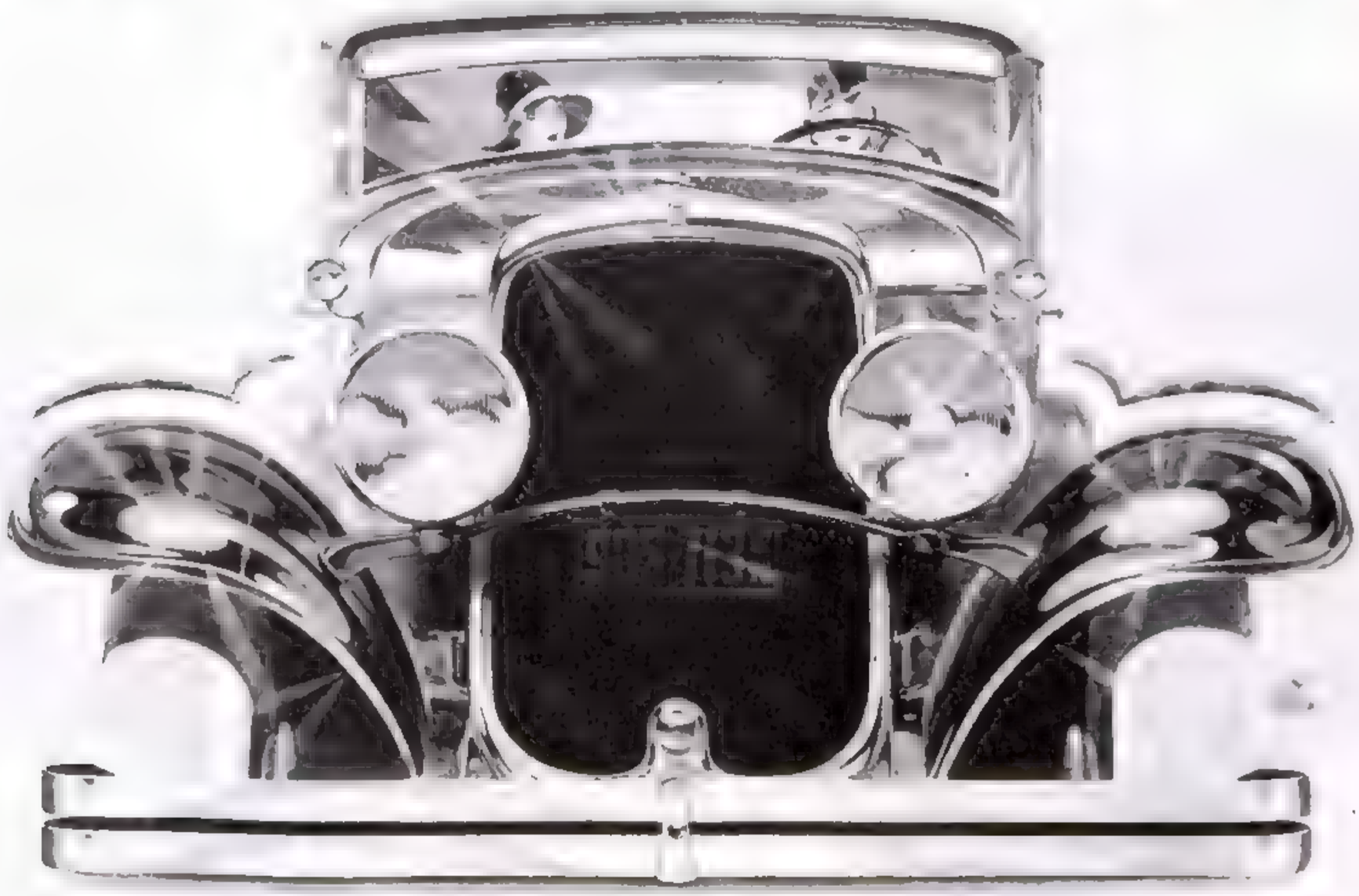
"He's got a life buoy and a water light," said the commander. "They'll pick him up. The light will burn for an hour, and that's time enough to bring the Grand Fleet out. If I took him home he'd be shot."

He smiled a twisted smile.

"If his revolution comes off it won't do me any harm to have him owe me his life. He may be president of the new republic. Now take us down to thirty meters and head her for Zeebrugge."

Clarion River at Cook State Forest, Pennsylvania

# DE SOTO SIX



## AGAIN CHRYSLER ENGINEERING TRIUMPHS—

Walter P. Chrysler and his engineers who created the De Soto Six invite you to confirm for yourself their belief that **nothing like the De Soto Six in beauty, performance and quality has ever been offered at anywhere near its price.**

DE SOTO MOTOR CORPORATION *(Division of Chrysler Corporation)*, *Detroit, Michigan*

# CONFESSION OF A CARTOONIST

(Continued from Page 31)

This man has a peculiar psychology about betting. He thinks that if he has no money bet on a race he will not look at it seriously, and it is part of his business to note the form displayed by each horse entered. So in order to make himself look at a race, he bets at least $100, which might be described as an eyeglass bet. A good bet for him is $5000, and he wagers this amount only when he thinks a horse stands out from his field. A top bet is $15,000, which is not big compared with the amounts wagered by other men at the race track. He makes only a few of these top bets a season, when a horse is what he considers a definite stand-out.

Among the fairly great horses I have owned—and it is the practice of the track to be conservative and never call a horse really great unless he is a Man o' War—are Sporting Blood, Cartoonist, Mr. Mutt, Nellie Morse and Brocade, a great little filly, who died as a result of an accident in shipping. I like the vernacular of the track. No superlatives. Man o' War was the one great horse of my time.

Among my other activities I was at one time interested in the moving-picture business, being president of the company which produced and distributed the Mutt and Jeff animated cartoons. This was one of the by-products of the strip on which I hadn't realized until along about 1916. None of the bigger companies seemed to be interested in taking on the Mutt and Jeff animated cartoons, so we organized a company of our own, with offices fancy enough to make an impression on the trade—and they have to be pretty dog-gone fancy.

We had a studio where we employed a staff of artists to do the heavy drawing, because the production of animated pictures requires sixteen separate pictures to each foot of film. All I could do was to lay out the scenarios and make some of the key pictures. We had as many as sixty-four artists working in the studio when we were releasing half a reel—five hundred feet—each week.

How the whole business started might interest some, and the rest can skip it. I was playing in vaudeville in Chicago, when a moving-picture man named Friedman came around to see me with the idea of putting out 1000 feet each week, 750 to consist of news pictures and 250 of Mutt and Jeff animated cartoons. Mr. Friedman thought I drew only for the Chicago Daily News, so his notion was to call it the Chicago Daily News Weekly News Reel. When I explained to him that Mutt and Jeff appeared in newspapers all over the country, he was delighted, and said we could call it the New York World news reel in New York and the Philadelphia Ledger news reel in Philadelphia, and so on. We tried that, but every place wanted local pictures. Philadelphia would be interested in showing in the news stuff how the corner stone of the new Elks clubhouse was laid and Chicago wanted to see its own firemen's parade. Then we discovered that there already were five or six news reels on the market whose contents were unquestionably as good and probably better than we could produce.

### The Loud Call of Hard Cash

We ran slam-bang into the conclusion that the only reason anybody would buy our news reel would be on account of Mutt and Jeff, which led me to introduce this suggestion that we put out only Mutt and Jeff and 500 feet of it a week instead of 250 as an appendix to some pictures of diving girls and the United States Navy at battle maneuvers. This made our moving-picture confreres think—always a risky thing. They argued that no one put out split reels, and I retorted that everybody traveled on horseback once. Well, they finally got enthusiastic and then we began to talk in real moving-picture amounts, which showed we were going to make millions. The smallest unit mentioned was $10,000. Somebody dropped a dime on a cement floor, where it rang out good and loud—we hadn't got our Persian rugs in yet—during one of these conferences one day when we were discussing millions, and it all but busted up the meeting. Everybody reached for it and Mr. Friedman had his fingers pretty badly stepped on.

You remember the story about the waiter at the Hotel Astor in New York who glanced at the tablecloth on a lunch table after a couple of guests had departed. It was all marked in lead pencil in sums which ran into millions of dollars. Then he looked at his fifty-cent tip.

"Well," he said, as he scooped up the tablecloth, "those moving-picture fellers were here again."

We started selling state rights on the cartoons, which means we sold to one distributor the exclusive privilege of remarketing for a certain territory. It turned out well and we began to make a good profit. About this time Charles Spencer Chaplin came to New York with his brother Syd to discuss a new moving-picture contract, as the one under which he was working was about to expire. Winnie Sheehan, now general manager of the Fox Film Company, gave a dinner for Chaplin at Castle Cave which I attended, and I asked Charlie to dine and go to the fight at Madison Square Garden the next night. He accepted.

### A Big Fish Almost Landed

After the fight, Chaplin, Wheeler and I stopped in the bar at the Waldorf and began to talk moving-picture contracts, when I proposed that he join our company, saying we would give him a big interest. We offered him a heavy guaranty and a half interest, and he seemed to be enthusiastic about the association, so we started out to find a lawyer who could prepare a contract. That's the trouble with lawyers—they keep regular hours and are never around at one or two o'clock in the morning when you really need them. In the course of our search we stopped in the Claridge Hotel, but instead of finding a lawyer, we ran across Syd Chaplin, who overheard some of the conversation and then snatched Charlie away from us. I never did see him again until after he had signed a contract with one of the big companies. It would have been a nice deal to make, anyway, and no one ever got arrested for trying. Syd outsnatched us.

After the United States went into the war I ended my moving-picture venture as an independent enterprise when I went to Plattsburg, and sold the rights to the Fox Film Company, that organization by then being convinced it could be made a success. While engaged in the business we had many funny experiences. Nearly every day aspiring young ladies would apply for jobs and want to have test pictures made. When we told one of them she might have a chance, but that we produced only animated cartoons, there would be another Mary Pickford disappointed.

### Veterans of the Art

I don't believe there is as much jealousy in any business as in the newspaper business, and I believe the cartoonists belong to the most jealous branch. I know something of the stage, having played a good deal in vaudeville and having known a lot of actors, not to mention a couple of actresses, and they are supposed to be jealous of one another; but I'll back the cartoonists against them. Naturally I have never heard the other artists talk frankly about me—that is, the way they would talk, and probably do, behind my back; but I suppose I have been knocked plenty.

The reason I mention the professional jealousy in the cartoonist business is because at one time in writing this reminiscent series I had an idea I might rate the artists and pick a sort of all-America team, but I abandoned that for fear I might hurt the feelings of some of them. Several artists have been kind enough to tell me I have helped all cartoonists through insistence on my own rights. Of course, if I have, I admit it was due to selfish motives, because when I was independent and held out for good pay and what I thought I should have, the condition of servitude in which other artists might find themselves was well in the back of my head, if in it at all. I fought for what I thought was fair for myself, and if in doing that I helped the others of my craft I am glad. In spite of the fact there was long, expensive and bitter litigation with Mr. Hearst over the rights to Mutt and Jeff, I honestly believe he has done more to raise the pay of newspapermen and artists than any other publisher in the newspaper business. He has always paid liberally, and because of this he has made others pay to get the talent.

While employed in his organization I saw very little of Mr. Hearst and came in contact with him not at all, although he used to come to the New York American office occasionally at night and I would see him around the building. He always struck me as being kindly and easy-going, although most of the executives in his employ appeared to be frightened to death of him and would speak of him in awed whispers as W. R.

Now about the cartoonists. I am not going to rate them, but I will say something about my favorites. My leaning is toward the old-timers, perhaps because I am reaching the age when the old days seem the best. To me George Herriman was always one of the outstanding men of the trade, but his timidity and great modesty have stood in the way of his reaching the top place achieved by others. He is a veteran and has helped many artists by his advice and suggestions. George McManus is a master of his trade and a fine artist. He realizes, as all good cartoonists should, that a real comic strip combines funny drawing, funny situations and funny lines; but I believe most depends on the situations.

Although he is not a strip artist, I have always admired the work of Fontaine Fox because his drawings look as if they were dashed off, when, as a matter of fact, he has taken the greatest pains with them and is such a meticulous workman that he often nearly finishes a drawing, is dissatisfied with it and destroys it to start again. Also, he pictures a different type from the characters usually shown in a strip and generally depends on one panel for his results.

### A Convincing Manner

As I have said before, Tad always has been and always will be my great favorite. His humor is spontaneous and his drawing carries the air of dash, and did even when he was shut up at home with a bum heart. Clare Briggs has a style of his own and all the habits which go with a successful cartoonist. I am not so strong for the newer boys, so if I have hurt the feelings of any of them by not mentioning them here, put it down to the prejudices of an old-timer.

To show that comics are not appreciated solely by the lowbrows, Professor Wendell, of the English Department at Harvard, once said to his class that Mutt and Jeff would be representative of what the humor of this age is, and would live after I die as typical of my time—that it was a kind which could not be denied.

If I were to introduce to the readers of these reminiscences all the strange characters I have met, and undertook to relate the anecdotes I know about them, I would fill even so bulky a publication as THE SATURDAY EVENING POST for several issues. I shall therefore try to pick only some of the high spots here and there.

One of my favorites was and is Riley Wilson, who had a glass eye but never let that fact depress him. If he made some extravagant statement and any of the assembled audience expressed doubt about it, he would produce his right eye and hand it to you.

"If it isn't so, I'll give you my right eye," he would say, and this generally dispersed all doubters.

The World Series of 1919 was played between the Cincinnati National League Club and the Chicago White Sox, the opening game being scheduled to take place in Cincinnati, where I went along with Christy Mathewson, Hugh Fullerton, Porter Emerson Browne, the playwright, who was the author of The Bad Man among others, Grantland Rice and John Wheeler.

(Continued on Page 95)

Brocade, One of Mr. Fisher's Horses, With Jockey Clarence Kummer Up

## PEP!

After all pep is the most satisfying—most fascinating and most essential thing of any automobile. Pep! What good is a car without it?

Nelson Bohnalite Pistons give a motor car that thrilling, exhilarating quality popularly known as pep. Always out in front—*that's* the car equipped with Nelson Bohnalite Pistons. It is easy to find cars that are equipped with Nelson Bohnalite Pistons—*most of the best ones are.*

Ask the dealer. Be sure your next new car has Nelson Bohnalite Pistons—*the original* Invar Strut Piston.

BOHN ALUMINUM & BRASS CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICH.

*Also makers of the famous Bohn Ring True Bearings*

NELSON
# BOHNALITE
PISTONS

*Special alloy steel Backbohns—the original Invar Steel Struts—are cast in, to control expansion and maintain satisfactory clearances under all engine operating conditions*

*To Manufacturers* Are you familiar with bohnalite, the new light alloy? Ask us about the unusual properties of this advanced metal.

# When you Build or Remodel

*Will this man's unfortunate experience be yours a few years hence—or even a few months hence?*

SO few people know that the difference between a good plumbing job and a poor one is often less than a five dollar bill.

As little as five dollars extra invested in faucets and fittings of known value will come back many-fold later in a trouble-proof plumbing system.

Any good plumber will tell you that seventy-five per cent of repair work he does is on faucets and fittings, and could have been avoided if the owner had only known the difference between good and shoddy fittings—and the very small difference in price between the two.

The Mueller Company is not willing to sit idly by and permit home owners and builders to suffer humiliation and financial loss because of lack of knowledge of the true facts.

We want you to know that while these flimsy, poorly made faucets and other fittings are often cunningly designed to imitate and look like the "real thing," they *cannot* promise satisfaction or lasting service.

Remember, brass plumbing fittings cannot escape severe punishment in service. No other parts of your plumbing system must withstand such hard and constant usage. They are the *working parts*—the *vital spots*—which must combat twists and strains—the effects of hot and cold water, of powerful water pressure and chemical action.

And since the vital parts of many of the fittings are hidden behind walls and under floors, the making of repairs and replacements is frequently exceptionally costly. Tearing up floors, opening walls, repainting, repapering, or other expense is often the penalty of "penny wise" economy.

The slight additional cost of sturdy Mueller Faucets and other brass fittings, over the shoddy "tissue paper" kind, insignificant at the start, is a great economy in the long run. You pay for them only *once*.

MUELLER

# –don't let *"Shoddy"* brass plumbing fittings cause you regret and loss!..

## *It won't be long now*

It won't be long now before inferior plumbing fittings will be a thing of the past. "Shoddy plumbing" is on the way out. This is the day of quality. Insist on Mueller!

The name *Mueller* on faucets and other brass fittings is a lasting testimony to the fact that the builder has spent a little more in the beginning to save the owner a lot of money in the end. When you see the name *Mueller,* you are *sure* of satisfactory service as long as the building stands.

**Water Works and Gas Companies *standardize on* Mueller Brass**

AMONG the leading great water works and gas companies, who buy brass fittings after rigid inspections and on the critical judgment of experts, Mueller stands at the top. Practically all such companies have for years *standardized* on Mueller. Can there be any stronger proof of value and enduring service?

*He bought the* MUELLER *kind*

## *Make a "Health Examination" of your home*

HAVE your plumber make a health examination of your home. His advice now will save you endless trouble and expense later.

He is anxious to help you and to give you the benefit of his experience. Whenever he is given authority to select the plumbing and fixtures he will always use quality merchandise—it is a credit to him through service to you. He knows that his work cannot be better than the material he uses. He has no respect for "shoddy" plumbing.

MUELLER CO. (*Established 1857*) Decatur, Ill.
BRANCHES
New York, Dallas, San Francisco, Los Angeles
*Canadian Factory:* MUELLER, Limited, Sarnia
© 1925, Mueller Co.

THE MUELLER COMPANY MANUFACTURES:

***Brass faucets and faucet specialties*** for every purpose in homes, apartments and large buildings, factories and laboratories

***Brass valves and fittings*** for the entire supply system, including pop-up drains, combined drains and overflows, supply pipes and stops, lavatory and bath traps, ferrules, etc.

***Reducing and regulating valves*** for water, steam, air, gas and oil

***Automatic systems of hot water heat control***

# FAUCETS & VITREOUS WARE

# Every cleaning minute shows greater results

## POSITIVE AGITATION

THERE is a new exact measure of cleanliness for floor coverings —*the amount of dirt removed from rugs for every minute of cleaning.*

Here is the real test of any cleaning method. And in this test the Hoover has repeatedly proved its ability to remove more *dirt per minute.*

"Positive Agitation" gives the Hoover this greater *dirt-per-minute* capacity. This sensational cleaning principle beats out the deepest-buried dirt from your rugs. To this deep-beating are added sweeping which removes the lint, and suction which gathers up the dirt from the surface of the rug.

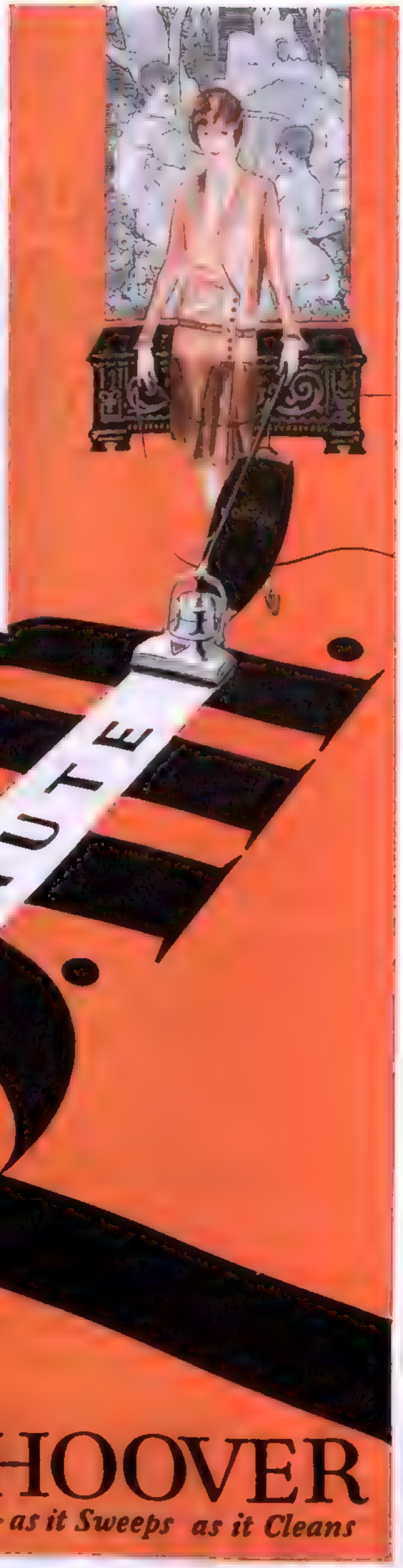
Only in cleaners made by The Hoover Company are these three essentials of *thorough* cleaning combined.

We shall be glad to demonstrate in your home the Hoover's ability to remove the most *dirt per minute.* Phone your local Hoover Dealer.

*Cash prices: Model 700 Hoover,* **$75.** *Model 543,* **$59.50.** *Dusting tools, $12.50. Model 972, $135.00; Dusting tools, $15 00. Floor Polisher, $7.50. Easy payments if desired Only $6 25 down. Hoover dealers will make you an allowance on your old machine.*

THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO
*The oldest and largest maker of electric cleaners*
*The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario*

On The Air—Every Thursday, 8 30 Eastern Daylight-Saving Time, The Hoover Sentinels, through the N. B. C. Red Net-work. Tune in!



(Continued from Page 90)

We had a lot of fun at that series. Mr. Wheeler and I sat up nearly one whole night telling Porter Emerson Browne the story of our trip to Mexico with General Villa, and from our story he got the idea for writing the play, The Bad Man—one of the most successful ever produced. I am not trying to claim that we had anything to do with the skillful writing of it, but simply say that from our conversation Mr. Browne got his idea, for, confidentially, he had never been in Mexico and had never seen Villa.

There was a fresh head waiter at our hotel in Cincinnati who got into a row with me one night. The upshot of the thing was that I was asked to leave the dining room, which I did. By great good luck, I happened to run into Joe Tinker, the old Cub shortstop; and by another stroke of luck, he happened to be leading about the streets of the city a band which was celebrating something. I got Tinker and his band and paraded into the hotel dining room and we marched around it, the musicians playing so loud that all the dishes on the tables rattled. I dared the head waiter to put me out again, and he didn't take the dare.

Those World Series in the old days used to be great fun; but everything was, in the old days. One of the baseball writers borrowed the cap and lantern of a brakeman who had fallen asleep while we were on our way to Chicago one night and went through the train, waking up the passengers and demanding their tickets. He is still alive too.

Once when I was playing in vaudeville I took the place of Don the Talking Dog and was billed as such. There was a law in Boston that animals could not appear on the bill on Sunday nights because only sacred concerts were supposed to be given, and by the wildest stretch of the imagination that description did not fit a talking dog. But the dog had been playing all week as a headliner, so they let me go along and fill his place.

I have seen most of the big prize fights. I went to the Dempsey-Tunney fight and the day of the battle Edgren, Tommy Gibbons, Dan Mahoney, Barney Flynn and several other giants were in our room. I felt like a midget. Then Bill McGeehan came in.

"Gee, I'm glad to see you, Bill!" I said. "It's nice to meet a guy of my size. I've been hanging around with giants all morning."

Readers like to see Jeff get the best of it, pulling for the little guy against the big one. They like to see these two clowns hang around with prominent people because it is so ridiculous. Both these boys have been good to me. But if I had a son, I doubt whether I would want him to become a cartoonist.

### One Lowbrow to Another

I was suing a burlesque manager for some infringements on my rights one day and Thomas A. Edison had a case of patent infringement in the same court. Mr. Edison's case came up first, and while waiting for it he began to glance at some of the Mutt and Jeff books which were in the court for the purpose of evidence. He departed from the court room before my arrival, but he left a note saying he would like to have some autographed copies of the Mutt and Jeff books, and that he would be delighted to give me an autographed photograph if I desired one.

The lawyer for the defense contended that his client had a right to burlesque Mutt and Jeff, since this work was produced for the consumption of lowbrowed persons anyway.

My lawyer, Charles E. Kelley, was on his feet immediately and said, "Yes, such lowbrowed persons as Thomas A. Edison, for example."

He then read the note the great inventor had left asking for some of my drawings. The case was won. After Mr. Edison got the books he had asked for he wrote the following letter:

*Dear Mr. Fisher:* I have received the three Mutt and Jeff books which you have so kindly sent me and beg you will accept my thanks for your courtesy. I am having them sent to my house, where I will enjoy them later.

As a fellow inventor, let me congratulate you on the invention of this enjoyable nonsense.

Yours very truly,
THOMAS A. EDISON.

Of course the toughest job of all is to get ideas and then stage them right in a strip. Naturally I am always on the lookout and can frequently twist a comic situation around so it will make a cartoon.

Wherever I am and whatever I see, I am always on the lookout. To illustrate what I mean, I happened to be walking along the street one day when I saw three or four huskies straining on a piano which they were moving into an apartment house to the accompaniment of a chorus of grunts. A pedestrian strolled by and greeted the piano movers genially and then said to one of them, "Say, buddy, have you got a match?"

To me it was a funny idea, for they set down the musical instrument and one of the movers dug up a match and handed it to him. Then they went to grunting again. I changed it to Mutt and Jeff moving a safe and had Joe Spivis ask for a match. Jeff drops his end to accommodate him and the safe falls on Mutt.

### More Honor for Franklin

Again, I heard a funny story about a stylish publisher who always dressed himself to fit the occasion and was constantly changing his costume. A friend of mine claimed he was visiting him at his seaside home for the week-end. They were strolling about the place, when his sartorially perfect host saw a rabbit. He grabbed his guest by the arm and said, "Look! A rabbit! You watch him while I go get my gun."

"All right," replied the guest, who had no sympathy with the chase. "I'll try to hypnotize the rabbit while you are away."

The host was gone a long time before he returned, and when he did he carried two guns, a shotgun and a rifle; he had changed his costume and put on a hunting suit. I took the idea and used it in a strip, and I think it worked out pretty well.

Of course it is easy for Mutt and Jeff to satirize ridiculous practices. Two practices in business have always amused and irritated me some. The habit of calling executives by their initials when they obtain positions of importance is one of them; the other is the custom of a man always being "in conference" when called on the telephone. I have used both these ideas in the Mutt and Jeff pictures, and they have made a hit with business men.

I have never been present at many conferences, but my experience has been that nothing much comes out of them. Usually each man attending is trying to impress on the others the importance of his views. Such practices as these lend themselves readily to my two characters.

There used to be—and still is so far as I know—a vaudeville actor named Harry Watson, whom I considered one of the funniest birds on the stage. He would come out made up as a bum prize fighter. His manager would introduce him to the audience and tell of all his wonderful achievements, while Watson would continually interrupt him with the remark, 'Tell 'em what I done to Philadelphia Jack O'Brien." Then the manager would announce that Watson was to give an exhibition of bag punching.

"Punching the bag ten thousand consecutive times," the manager would bawl loudly.

Watson would take three or four lazy wallops at the bag and turn to the audience with the remark, "Well, you get the idea."

I'm not going to tell any more about how I dig up the skeletons for strips—you get the idea.

Recently the cartoonists organized themselves into a society, and there was a lot of talk about who should be the patron saint. Benjamin Franklin was finally selected. I think it was Fontaine Fox who declared Joe Miller should be the patron saint and the headquarters in St. Joe, Missouri.

One story I shall tell because it includes in its cast of characters two famous publishers—James Gordon Bennett, formerly owner and publisher of the New York Herald, and Ralph D. Blumenfeld, now editor of the London Daily Express. Mr. Blumenfeld told me this yarn when I spent the week-end with him which I have described earlier in this narrative. He was born in Milwaukee and was once the London correspondent of the New York Herald. While thus engaged he was ordered by Mr. Bennett to meet him at Naples, where the publisher was due to arrive on his yacht, the Lysistrata, after a Mediterranean cruise with several friends.

Mr. Blumenfeld was kept waiting for a few days before the magnificent craft arrived with its distinguished passengers. He went aboard to report to his boss, who was known to his hands as the Commodore.

When he stepped aboard, Mr. Bennett said to him, "The barber is waiting for you."

"But," replied Mr. Blumenfeld, "I don't need a barber. I was shaved this morning."

"We have a rule on this boat," said Mr. Bennett, "that everyone aboard must have his mustache shaved off."

Then for the first time Mr. Blumenfeld noticed Mr. Bennett and his guests were all clean shaven. "I'm sorry," answered Mr. Blumenfeld, "but I don't care to have my mustache shaved."

"In that case," answered Mr. Bennett gravely, "I will have to ask you to leave this craft, since you don't care to conform to the rules."

Mr. Blumenfeld did and sent back his resignation. As a result, he became interested in the London Daily Express.

Mr. Bennett was known as one of the most eccentric publishers. In great contrast to him was Joseph Pulitzer, publisher of the New York World and a contemporary of Mr. Bennett. Charles Lincoln, for some years a managing editor of the World, told me he was in Europe with Mr. Pulitzer at one time and that he always showed great interest in Mr. Bennett because Mr. Lincoln had previously been news editor of the Herald. Mr. Pulitzer and Mr. Lincoln were in the south of France on the Mediterranean when Mr. Pulitzer was discussing Bennett's capacity for play and his propensity for yachting which resulted in him taking cruises all over the world. By this time Mr. Pulitzer was totally blind, but still the genius behind the World, working many hours a day. As Mr. Pulitzer stood beside Mr. Lincoln, who looked out into the harbor, the latter could see the magnificent Pulitzer yacht, the Liberty, lying there at anchor.

### Passing Up the Fleshpots

"Why don't you take a cruise to Egypt, Mr. Pulitzer," suggested Lincoln, "as Bennett would? Your yacht is bigger than his."

"Maybe I will," replied Mr. Pulitzer. "I have never learned to play. That is my trouble." His blind eyes seemed to look wistfully without seeing. Then he straightened up. "It's all nonsense," he said abruptly.

Two weeks later Mr. Pulitzer and Mr. Lincoln were back in New York and hard at it. That is the contrast between two publishers.

Jack Barrymore was a great friend of mine when I first came to New York, and many a night we spent together, for he was a splendid companion. He was always very temperamental, and I think one of the best stories about him deals with his annoyance at a stage hand who made a noise in the wings while he was appearing in The Fortune Hunter or some other of his earlier shows. Barrymore lost his temper—he did this with the greatest ease—and socked the stage hand. Whereupon this scene shifter invoked the union and gendarmes and was going to have Barrymore arrested. Finally he agreed to call it off if Jack would beg his pardon, and emissaries brought this message to the actor. He accepted to avoid the hoosegow and properly apologized.

It was Tad who named the complimentary tickets to fights with the holes punched in them Annie Oakleys, because Annie Oakley was the great woman shot, and the tickets looked as if they had been perforated by bullets. So this is another assist a cartoonist should get credit for in the box score.

### With a Watch in His Head

I have always been interested in pets and have had some queer ones. The first pet that I had after I came to New York was a hairless Chihuahua dog, and because Jeff was bald and this dog looked so forlorn I named him Jeff. I had him for years, but finally the rigors of the New York climate were too severe for him and he died.

My father was always very fond of birds and during his lifetime had many canaries, parrots and other feathered pets. The summer before the Dempsey-Firpo fight I spent some time in Saratoga and bought a leopard cub which looked as harmless as a house cat, but rapidly developed a vicious streak and had my hands and arms and neck all scratched up.

My father and mother arrived to visit me, and my father brought along a couple of his favorite birds in a cage. It is fortunate that the cage was strong, because I got in the room just in time to see Firpo, the name I had given my leopard cub, prying the wires apart and in another minute the two canaries would have been missing.

Firpo finally became so vicious that I gave him to Jack Dempsey for his training camp in Saratoga, and he appeared to be pleased with the gift; but a few days later I saw him and he said that the leopard had run away. I have an idea that when Dempsey discovered the habits of this "gentle" creature he changed his mind about its desirability as a training-camp companion.

I once had a bulldog with a great propensity for killing cats. I would be leading him along the street on a leash, when he would suddenly jump the full length of it into a cellarway and come back with a cat. I gave this dog to a girl friend of mine who lived in New Jersey. It was in the days of hansom cabs, and she was taking the dog across town to the ferry in one, when the dog became angry at the horse, leaped out of the cab and bit the horse on the hind leg. It resulted in a runaway, the horse finally being stopped by a policeman without a great deal of damage. When the young lady got the dog home he killed so many chickens that she gave him away to an unsuspecting friend in Maine, and that is the last I heard of this pet.

A few years ago in London I bought a peculiar animal which attracted my attention in an animal store. It was called a rock cady and looked like a rat, but its form of locomotion was such that one could not see its legs. He was a friendly cleanly fellow, and I kept him for a year or more before I presented him to the Zoo.

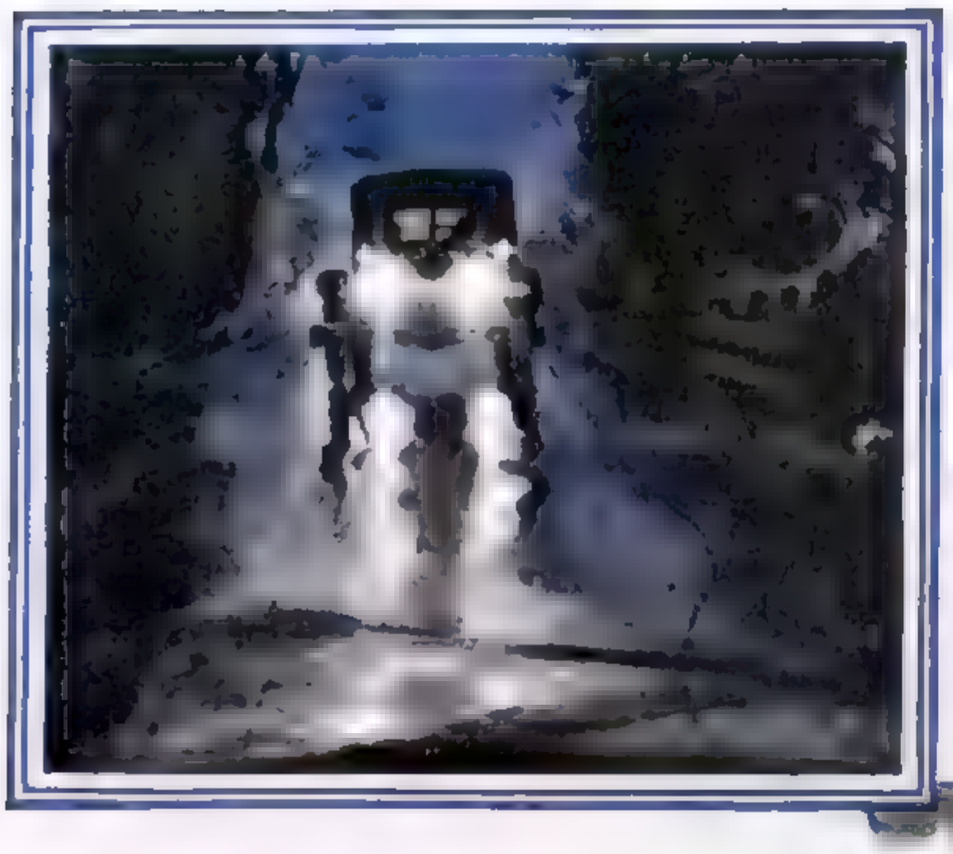
There is just one little fellow to whom I want to pay a tribute and that is Earl Sande, the jockey. I have been around race tracks enough to know owners, trainers and jockeys, and I think he is the highest class jockey I have ever met. He is a square shooter and the greatest race rider I have ever seen. He has a watch in his head, which means he knows just how fast he is going, and if the pace is too swift for the distance he will pull back. He is a credit to the track.

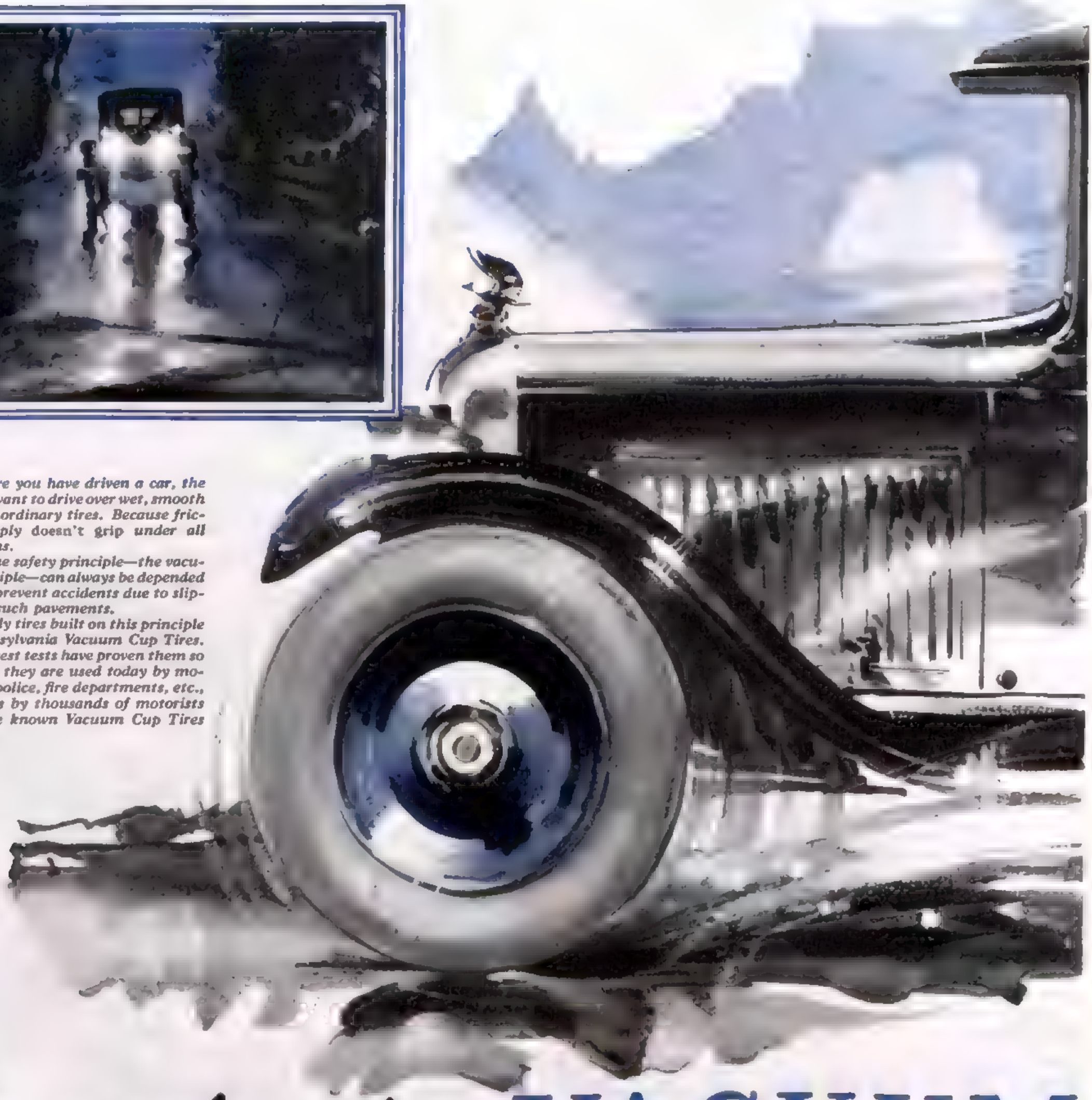
If my readers will permit me to hop about a bit, I want to relate another story of war correspondents which came to me

(Continued on Page 99)

# "S-S-S-SAFE"

## travels over wet roads





*The more you have driven a car, the less you want to drive over wet, smooth roads on ordinary tires. Because friction simply doesn't grip under all conditions.*

*Just one safety principle—the vacuum principle—can always be depended upon to prevent accidents due to slipping on such pavements.*

*The only tires built on this principle are Pennsylvania Vacuum Cup Tires. The severest tests have proven them so safe that they are used today by motorcycle police, fire departments, etc., as well as by thousands of motorists who have known Vacuum Cup Tires for years.*

# Pennsylvania VACUUM

# her tires sing as she black with grease . . .

GOOD ROADS? Yes—so good they're dangerous!

Mirror-smooth speedways of polished asphalt—endless paths of level concrete . . . Luring, comfortable, *treacherous*.

Especially when mist and rain loosen the black film of grease that cars themselves deposit everywhere. Millions of tiny grease-balls as slippery as soap.

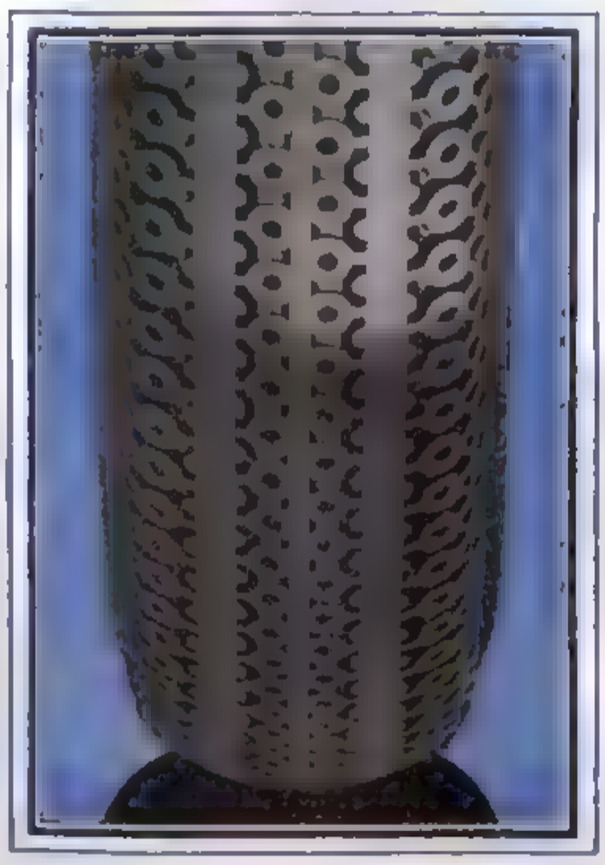
And *women* driving. *Ten million* of them today!

Driving children to school. Shopping in traffic. Guiding the wheels of faster, lighter modern cars that must depend upon traction for road safety.

Since road surfaces have changed, tire treads must also change . . . The tire of today must hold on smoothness, on slippery grease, on glass-like tar surface.

Traction experts agree, and exhaustive tests have proved, that only the *vacuum* tread principle can give maximum safety for today's roads.

That is why the Pennsylvania Vacuum Cup Balloon has been designed. It holds at all legal speeds—on grease, rain, car-tracks. The slipperier and smoother the road becomes the tighter the vacuum grip takes hold and the louder its song of safety is sung.



*As the tire rolls, the Vacuum Cups engage the road surface, seal for an instant by air-tight suction, and then let go as the car proceeds. The gentle whispering sound as the tiny cups hold-let-go, hold-let-go is the "S-s-s-safe" song motorists know so well.*

High speed or low—sudden stops—roads glistening with wet grease—the strong rubber cups grip, grip, grip and then release their hold instantly when the tire turns past the road contact—without in any way retarding driving speed or increasing gasoline consumption.

NATURALLY this surefooted tire costs more than ordinary balloons. The carcass is of selected long staple cotton cord fabric, every tire with six plies, each ply cushioned. Double-frictioned with the finest rubber, it is flexible to the point of being almost impervious to external shocks. The tread is of the densest rubber, providing slow, even wear and mileage heretofore believed impossible.

And if driving conditions where you live are such that friction treads are still satisfactory, remember that you can get maximum value in sturdy, long-mileage Pennsylvania and Jeannette Balloons.

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER CO.
OF AMERICA, INC.
*Jeannette, Pa.*

# CUP BALLOONS

# The White Fireman made outside aid possible

LASHED into a fury by a forty-mile gale, a fire which started in a congested area threatened to destroy the entire city. Local fire forces were inadequate to control such a conflagration. Help was summoned. To the rescue came men and equipment from neighboring towns. The city was saved. Disaster was averted.

Only a short time before, the White Fireman had induced the municipal government to adopt standard couplings for hose and hydrants. Thus, it was he who made it possible for apparatus from other communities to aid in saving the imperiled city.

THE White Fireman symbolizes the Loss-Prevention Service supported by insurance companies. This service includes: Consultation on proposed structures, that they may be as fire-safe as possible. Inspection of property, with recommendations for the reduction of fire-hazards. Maintenance of the Underwriters' Laboratories for the testing of building materials, the practical trial of fire extinguishers and other protective equipment, the examination of electrical apparatus and materials. Various other kinds of technical assistance for the furtherance of property conservation. The North America Agent will tell you how to secure this valuable service.

## Insurance Company of North America

PHILADELPHIA

*and*

## Indemnity Ins. Co. of North America

*write practically every form of insurance except life*

The Oldest American Fire and Marine Insurance Company—*Founded 1792*

Property Owners may Secure this Loss-prevention Service through Responsible Insurance Agents

(Continued from Page 95)

from my old friend Sam Dreben, the soldier of fortune. It seems that during one of the earlier Mexican revolutions several correspondents of New York papers were congregated in El Paso, and among them were William Shepherd, Chris Haggerty, now dead, of the A. P., and William Willis, then on the New York Herald. Mr. Shepherd and Mr. Haggerty were discussing literature and the arts in a café in El Paso one night, when Mr. Shepherd happened to remark that when in New York he was accustomed to have his hair cut at the same French barber shop in Washington Square which Mark Twain patronized. It seems Mr. Shepherd had got on friendly terms with the barber who had served Mr. Twain before his death, and he confided that he had saved some of the hairs of the famous humorist.

After a brief parley he presented part of his treasure to Mr. Shepherd, who put it away carefully in a locket and had not exposed it to the public view until this appropriate occasion in El Paso.

"Have you really got with you some of Mark Twain's hair?" demanded Mr. Haggerty.

"Certainly I have," replied Shepherd, producing the locket.

"How many are there?" asked Haggerty.

A careful count proved there were eight in all.

"Give me some," requested Mr. Haggerty.

After a great deal of dickering and many sentimental expressions about old Sam Clemens, Shepherd agreed to give up two of the hairs to Haggerty. Laying all on the table, he counted out the two.

"But," said Mr. Haggerty, following the example of the well-known camel that stuck his nose in the tent, "if I were to go back to Chicago and tell my poor old father I had seen a man who had some of Mark Twain's hair and didn't bring him back at least a couple, he would chase me out of the house. He was one of the greatest admirers of this great author."

They were still bickering over this point when Mr. Willis arrived. Not realizing the importance of the conversation or the consequences of his act, he blew all the hairs off the table into oblivion. There was no official timekeeper to record the performance of Mr. Willis when he got started with the two Mark Twain admirers on his heels, but unofficial observers declared his speed equaled anything ever shown in El Paso. I used this idea for a Mutt and Jeff page.

Many will still remember Billy Roche, who used to referee the bouts in the early days of boxing in California. It was against the law then to hold more than one professional bout a month, and this led to some of the best amateur fights ever put on. The participants were as much amateurs as are Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney. One night Mr. Roche was refereeing one of these "amateur" affairs and some of us were sitting at the ring side, when a fighter was knocked almost into our laps. Roche began to count slowly: "One—two—three—four ——"

He looked down at us to see how we were betting, for sometimes we plunged for as much as five dollars on a fight. "I believe he's out," he declared, as he paused. We shook our heads to say that we didn't have a bet and he rattled off the rest of the count like a machine gun firing.

So as to make my confession complete, I will admit that I used to play golf a little, but I don't now. It is not because I don't like the game, but probably because I am not very good at it, and I hate to be a dub at anything I try. I believe this is true of most people, although they hesitate to confess it.

This story has wandered along and around until I feel like the man who at the conclusion of a long epistle said, "Please excuse the long letter, for I had no time to write a short one."

This story reminds me of one night I was caught in a blizzard in New York and was trying to get home to pack up and catch a train to keep a vaudeville engagement. I took a cab from the restaurant where I had been eating, but had not gone very far when the driver got stuck and said he could proceed no farther.

"Well," I demanded, "can you back up to where you came from?" I wonder if I could back up to where I came from with this story.

Editor's Note—This is the last of four articles by Mr. Fisher.

# SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 24)

*To keep them in their new positions*
*The poor old mother has been bled.*
*She scrimps and saves and starves and patches*
*So that her girls may toil for bread.*
*"My daughters, they shall toil for bread*
*No matter what it costs!" she said.*
*How noble are the hearts of mothers!*
*They're rather weak, though, in the head.*
—*Morris Bishop.*

### *Should We Get the Vote Out or Should We Leave It Lay?*

*SCENE:* Mr. and Mrs. Ellis O. Watty are seated about the evening lamp. Mr. Watty is reading the evening paper. Mrs. Watty is doing her usual evening bit of pick-up work. The time is evening.

MRS. W.: You never tell me anything about politics.

MR. W. *(absently):* Um-m-m?

MRS. W. *(louder):* I said you never tell me anything about politics.

MR. W. *(rather pleasantly than otherwise):* Well, what do you want to know?

MRS. W.: What's all this business about the farmers not liking Hoover?

MR. W. *(trying to be brave):* They do like Hoover.

MRS. W.: Well, then, who don't they like—Smith?

MR. W.: No. That is, the farmers don't like anybody much. But there's this McNary-Haugen ——

MRS. W.: What's he running for?

MR. W.: He isn't running. I mean it isn't a he—it's two of them. They aren't running for anything.

MRS. W.: Just hand me those scissors, please, dear. And don't yell at me so. I'm not deaf.

MR. W. *(mechanically hands scissors, warms to his work):* They wrote a bill—the McNary-Haugen Bill for Farm Relief, it's called. It's all about farm relief. And what the farmers are after—you see what I mean—is farm relief. So they got pretty sore, naturally, d'you see? It's this equalization clause that's done it. You look at it one way and you can't blame 'em, if you see what I mean. Still and all, this is a big country, and the more the Government gets into business the more it gets into business, and the more it will get into business. Why, last year, for instance, this country alone imported more jute per capita per square foot than —— *(And so on, and so on, and so on, with increasing ardor, for fifteen minutes.)*

MRS. W.: Oh, dear, I wish I knew what to give that homely Evans girl for a wedding present! —KATHARINE DAYTON.

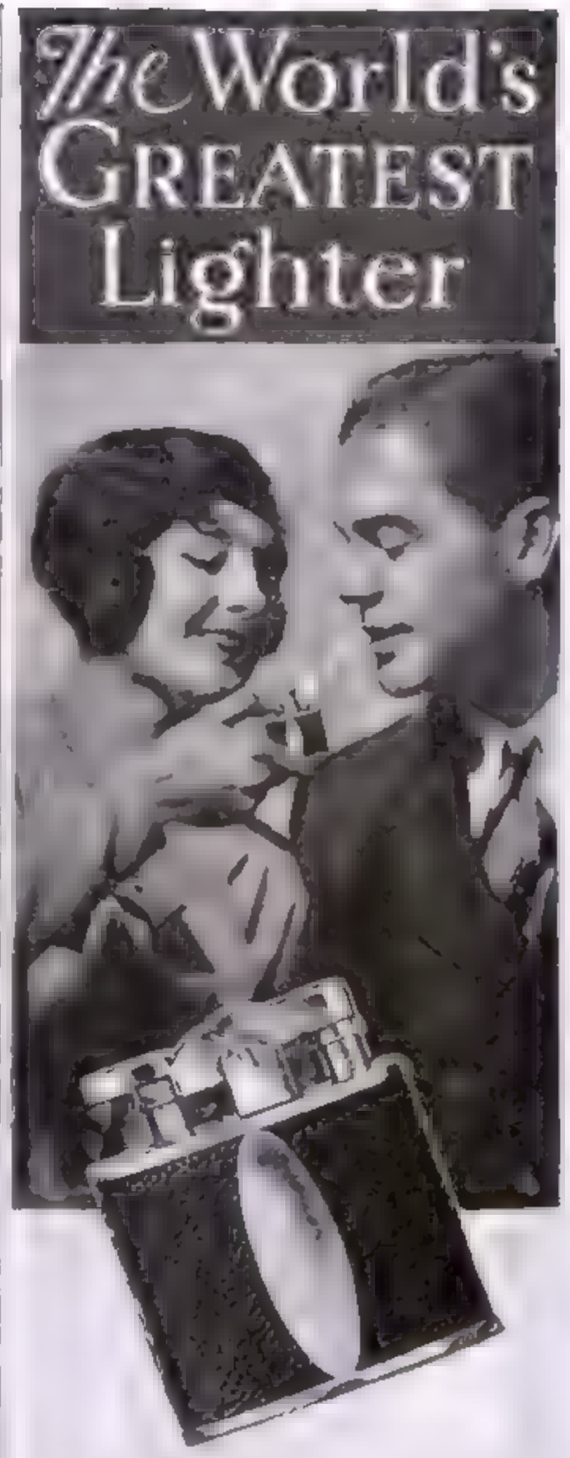
### *Cautious Campaigning*

*"Father, may I go out to stump?"*
*"Go, and good luck I wish you!*
*Keep the partisans on the jump,*
*But don't go near the issue."*
—*Corinne Rockwell Swain.*

### *The Way You Feel, According to Popular Songs*

YOU feel mighty blue, oh, so sad and blue. Blue because you parted, blue and broken-hearted. Blue 'cause you can't get the one you want, those you get you don't want, sweeties you long for never are strong for you. Blue 'cause the pal that you loved stole the gal that you loved, and took all your sunshine and joy, and your sweetie went away and she didn't say when, she didn't say where, she didn't say why, nor kiss you good-by, and you're as blue as can be. You're just like an old glove that's faded and torn; you're cast aside and you're heartsick and sore. You're all by yourself every morning, all by yourself every night, all by yourself in a cozy morris chair, so unhappy there, playing solitaire. You get so blue through and through when the leaves come a-tumbling down through the trees, down in the breeze. You sigh and you cry, and then you get those AWFUL, TERRIBLE, ACHING, QUAKING, WHANG-WHANG, LOW-DOWN, WABASH BLUES—those HULA-HULA, GIN-GIN-GINNY, LONESOME MAMMA, ALWAYS WANT EVERYTHING, NEVER GET ANYTHING BLUES—those MEMPHIS, EAST ST. LOUIS, LIMEHOUSE, TOODLE-DOO, DOO DAH, SAD MAD—that's all there is, there ain't no more—BLUES.
—*V. C. Odell.*

*Popular Novel—"The Bridge of San Luis Rey"*


RONSON

(Trade-mark Reg. Fully Pt'd. Other Pats. Pend.

DE~LIGHT

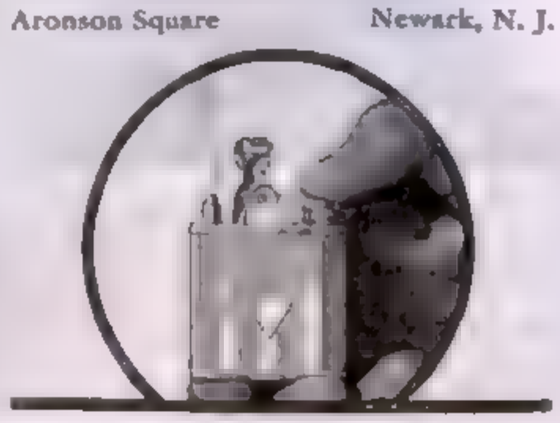
A *Flip* and It's Lit—
*Release* and It's Out!

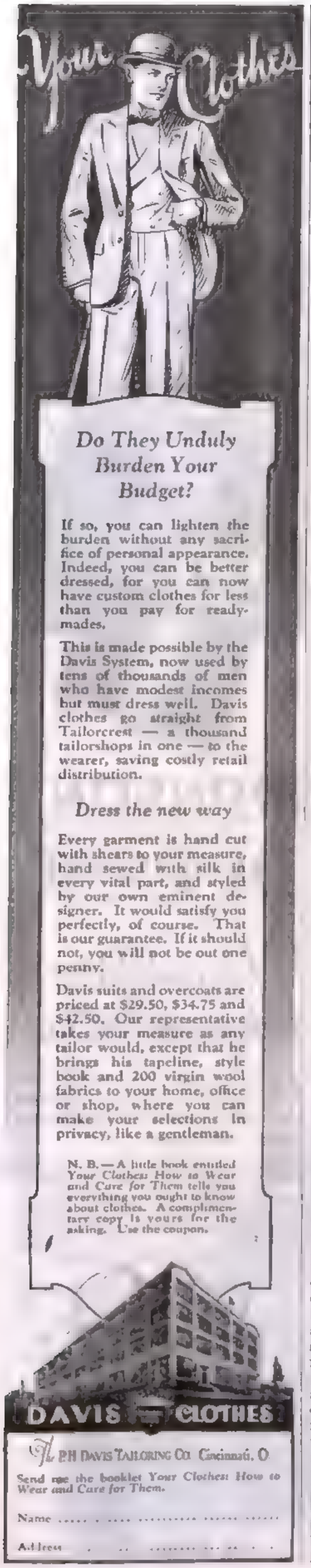
ONE press of your thumb, and there's your light; instantaneous; automatic; *positive!* Release your thumb, and it's *out!*

The Ronson De-Light is made in a wide variety of beautiful colors in leathers, enamels, sterling silver, gold, and the wonderful new permanent, untarnishable chromium plate. Prices begin, thriftily, at $5. Stop in at your favorite shop and select *your* Ronson De-Light—today!

*Dealers are invited to write for our complete catalog de luxe*

ART METAL WORKS, Inc.
Aronson Square Newark, N. J.




Your Clothes
Do They Unduly Burden Your Budget?
If so, you can lighten the burden without any sacrifice of personal appearance. Indeed, you can be better dressed, for you can now have custom clothes for less than you pay for ready-mades.
This is made possible by the Davis System, now used by tens of thousands of men who have modest incomes but must dress well. Davis clothes go straight from Tailorcrest — a thousand tailorshops in one — to the wearer, saving costly retail distribution.
Dress the new way
Every garment is hand cut with shears to your measure, hand sewed with silk in every vital part, and styled by our own eminent designer. It would satisfy you perfectly, of course. That is our guarantee. If it should not, you will not be out one penny.
Davis suits and overcoats are priced at $29.50, $34.75 and $42.50. Our representative takes your measure as any tailor would, except that he brings his tapeline, style book and 200 virgin wool fabrics to your home, office or shop, where you can make your selections in privacy, like a gentleman.
N. B.—A little book entitled Your Clothes: How to Wear and Care for Them tells you everything you ought to know about clothes. A complimentary copy is yours for the asking. Use the coupon.
DAVIS CLOTHES
P H DAVIS TAILORING CO Cincinnati, O
Send me the booklet Your Clothes: How to Wear and Care for Them.
Name
Address

# THE FOREIGN-LOAN HAZARD

(Continued from Page 23)

For example, the financial pages of my New York newspaper this June morning display three-quarter-page advertisements of new security issues. One issue is put out by an American telephone company. The money will be spent at home, and it may reasonably be presumed that whoever uses a telephone in the territory covered by this company, or telephones into it by long-distance connection, will get a more satisfactory service because of the improvements provided by this bond issue; and we may assume that all Americans are rather better off if school children, growing up in Omaha, have adequate schoolhouses and parks.

Another of this morning's offerings of securities consists of 20,000 shares in the City Savings Bank, Limited, of Budapest, Hungary. The advertisement says this is a very reputable, well-managed bank which issues its own bonds against first mortgages on residential, agricultural and other property in Hungary. It is clear enough that American money invested in these securities will produce no direct demand for American labor and goods, and that such improvements as result from the investment will not be directly enjoyed by Americans, with the possible casual exception of some American tourists in Hungary.

The third offering is of bonds of an Italian hydroelectric company. Possibly that investment may result in the sale of some American electrical materials for export. Indeed, the stock justification of foreign loans has long been that they stimulated exports, thereby producing secondary results more or less commensurate with the direct results of home investments: the money that we send to Hungary or any other foreign country will be used, in fact, to buy American goods, and unless we lend foreign countries money they cannot continue to buy our goods. This bankers' point of view was well expressed by President Mitchell of the National City Bank of New York in a speech on foreign loans last year, as follows:

"By and large, the money has not been taken out of the country. It has been spent here in the purchase of the products of our farms, our mines and our factories. So heavy has been the balance of payments this way that not only have foreign merchants been forced to expend all the proceeds of foreign loans here, but above and beyond that they have had to ship large quantities of gold to discharge their obligations. Had we not loaned abroad, our foreign customers would have faced the alternative of curtailing their purchases here or shipping us more gold, threatening a dangerous inflation."

### Imports, Exports and Loans

Since then an inflation on the stock market that some people considered dangerous did take place, and this year gold has been flowing out of the country. But aside from that, nowadays, by and large, there is no direct or necessary connection between a country's foreign lending and its exports. As Mr. Mitchell pointed out further on in the same speech, one logical effect of foreign loans is to stimulate imports—not exports. The lending country accumulates large yearly balances abroad for interest and those balances are settled in part by shipments of goods; so, finally, creditor nations import more goods than they export. That has been England's position for a long while. From 1913 to 1926 England's exports of home goods increased 24 per cent in money value—prices having risen meanwhile about 50 per cent. But her imports increased 62 per cent. You may perhaps there trace a connection between foreign loans and imports, but hardly between such loans and exports. In June this year the president of the British Board of Trade reported that England's share in world exports was 11 per cent in 1927 against 13 per cent in 1913. A few days before that Sir Robert Kinderaley calculated that British capital invested abroad amounted to £3,990,000,000 against £3,500,000,000 in 1910—all the war losses that intervened having been more than made good. But exports did not know it, and at home England was still hard up.

Once in a while a foreign loan is tied to exports, the borrower specifically agreeing to take the proceeds of the loan in goods. Usually that will be a weak borrower, who has to accept whatever terms the lender imposes. A strong borrower, as a matter of course, wishes to be free to buy his goods wherever he can get them cheapest. It is noteworthy that associations representing manufacturers have urged that our foreign loans be specifically tied to exports, while bankers have pretty generally resisted that view, holding that to tie the borrower is to put him at a disadvantage that may make his loan a poor risk.

### Napoleon Aids Wellington

In our foreign lending the amount of loans tied to exports has not been important. The greater part of our loans have been to nations, states and cities that do little or no importing of goods. In 1927 about 53 per cent of all our loans were of that character, and in the first quarter of 1928 nearly 72 per cent. Our loans create foreign exchange which can be used as well to buy goods in one foreign country as in another. In 1927, for example, we took $61,500,000 bonds of German cities and $224,725,000 bonds of various German corporations. That great supply of foreign exchange made it easier for German importers to buy goods abroad, but the exchange could exactly as well be used to pay for British, Dutch, French or any other foreign goods as for American. If the German importer did buy American goods it was because they were cheaper or better suited to his purpose than competing goods, and not because the money to pay for them originated in America.

When we buy a foreign bond issue the money, in the first instance, will be deposited in a New York bank to the credit of the borrower; and there, excluding the small amount of loans tied to exports, we really lose control of it. Where money is deposited in the first instance has nothing to do with its destination, as France discovered too late more than a century ago, when foreign-exchange operations were not so well understood as they are now.

In March, 1811, the minister of finance reported to Napoleon, with great satisfaction: "A Frankforter who is now staying in Paris with a Frankfort passport, and goes by the name of Rothschild, is principally engaged in bringing English ready money from the English coast to Dunkirk—as much as 100,000 guineas a month." England and France were at war. Napoleon had set up his continental blockade of England, disrupting ordinary means of commercial communication. The French finance minister cordially approved this smuggling over of guineas in large quantities, because it obviously drained English gold into France. But as it turned out later, the English Government cordially approved it too.

Wellington, fighting the French in Spain with an English army, had the greatest difficulty in procuring money to pay his troops, and reported bitterly that wounded English officers were obliged to sell their clothes to get food. Time and again he raised cash by selling drafts on the British Treasury at frightful discounts. Many of these drafts fell into the hands of the Rothschilds and inspired Nathan Rothschild, in London, to work out a problem in foreign exchange. In fine, he sent English gold from London to his brother James in Paris, and James duly deposited it in French banks. But he used that bank credit to buy foreign bills of exchange, which, being quickly manipulated through the Rothschilds' branches and connections, turned into bills of exchange on Spanish banks. These were sent on to Wellington and he promptly cashed them at par. So when the French Government facilitated smuggling English gold into Paris, it might as well have gone a small step further and forwarded the metal to Wellington. Where the money is deposited has nothing to do with where it will be spent.

By and large, if we sell goods abroad it will be because we give the buyer a better dollar's worth than our competitors rather than because we are lending money in his country. This is particularly true of agricultural products, although a policy of liberal foreign lending has been recommended as necessary in order to sustain our farm exports. Before the World War such exports ran over $1,000,000,000 a year, with no foreign lending on our part.

Farm exports consist mainly of foodstuffs and raw cotton, which, as far as the immediate transaction is concerned, finance themselves by short-term bank credits. Foodstuffs and raw cotton move quickly into consumption and are the ideal bases of short-term bank credits. People buy them to eat and wear immediately. Bank paper based on them is therefore self-liquidating. Surely we needn't, as a continuous policy, lend people money on twenty years' time to enable them to buy this year's wheat and cotton.

Foodstuffs and cotton are things that foreigners buy of us because they must. Their own supplies are inadequate. They go into a world market and buy our wheat or Canada's, Argentina's, Russia's, indifferently. They must have cotton to keep their spindles going, and that, too, they buy in a world market at a world price. Certainly Germany did not last year buy a pound of our lard or cotton in preference to a competitor's because we bought $286,225,000 of German city and corporation bonds.

One argument is that if we had not bought the bonds Germany would have been less prosperous and her population would have consumed less foodstuffs and cotton, including ours. But that is an unproved assumption. England, as always, was far and away the greatest buyer of our farm products but borrowed no money here and was not very prosperous.

### An Axiom Disproved

Farm exports now amount to 40 per cent of all our exports, but foreign lending seems to have very slight relationship to them—that is, in normal times. In 1918, '19 and '20 we exported $9,720,000,000 of agricultural products, as a result of war that swept European granaries bare and reduced farm production. No doubt the foreign exchange with which to pay for such a volume of farm goods could not have been found if our National Treasury, banks and individuals had not been extending credit liberally. Now our bond buying creates foreign exchange with which to pay for farm imports. But it seems that lending money on long time with which to pay for this year's wheat and cotton cannot go on indefinitely.

Many things besides hats and spats go by fashion. Three hundred years ago England began thriftily acquiring colonies in parts of the world where colonies were going to prove most profitable. They were very profitable for a time because mother countries strictly monopolized colonial trade. British trade throve and the world accepted the axiom, "Trade follows the flag." The revolt of the American colonies, inspired partly by oppressive navigation acts to monopolize trade, raised grave doubts as to the expediency of monopolizing colonial trade. Also, rival countries began demanding an open door. Before the World War it was possible to prove, as

(Continued on Page 102)

# BRILLIANT *New* FEATURES AGAIN *Advance* CENTURY SUCCESS

*CONSIDER* that these famous Century Hupmobiles have swept all rivalry aside in their advance to record-shattering success;

That now these wonder cars in their new 1929 series are further refined and improved, with values and features which remove them utterly from comparison, and definitely clinch their volume-leadership in the fine-car field.

Consider carefully their amazing prices and you will realize that surely here are the lowest priced de luxe motor cars on the market—merging as never before the qualities of grace and endurance, fleetness and stamina, beauty of design and thorough-going quality of construction.

Enumerate, if you will, every justly celebrated feature known to the modern motor car, and here you will find them all. Demand the utmost in motoring service, and it will be thrillingly delivered. Again contrast Hupmobile quality and price, and your search for utmost value is swiftly and convincingly ended. 42 body and equipment combinations, standard and custom, on each line. Six of the Century, $1345 to $1645. Century Eight, $1825 to $2125. All prices f. o. b. Detroit.

HUPMOBILE

# 1929 CENTURY

SIX & EIGHT

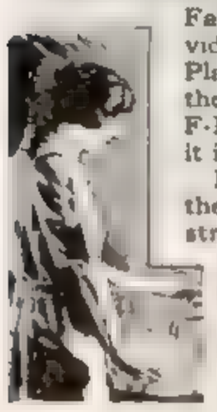
THE SLAVERY OF THE WATER BUCKET
End it for only $70
Cash f. o. b. factory, for 210 gallon per hour size. Complete with motor for 60 cycles or direct current

There is many a backache for the slaves of pump-and-carry drudgery. But the tyranny of an out-of-reach water supply can be ended. The convenience and sanitation of *running water* under pressure can become a reality in your home for a remarkably small expenditure.

For only $70 you can secure one of the famous Fairbanks-Morse Home Water Systems. Complete—motor, pump, tank and automatic switch—all contained in a compact, neat enclosure It delivers 210 gals. per hour to kitchen, bathroom, or any other outlets you provide.

So that no home need longer forego the convenience of running water Fairbanks-Morse has provided an Easy Payment Plan. As little as $20 for the first payment—any F-M Dealer will explain it in detail.

In the meantime, use the coupon to secure instructive booklet giving practical tips on installing running water.



$70 for 210 gals per hour size. A 420 gals. per hour size for $100. Both of these systems for use where source of water is not more than 22 feet below the unit. Other Fairbanks Morse equipment provides running water regardless of source of water supply or type of power available

FAIRBANKS-MORSE
Home Water Systems

*Fairbanks-Morse Products* — *"Every Line a Leader"*

FAIRBANKS, MORSE & CO., Dept L 8
900 S Wabash Ave., Chicago
Send your Free Home Water Service Booklets and Special Circular giving full details about the New F M Home Electric Water System

Name

Address R F D

Town County State
My source of water supply is ( ) Shallow Well ( ) Deep Well ( ) Spring ( ) Lake ( ) Stream ( ) Cistern


*(Continued from Page 100)*

Norman Angell did, that trade does not follow the flag, but the cheapest, most suitable, best-presented goods get the order, whatever flag they are offered under. Yet the outmoded axiom, "Trade follows the flag," was repeated as though it were still true. The fashion of thought persisted. It entered into Germany's grievance against England, summed up in the demand for "A place in the sun."

About the time colonial ideas were ruthlessly revised by the American Revolution, steam power began to be extensively applied to industry, introducing the industrial revolution. For twenty years the continent of Europe was mostly at war and overrun by armies from the Atlantic to Moscow, but England was tranquil internally and got at least a generation ahead of the Continent in reorganizing industry.

Lest we forget, any time from Waterloo to about our Civil War, England was sitting on top of the globe industrially and financially, just as the United States now is. It was the rich nation in a poor world, the great manufacturing and exporting country, especially the great creditor nation. Nathan Rothschild, in London, was speaking English ungrammatically, with a German accent; but finance ministers were carefully listening to him. His brothers in Frankfort, Paris, Vienna and Naples also had the ear of finance ministers. When there was a great cleaning up of war debts after Waterloo the Rothschilds financed every great power in Europe excepting Russia, whose business they declined partly for political reasons and partly because Russia oppressed Jews more rigorously than any other great power. Often cooperating with the Barings in London, they set up the first big international bond business. It was scandalously profitable. Bonds of defeated France were bought at 60. Other government issues, underwritten at 70 and 80, were worked up to par and sold to investors. Of course rival bankers were eager to cut into so juicy a melon. Buying foreign bonds became popular.

### An Aid to World Trade

The industrial revolution was getting into full swing. All Western Europe was building railroads and applying steam to manufactures. A great deal of the capital was raised in London. Throughout the seventeenth century and nearly all of the eighteenth, England, like the United States before the World War, was a debtor nation, borrowing more money abroad, largely in Holland, than it lent abroad. Twenty years of continental warfare, during which England got far ahead industrially, gave her the lead financially. And while lending the Continent money to build railroads England was also selling the Continent rails, locomotives, and so on, because her plants were much better equipped. Often she supplied the skilled labor too.

In the 40's it was said there was hardly an important factory in Europe in which English workmen could not be found, and often English machinery. At one time 4000 Englishmen were engaged in railroad construction in France and "British financiers, company promoters, and engineers swarmed over the Continent."

In India, Australia, North and South America, England was financing railroads and selling railroad materials. Many of our early rails came from there and were paid for by stocks and bonds floated on the London market.

It was industrial supremacy that gave England financial supremacy. Industrial supremacy also gave her huge exports, because it enabled her to undersell competitors, when there were any. The two things then coincided and the world began hearing a new export maxim, "Trade follows capital," or "Trade follows loans." But in time other countries caught up with England industrially. German and Belgian factories could turn out goods as cheaply as English factories. So, though England continued to export much more capital than any other country, her exports relatively fell behind. A country that loses its industrial lead will lose exports, no matter how much capital it lends abroad. There is no necessary connection between the two things.

Colonial trade finally became, in the main, dissociated from the flag. The colony bought the goods wherever they were cheapest, irrespective of the flag. So export trade is now in the main dissociated from loans. If the lending country sells the goods, in addition to lending the money, it will be because it can offer them cheaper. Our loans enabled borrowers to buy more foreign goods, but whether they bought our goods depended finally on quality and price of the goods. Our loans helped world trade rather than specifically American trade.

### Higher Interest and Savings

To be sure, helping world trade is an important object. Since 1919 more than $7,000,000,000 of foreign loans, excluding some refunding, have been floated in the United States. These loans greatly assisted European postwar recuperation. Without them, undoubtedly, there would have been less world trade and our trade would have suffered in the general shrinkage. But postwar stabilization is about finished now. And if there is a disadvantage in foreign investing as compared with investing at home, it would be hard to say how much foreign trade we would have to gain in order to overcome the disadvantage attaching, say, to the investment of $1,376,000,000 abroad last year.

But some weighty English opinion has held that there is no such disadvantage; that, on the contrary, foreign loans are desirable in themselves, irrespective of any effect they may have on exports. The principal argument for that point of view was recently repeated and indorsed in a discussion of foreign loans put forth under the auspices of the Investment Bankers' Association. This argument is that after a country is "fully developed" industrially, then it should turn to foreign loans, for otherwise money will pile up at home and a low rate of interest will discourage saving.

"This country," says the discussion referred to, "has definitely entered that stage of economic development where the huge profits of the past can no longer be expected from the exploitation of natural resources and a high rate of interest; hence the stimulation of savings will be sustained largely through the outflow of funds abroad."

Now that paragraph would have been exactly as cogent twenty-five years ago as it is now. All the good land was taken up then. We had our "fully developed" railroads, mines, mills, billion-dollar steel trust, and so forth. Since then, to take only one conspicuous example, development of the automobile has absorbed huge capital sums and yielded profits so vast that California's gold nabobs look like pikers in comparison.

No country has ever yet been "fully developed" industrially or come within longest gun range of that condition. This country, far from having reached that stage, has only fairly got started. The important natural resource of any country is its brains. If you turn to the stock-market list in your daily paper you will note that nearly all the big money-makers are new things, thought out within a generation. If not that, then they are new, more profitable developments of old things, which comes to the same thing. So long as our inventive and organizing genius holds out we shall be no nearer to the end of profitable exploitation of natural resources than we were when the Pilgrims landed. In fact, this argument is only a repetition in economic terms of "After us, the deluge."

A comparison of London issues indicates that British investors require about 1¼ per cent a year more on foreign bonds than on domestic. In the New York market, as a rough-and-ready approximation, the foreign bond will yield about 1¾ per cent more.

It is impossible to prove that this difference in interest has any effect in stimulating savings, especially when it is remembered that our foreign investing amounts, of late years, to only a fifth or sixth of our total investing. I should say dogmatically that the savings would have been just the same if one-sixth of them had not received 1¾ per cent higher interest.

Another argument runs this way: In seven years nearly $4,000,000,000 of foreign bonds were floated in London at an interest rate about 1¼ per cent higher than that borne by home bonds. Therefore England's national income is greater by about $50,000,000 a year—1¼ per cent on $4,000,000,000—than it would have been if all the money had been invested at home.

On the face of the returns that is true, but when you push the argument home you are driven into the absurd position of saying that England would have a greater national income if, during the past seven years, she had invested all her capital abroad instead of only 51 per cent of it; to get rich we must send all our money out of the country. Undoubtedly $4,000,000,000 invested at home would have made a big demand for English labor and materials. One may ask whether the number of English workmen on the unemployment dole might have been less than the present figure of 1,100,000.

### The Final Say

There remains the argument that there was no demand for the capital at home, no way in which this money could have been profitably invested within the borders of the nation. That argument is unanswerable if England is "fully developed" industrially. But is she? May not the real reason why more than half of England's capital goes abroad be merely use and wont? Everybody knows how to dispose of surplus money in that manner. All the banking and other machinery for so disposing of it is highly developed, well oiled, in perfect working order. It is the easiest way. Undoubtedly to work out any other ways would be a difficult task. But we are not obliged to assume that it would be impossible. In deciding this business of foreign loans we want to take for granted as little as possible.

Who is to decide this foreign-loan question anyway? On that head the president of the National City Bank had something interesting to say in the speech from which I have already quoted. It was this:

"The excessive competition of American bankers today for loans abroad is to be deplored, but finally the American investor is in complete command of the situation. If he shows a disposition to buy indiscriminately, then there will be bankers in number who, to obtain his trade, will likewise buy indiscriminately and compete with one another to so buy, even though it means the relinquishment of essential standards of soundness. If, with care in selecting those upon whom he relies for information and advice, the investor uses his best judgment in measuring foreign credits, then the danger in excessive competition of bankers for foreign loans will disappear."

Which, you observe, puts the whole matter squarely up to the individual investor. Six years ago our State Department gave notice that it would like to be

*(Continued on Page 105)*

*Attractive walls and ceilings give character to this room with northern exposure—make it a livable and lovable room. See how easily your entire house could be transformed—with Upson Board—with little delay and at moderate cost.*

# CHARACTERFUL CEILINGS *that reflect your pride and personality*

YOUR home is *you!* It reflects the personality of you and your family.

For the home is an index of character—a *barometer* of pride and self-respect—a reflection of ideals and ambitions.

***Walls and ceilings vitally important***

Your walls and ceilings form the background for furniture and furnishings.

Nearly every home, however, has one or more rooms where the ceilings and walls are unsightly or unsafe—*a constant source of embarrassment and apology.*

Now there is a quick and easy way to do over these unsightly walls and ceilings. *Upsonize!*

Upson Board is an improvement over plaster. It makes walls and ceilings that reflect pride—character—personality. Walls that never need apology—that can never crack or fall.

***Nothing better for "doing over" ceilings***

Upson Board comes in big panels—strong—yet so light one man can apply them, even on ceilings. They go right over old plaster—with none of the muss, dirt, and little of the delay of re-plastering. Decorated in soft, harmonizing colors, an Upsonized interior makes any unsightly room new and beautiful.

UPSON BOARD

# *Alluring color for bath or kitchen* at surprisingly low cost

COLOR is magically transforming dull and dingy kitchens!

Ugly bathrooms and dark laundries, too, are being changed into rooms that charm and satisfy.

Upson Fibre-Tile is the first practical answer to this present-day vogue of color on walls and ceilings in bath and kitchen.

Upson Fibre-Tile is Upson Board with a special hard, smooth surface and tile-like indentations. Like Upson Board, it is applied right over the old wall. Comes *unfinished*—so it can be finished in any of the lovely new color treatments so popular in the most expensive homes.

When applied and finished—costs only about 1/10th as much as ceramic tile.

Certified tests prove genuine *Blue-Center* Upson Board and Upson Fibre-Tile excel in resistance to jars and blows as compared with heavy, brittle boards—and are also remarkably resistant to heat and moisture—even ordinary leaks. Upson Fasteners (patented) make them the *one* wallboard without disfiguring nail-marks in the centers of panels.

Try Upson Board or Upson Fibre-Tile for just one room in your house—then you will want to Upsonize throughout—as have thousands of other enthusiastic home-owners.

*Color is sweeping America . . . For [illegible]—Upson Fibre-Tile is the best [illegible]—and [illegible]*

**LUMBER DEALERS SELL THEM**

*Alert lumber dealers everywhere are selling Upson Fibre-Tile and Upson Board. If you are a lumber dealer and do not stock both, write today for our interesting proposition to dealers.*

**CONTRACTORS APPLY THEM**

*Up-to-the-minute contractors recommend Upson Board and Upson Fibre-Tile for living rooms, bedrooms, kitchens, baths, laundries, [illegible] or permanent, crack-proof walls and ceilings are desired.*

**EVERYONE USES THEM**

*Besides their everyday home uses, Upson products are extensively [illegible] and ceilings in offices and stores. Many manufacturers also use them to replace [illegible] and similar materials in the manufacture of other products.*

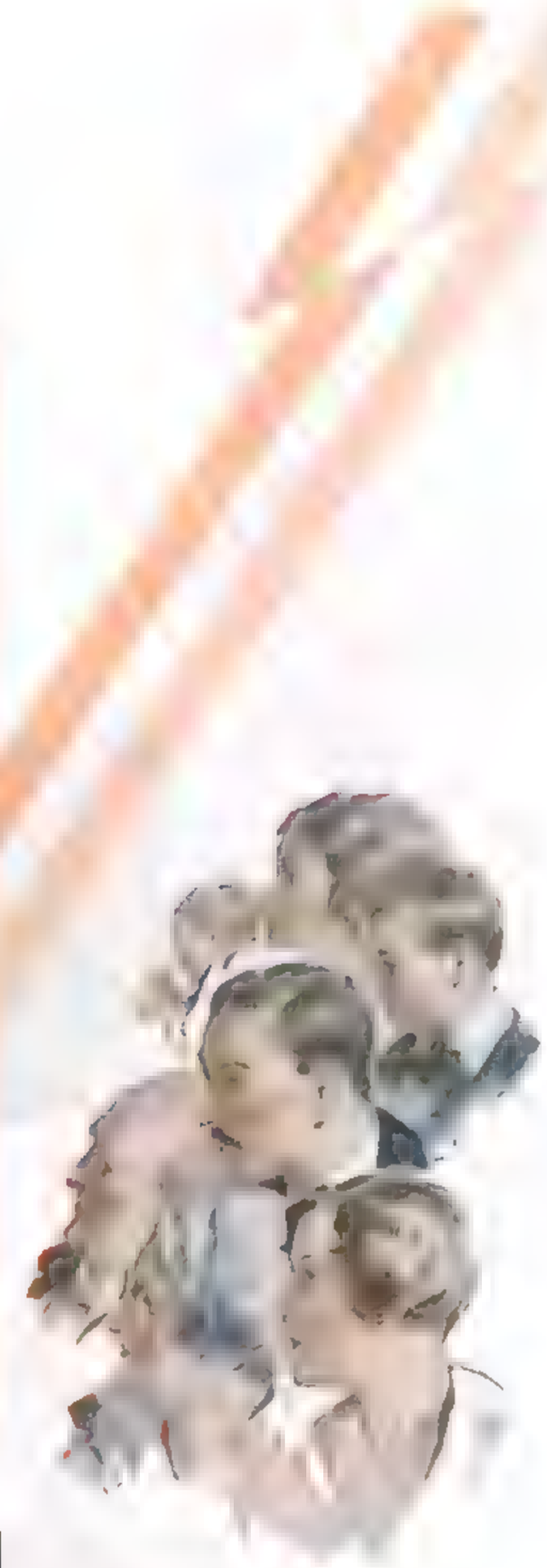
THE UPSON COMPANY
808 Upson Point
Lockport, New York

Enclose find 10 cents for samples of Upson Board and Upson Fibre-Tile, descriptive literature and helpful suggestions. I am interested in:

☐ Home uses ☐ Office uses ☐ Manufacturing uses

Name [illegible]

© The Upson Company, Lockport, New York, 1928



# Give us this day our daily bread

Out there in The Milwaukee Road's West you will find him—tanned, keen-eyed, working and happy. The field is his factory, Nature his boss. From the Great Lakes West, through the valley of the Missouri, in the shadow of the Rockies, on the shores of the Pacific he has charted an empire with his plow—barren plains now golden with grain.

This American of the West is an essential citizen whose contribution to the Nation is food for its people.

From the farms of the Northwest The Milwaukee Road annually hauls enough wheat to supply one-fifth of our people with bread for a year. And wheat is but one-sixth of the farm products moved.

The Milwaukee Road is proud to be a contributing partner in the work of converting virgin soil into productive acres. A great deal has been accomplished. Much more remains to be done. And, as always, The Milwaukee Road is sharing in the labor of building the territory it serves.

*For a copy of booklet or detailed information on any subject concerning this railroad, address The Milwaukee Road, Room 884, Union Station, Chicago*

FAMOUS TRAINS

*The Olympian*
Chicago - Seattle - Tacoma

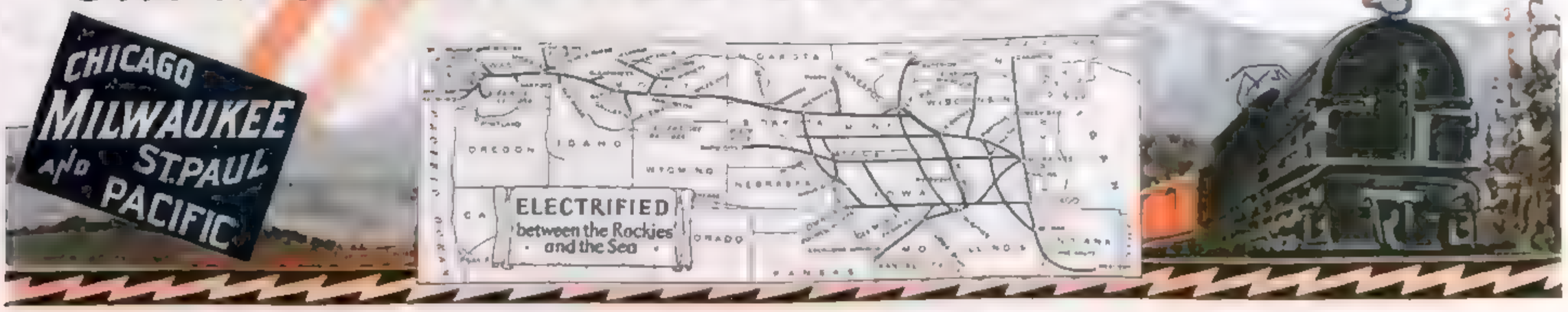
*The Pioneer Limited*
Chicago - St. Paul - Minneapolis

*The Columbian*
Chicago - Twin Cities \ Yellowstone - Seattle-Tacoma

*The Southwest Limited*
Chicago - Milwaukee \ Excelsior Springs - Kansas City

*The Arrow*
Chicago - Milwaukee \ Des Moines - Omaha - Sioux City

# The MILWAUKEE ROAD



(Continued from Page 102)

consulted before contracts for foreign loans were closed. But it took great care to explain that it would not attempt to pass judgment upon the desirability of any loan as an investment, or from an economic standpoint. Its only purpose was to bring pressure on foreign countries that delayed settlement of war debts by closing our money market to them. With that very small exception, final control over foreign loans lies with investors. The decisive factor is simply their willingness or unwillingness to buy the bonds. That is why it seems necessary for individual investors to ponder the subject for themselves.

Without doubt, no established banking house will bring out a loan that it believes to be bad. But with many foreign loans there may be points on which the judgment of any banking house is fallible. And the business is highly profitable. Foreign borrowers pay not only higher interest but higher commissions. Indeed, the more questionable the loan the higher both interest and commission will be. The Department of Commerce estimates underwriters' commissions on foreign loans floated in the United States in 1927 at $63,000,000 and in 1926 at $81,000,000. So far, in the main, investors have promptly taken the bonds off underwriters' hands. The temptation is obvious.

### *New Loans for Old*

A banker can look up the record. If it is a corporation he can find the value of the plants, the reputation of the management, what earnings have been over a series of years, and so on. If it is a state or city he can learn the extent of its territory, number of inhabitants, amount of debt, yearly revenues, and the like. But, to take one of the extreme cases, the Russian Empire could show vast territory, myriad inhabitants, enormous revenues and all that; yet some $8,750,000,000 of its bonds have been converted into waste paper.

Of course the foreign bonds will be specifically payable in gold or in American dollars, but that is only the expression of an honorable intention. If the country's political structure is badly shaken its currency structure is very likely to be shaken too; and if the currency happens to collapse the bonds will be paid in whatever money the debtors can scrape up, which will certainly not be gold.

For example, in 1902, the city of Vienna issued a foreign loan of 285,000,000 Austrian crowns, which was underwritten in the principal financial centers of Europe. The bonds were specifically payable in various foreign currencies at fixed rates of exchange, which was the same thing as paying foreign holders in gold. War and its aftermath sent Austrian crowns on the path of Russian rubles and old German marks, so in 1922 the Austrian Government passed an act authorizing Vienna to pay in paper crowns, then worth about 9000 to the dollar, instead of five to the dollar, as the face of the bonds promised. Finally there was a compromise by which foreign coupon holders got about ten cents on the dollar. As it happened, the same issue of the Financial Chronicle of New York which reported that compromise contained an offering of Vienna securities for American investors. The good intentions of the borrower have nothing to do with this. France has just stabilized the franc at a rate which means that a French bond bought before the war would be, in fact, worth one-fifth of what was its face value then.

Certainly we all hope that no World War will happen again, and that no other country will try the Russian experiment. But everybody knows that quite a number of smaller European countries are still in an uncertain political state, and financial state too. When $47,000,000 bonds of the Republic of Poland were floated in this country last fall, to stabilize the zloty again, investors were offered 7.86 per cent interest, and Charles S. Dewey, an Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, was sent over to Warsaw as American "advisor" to the Polish Government and to be one of the directors of the Bank of Poland. The high interest rate and the fact that we sent our own man over to handle the money as far as possible are plain enough evidence of some doubts.

If any foreign country goes bad politically, through war or revolution, its loans are quite likely to go bad too. So there is a political hazard such as nobody except an impassioned revolutionist ever takes into account with regard to a home loan. There is also an exchange problem that does not attach to home loans. Last year we exported $1,376,000,000 of capital, gross—that being the amount of foreign loans floated in this country. We also exported $680,000,000 more goods than we imported. There are a great many so-called invisible items, such as tourists' expenditures, on both sides of the balance sheet; but "abroad" is increasing its indebtedness to us. How is "abroad" going to pay us?

Creditor nations have almost always imported more goods than they exported—in other words, collected their interest on foreign loans partly in goods. Most students of the subject think that as a result of foreign loans we must finally import more goods than we export. A logical corollary of that would be a lowering of the tariff. But do we want to lower the tariff? Do we want to change over from a net exporter to a net importer? That point must be considered in settling upon a foreign financial policy. The alternative to importing more goods is a steady increase in foreign investments, the interest that accrues abroad being reinvested abroad. In fact, both things usually happen to a creditor nation; it both imports more goods and steadily increases foreign investments.

Germany can earn and set aside within her own borders the sums necessary to meet reparations payments. The difficulty is to find foreign exchange with which to transfer the sums to her war creditors. Except that our loans provided great sums of foreign exchange, it is rather doubtful that Germany could have got the reparations money across her borders. But the same exchange problem would arise if Germany attempted to pay us. Aside from this question of exchange, 53 per cent of our foreign loans last year were to states and cities, and it is notorious that states and cities never pay debts. They refund them—that is, renew them—and incidentally borrow some more. Practically, the lending country must renew the loan. How could we foreclose a mortgage on Poland?

### *The Great Majority*

True, the United States changed over from a debtor nation to a creditor nation in a few years. But in those few years the value of goods exported by the United States exceeded imports by nearly $12,000,000,000. Nothing like that performance was ever seen before, and we all hope it will not again, for nothing but a world at war made it possible. Mostly an American dollar that goes into foreign bonds goes to stay a long while. Meantime, being very far from "fully developed" industrially, we might have good use for it at home.

Even if foreign loans are immediately reflected in increased exports, it is well to remember that the man who sells the goods and the man who buys the bond are two quite different persons. A given transaction might prove profitable to the exporter of goods and unprofitable to the bond buyer. Also, we may assume that the difference of 1¾ per cent or thereabouts in interest is an adequate insurance against the higher risk of foreign investments as compared with domestic investments, and at the end of fifty years the net returns on all foreign loans taken together will be somewhat greater than on a like amount of home loans. But that would be poor consolation to any individual investor who happened to pick a bad bond. Investors who picked good bonds would not reimburse him.

Mainly foreign bonds are bought on the recommendation of the underwriting bankers who offer them for sale. It will be an exceptional case where the investor has any other, or independent, means of information. Something over a year ago an investigation set afoot by Dwight P. Morrow, then a member of J. P. Morgan & Co., indicated that an important part of the foreign-bond issues were taken by small investors. In most cases it is unlikely that such investors know anything about the issue except what the bankers tell them. In some cases there is a political hazard that the best-informed banker can only guess at. And the banker is inevitably looking at the subject from his own point of view.

I have set down above some objections or considerations that seem to need weighing. Nobody, so far as I have heard, questions that in the circumstances of the past eight years we should have made large loans abroad. It was to our self-interest to help European reconstruction. And there was an obligation of the same sort as that resting upon a man who has a good boat tied to the shore when people are struggling in the water.

Almost everybody who has discussed the subject in a way to attract wide attention has insisted upon our self-interest and our obligation until, as I see it, foreign loans are in the way of being made fashionable and many people are thinking of them as highly desirable things in themselves at all times. Europe is stabilized now. France, it may be noted, accomplished stabilization without long-term foreign borrowing. But if foreign loans are fashionable, there will be banking houses to find them abroad and offer them here—as many of them as investors will buy.

### *No Foreign Financial Policy*

Some international bankers have opined—nearly ten years having elapsed since the close of the war and European currencies being stabilized—that our foreign financing is about over. But an estimate published the other day puts the amount of foreign loans floated in the United States in the first half of 1928 at $959,000,000 against $777,000,000 in 1927, an increase of 23 per cent. It added, "Considering the large number of foreign loans now under negotiation, this indicates that all records of foreign financing will be surpassed this year." But home financing has fallen off somewhat, the foreign bond, to that extent, taking the place of the home bond. Last week's Financial Chronicle contained offerings of $40,200,000 new foreign issues—$11,200,000 Polish Province of Silesia, $12,000,000 Department of Cundinamarca in the Republic of Colombia and $17,000,000 German industrial corporations. There are rumors of a big loan to Rumania, and others. Of late it has been urged repeatedly that Germany ought to settle her reparations bill once for all by selling some $7,000,000,000 of bonds to foreign investors—principally, no doubt, American investors. Apparently foreign loans will come here as long as investors will buy them, and in as great volume.

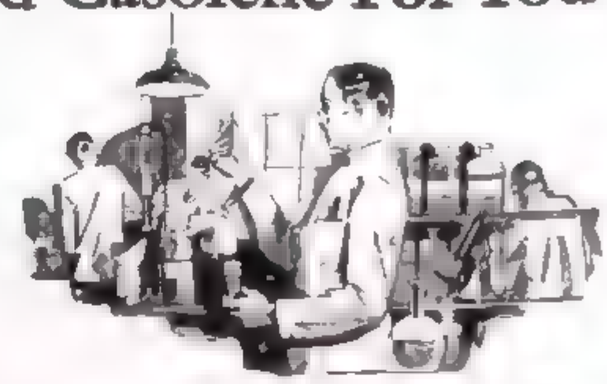
We have no foreign financial policy. The thing just happens. A banking house, working primarily for commissions, finds a foreign loan. People with spare money, attracted by the high interest, buy the bonds. That does not constitute a policy. The State Department's intervening to force settlement of war debts was only a temporary political expedient. At present, as Mr. Mitchell said, the whole matter of foreign loans is finally up to individual investors. Of course they should not follow a fashion. A question of national financial policy—how best to invest our yearly surplus—ought to be raised. There are disadvantages and hazards in foreign investing as compared with home investing that need consideration.

Finally, I believe, what a nation does with its surplus money will prove one of the most important factors in determining its prosperity.

Get a Light in any wind
NORTH EAST
Hot-Hed
The Matchless Lighter
You can install it yourself
LIGHT up at 60 with a Hot-Hed as easily as you would at a standstill. It takes just two actions and three seconds. Press in, and the coil glows. Snap it off and you're ready to light up. How it holds heat! Four or five more can get a light too. Yet it stays cool in your fingers. It always works!
No Reels—No Cables—No Troubles
Install your Hot-Hed yourself. Just screw it tightly to the instrument board with the hand-clamp and attach the wire to the ammeter stud. That's all—no holes to drill, nothing to tinker with.
NORTH EAST Hot-Heds are only ..... $2.50
Wherever auto accessories are sold
Press in
Snap off
Light up
NORTH EAST
Rochester
New York
STARTERS · GENERATORS · IGNITION · HORNS SPEEDOMETERS CIGAR LIGHTERS

# Like Tireless Prospectors

## These Experts Search For Ever Finer Quality in Oil And Gasolene For You



CITIES SERVICE OILS
ONCE ~ ALWAYS

The sure, smooth flow of pure, uniform oil that cushions and guards the vital parts of your car when you specify Cities Service oil is not just a gift of nature.

The surge of double-quick power that answers the toeing of the accelerator when the tank of your car is filled with Cities Service gasolene is not a happenstance.

Back of the sturdy stamina of this oil—the yielding compliance of this gasolene—have gone the painstaking and persevering efforts of a group of experts devoted to keeping these products up to standards that are ordinarily unattainable.

A million dollars a year is expended in such *pre-tests* of Cities Service products.

But your protection does not end even with their efforts. Their tests are checked and re-checked *in actual use* by other scientists in the Public Utility Division of Cities Service Company, which uses large quantities of the oils and gasolene produced by the Company's Petroleum Division.

Wherever you see a Cities Service Station you can say with confidence, "What's good enough for Cities Service is good enough for me."

Broadcasting by the Cities Service Concert Orchestra assisted by the Cities Service Cavaliers, on Fridays at 8 p. m., Eastern Daylight Saving Time, through the following stations of the National Broadcasting Company: WEAF, WLIT, WEEI, WGR, WRC, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI, WEBH, WOC, WCCO, WDAF, KVOO, WFAA, KSD, KOA, WOW.

CITIES SERVICE COMPANY
60 Wall Street New York City

# Cities Service Oils & Gasolene

# NINA AND THE BLEMISH

(Continued from Page 7)

She glanced at him and her hard young face softened a little. He did look unutterably weary. "I'm sorry, dad," she said in a quite different tone. "You're not to worry about this. I can handle it."

"I hope so. But controversy—wrangling—I don't like it. Somebody will be around to see me—somebody with a grievance ——"

"Nobody but a blemish—nobody who matters."

"I wish you wouldn't talk like that," he said. "These people have as much right in the world as you have."

"Have they? Well, they're here, at any rate, cluttering it up, infesting the beaches, the roads, the cities. I get so sick of them ——"

He looked at her keenly. "I was what you would have called a blemish once myself. Up from the crowd—that's where I came from. And I've never forgot ——"

"I know. But surely you're not going to stand here in the doorway of the garage and tell me about those early struggles. I've heard all about them, dad—believe me I have heard."

He sighed. "Did you get the mail?"

"I certainly did—the New York paper too. Now go up on the veranda and relax over the financial page. If the person who got in my way this morning tries to make any trouble I'll take care of him—I promise you."

"See that you do," her father answered. He went up onto the porch and was shortly back on the New York Stock Exchange.

On the afternoon of the second day following, Nina Brockway looked out the living-room window and saw that a truck had stopped before the house. She was not the sort of person to be interested in trucks, but this one seemed somehow vaguely familiar. For a moment she was puzzled; then she saw Jim Dryden swinging up the path between the cactus plants.

The strain of driving in the desert caravan was not upon him now, and he walked as one at peace with the world. There was something rather attractive about his genial you-go-to-the-devil air. It must be admitted that for a person of his class he was strikingly good-looking. Nothing about him suggested that battle was in the air, but Nina Brockway sensed it and was ready.

Arthur was lolling on the veranda, an elegant figure. The pride and hope of a good but impoverished family, he had been a bond salesman until Edith, Brockway's elder daughter, had rescued him and brought him to this. Jim Dryden looked him over appraisingly. The appraisal was not very high.

"Hello," said the truck driver.

"How do you do?" answered Arthur coldly. "Deliveries are at the rear door, if you don't mind ——"

"What of it?" said Dryden. "I ain't delivering anything, son. I'm lookin' for Miss Nina Brockway. You can run along an' fetch her—if you don't mind."

Arthur glared at him but rose. He encountered his sister-in-law in the hall. "Gentleman friend to see you," he announced.

"I know," she said. "Just one of those blemishes I told you about. He won't be here long."

She went out onto the veranda, her head high, her manner haughty. Dryden greeted her pleasantly.

"Hello, sister," he remarked easily. "Glad to see you. Afraid you might be out on the road somewhere. But you ain't—an' that's good news for anybody else happens to be goin' somewhere today."

"What do you want with me?" she asked. She looked straight through him at the cottonwood trees in the garden.

"Reckon you know what I want," he returned. He had been too harassed, too hurried, on that other occasion to pay much attention to her, but now he had leisure to look her over. He did so, casually, and without much interest. "Little matter of business," he went on, taking out an envelope. "Just saw Sam Bristol over in Banning. He tells me you sent him this—this bill for damage to your car." He grinned at her, and removing the inclosure from the envelope, tore it carelessly across and tossed the fragments to the floor. "I got to admit, sister, I admire your nerve. Wreck a poor guy an' then try to make him pay for it. . . . Well, that's all settled."

"You think so?"

"I sure do." He took a slip of paper from his pocket. "I just dropped in with the garage bill for repairs to Sam's car." She reached out a hand, but after glancing into her eyes, he drew his away. "Second thoughts, I'll hang on to it. All the tearing that's going to be done you just seen done. One hundred and forty-five dollars, kid. I'll wait while you write a check."

"You'll wait forever then," she replied, her eyes flashing.

"Well, no, I couldn't do that," Dryden explained patiently. "Got to be back at El Centro by dusk. I ain't got much time, you see. Would you mind stepping on it, sister?" He dropped into a chair. "A. H. Bemis—that's the garage man's name. Just make it out to him."

"Never!" the girl said firmly. She remained standing; she was looking at him now, but there was only contempt in her look. "You're wasting your time. I've told you before—he was on the wrong side of the road ——"

"Got to leave that to the witness," Dryden cut in, still with the grin that maddened her—"meanin' me. Witness being sworn, deposes that you came round that corner like hell fire an' lit into poor Sam. Damages assessed to you."

"Try to get them!" she said.

"Just what I'm doin'," Dryden answered amiably. "An', kid, when I set out to do a thing, I generally stick—like a summer cold."

"If I may inquire, just what is it to you?"

"Sure—you can inquire. Won't you sit down? You make me nervous about my manners. Too tired to stand myself—on the road all last night. Don't expect to get more than three-four hours' sleep this evening. But what's it to me, you're asking. Well, it's this way: Poor old Sam is sick an' livin' all alone in a shack on the desert. He hasn't got a penny in the world. He needs his car. Otherwise he just sticks to that shack—no games of pool in Banning, see? You come along an' knock his flivver to smithereens, an' when we try to talk to you, your manner is—well, out of my way, you scum. Sam may get out of your way, sister, but I won't. Get that—I won't."

"Is that all you have to say?"

"Just about—except that I'm for justice. Too little of it in the world, the way I see it. Nights riding over the desert, I get lots of time to think—want to see more justice done. . . . Now please don't keep me waiting."

"I'm not keeping you," she answered. "You may go at any time."

Henry C. Brockway came out onto the veranda, his afternoon rest broken once more. He stood there.

"An' who is this?" Jim Dryden inquired.

"My father," the girl said at last.

"Yeah? The big Wall Street man. Well, we don't see many of 'em on the desert." He looked Henry C. over curiously, but made no move to rise. "How are you, sir? . . . Just a little matter of business between your daughter an' me. You see, she wrecked a car ——"

"Your car?" Brockway asked.

"No—belonged to a friend of mine—Sam Bristol. I'm actin' for him."

"Why doesn't he come himself?"

"It's a fair question. But circumstances have made him sort of discouraged—meek. Me, I'm not like that."

"Not precisely," remarked Nina Brockway.

"You said it, sister. Poor old Sam ain't got any fight left in him. It was all took out in France some years ago. Needs a friend—an' he's got one too. The damage to his car comes to one hundred forty-five dollars."

"It was never worth that at the start!" flamed the girl.

Dryden nodded. "I know. Ain't it—er—terrible what these garages do to you? You ought to remember that when you hear that speed bug buzzin' round your head. Anyway, that's the bill, an' since your daughter was to blame for the accident, Mr. Brockway, I been askin' her in the politest way I know to pay it. If she won't, maybe you ——"

Brockway shook his head. "No, this is her affair. She's been warned. If anyone pays she must."

"That's the ticket," Dryden agreed. "Put it up to her. The proper way to raise a child, if you ask me."

The girl stamped her foot. "I'm not a child!" she cried passionately. "This silly interview has gone far enough. I was not to blame for the accident and I won't pay. I deny that this man Bristol's financial affairs have anything to do with it. He was on the wrong side of the road. Some of the rest of us are keen on justice too. And if you think I'm soft enough to pay because I'm sorry for him ——"

Dryden stood up. "If I think that, I guess I'm all wet," he said. "Hard, ain't you, sister?—wise. New York in your blood. All right. It takes all kinds to make a world. I got to be goin' now. But I hate to give up—for Sam's sake. I'm makin' one last request of you. Will you do something for me?"

"It's hardly likely," she told him.

"I'll be goin' back through here with the empty truck day after tomorrow. Meet me at the corner where you wrecked Sam's car. Make it 2:30."

She was about to turn away, but something in his eyes ——"Why should I do that?" she wanted to know.

"Just like to take you on a little jaunt—over to Green Palms. You'll do that much, won't you?"

"Oh, I see," she answered coldly. "You want to play on my emotions. You think that out of pity ——"

"Well, you'll come, won't you?"

"I will not!"

He regarded her with his slow smile. "Well, that knocks me cuckoo. Guess I was gettin' too set up about myself as a judge of human nature. I thought you was surer of yourself than that. I thought you'd just know it wouldn't do any good an' would come along to prove it to me. But of course, if your hardness ain't any deeper than that—if you're a coward ——"

"How dare you?"

"Oh, all right. Maybe I'm mistaken. Maybe you ain't such a coward as you seem. If that's so prove it. Day after tomorrow 2:30—the corner where you hit Sam through your carelessness. . . . I'm sayin' good-by now. I've got to go."

He strolled off between the cactus plants, whistling a popular air. Without a backward glance at the house, he climbed onto his truck. The girl turned on her father.

"You were a great help. I thought of course you'd take my part. Your own daughter ——"

Henry C. Brockway's eyes were on the retreating truck. "I sort of wish you'd pay it," he remarked.

"Never!" Her voice was near to breaking. "Not for you—nor for that—that appalling roughneck!"

"I rather liked him," said Henry Brockway mildly.

III

AT 2:30 on the second day following, Nina was waiting in her expensive car at the point where the Palm Springs road joined the main highway. Almost on the minute Jim Dryden appeared and brought his empty truck to a stop beside her. He leaned over, smiling his engaging smile.

"Good for you, sister. You're surer of yourself than you thought, hey? Goin' to follow me over to Green Palms?"

She nodded. "Yes; I want a talk with Mr. Bristol. I prefer to deal with a principal, not with an agent—especially this agent."

"Suits me," agreed Dryden.

"I shall put the matter up to him," continued the girl. "The accident was not my fault and he must know it. Perhaps he is interested in justice too—in justice—not sentimentality."

"I'll lead the way," grinned Dryden. "Be a good kid an' don't hit me from behind."

They traveled on down the macadam and turned off onto a dirt road. The going became heavy, but Dryden did not slacken his speed. All about lay the eternal waste of the desert, treeless, monotonous, yet with a weird fascination. Mountain slopes, dark red and rocky and forbidding, walled in this arid corner of the world.

The winding road led at last to a discouraged little settlement: A number of cheap shacks, a desert inn with a pathetic attempt at a garden, a combined general store and post office. Parking before the latter, Dryden addressed a group of young men who sat idly on a bench.

"Which is Sam Bristol's house?" he inquired.

One of the men pointed. "Right over yonder. He ain't in, though. Walked into Banning this morning to see about his car."

Nina Brockway parked beside the truck and stepped down into the dust of the road. Fresh and lovely in her white frock, a figure from another world, she created a mild sensation on the main street of Green Palms. The young man who had been speaking leaped to his feet, his eyes alight. Jim Dryden turned to the girl.

"Sam ain't in," he explained. "But come along. We'll have a look at his place anyhow. Maybe we can leave a note for him."

Without a word, she followed him to the little shack, built of lumber that appeared to be secondhand. It boasted a tipsy veranda, on which was a cot with army blankets. Dryden pushed open the door. They entered a bare room with a kitchen table, a tottering chair, a wardrobe minus one leg, an oil stove. No need of the latter at this hour, for the room resembled an oven.

Dryden stood looking around. "Home, sweet home," he remarked. "Take a look at it, sister. This is where your fellow New Yorker lives. An' he ain't forgot his old home town, I guess."

He pointed to the walls. All available space was placarded with pictures of New York, most of them carefully cut from rotogravure sections. The Woolworth Building, City Hall Park, Brooklyn Bridge, Fifth Avenue, the Library with the lions in front.

"Seems like New York's a disease people don't get over," Dryden said. "Me I don't understand it. I was there once. Not for mine. A hard town. Every guy for himself. We ain't that way on the desert."

Nina Brockway walked slowly about the room and Dryden followed at her heels. "Look familiar to you?" he inquired as she stopped to examine the photographs. "The limousine parade on the Avenue—been in it yourself, I suppose. Not driving, I hope. Does it make you homesick? Sam's homesick, he tells me. But you got it all over him. You can go back—he can't."

Still the girl said nothing. Dryden waved a hand toward the hot, sandy world outside. "Yes, old Sam's here for life. Maybe that ain't so long, at that. But as long as he lives just this. Goes to the

(Continued on Page 110)

# HYATT ARE COMF

GATHERING speed with gentle smoothness, the train glides from the station. There is a surprising absence of the old familiar jars and jerks. Men and women are sitting back relaxed and resting. In the dining car eating becomes a pleasurable experience, and the swiftly moving waiters have no difficulty in preserving their balance.

Never a semblance of jerk, jolt or jar . . . rest and relaxation assured throughout the longest journey . . . luxuries never dreamed of a few short years ago! Such are the enjoyments of travel now being provided by progressive railroads. Such are the advantages made possible by developments in the field of anti-friction bearings. For, underneath the cars, the spinning axles revolve in Hyatt Quiet Roller Bearings instead of the old type plain brass bearings.

Hyatt bearings have made possible an entirely new degree of travel comfort for passengers, and in addition they are aiding the railroads to cope with ever-rising costs of operation.

*Enjoy your trip on* HYATT QUIET

A PRODUCT OF

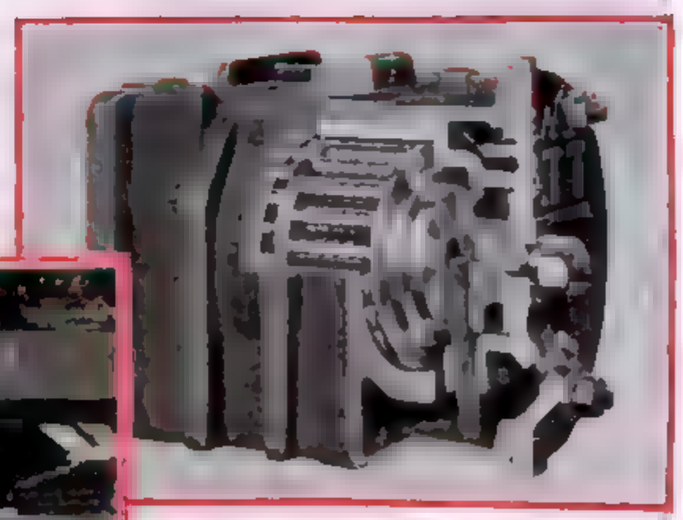
# WAYS ORT WAYS

**Because they are so friction-free, Hyatts make possible longer trains with the same locomotives. Because of ideal lubrication, and the lack of friction, Hyatt railroad journal boxes invariably run cool—they end the menace of the hot box.**

**Already more than sixty of the leading railroads of the United States and Canada are using Hyatt anti-friction journal boxes. Already crack limited and suburban trains have been completely Hyattized. Already there is a growing realization throughout America that a new era of traveling ease is at hand—for railways are becoming Hyatt-ways . . . and Hyatt-ways are comfort ways.**

**HYATT ROLLER BEARING COMPANY**
Newark Detroit Chicago Pittsburgh Oakland

**Hyatt equipped journal boxes can be used on existing equipment as well as new. They fit A. R. A. standard pedestals without change to a single truck part. Full information and our engineering resources are at the disposal of railroad executives.**



Sectioned view of Hyatt Journal Box showing bearing in place. Illustration at left indicates the box as applied to trucks used under railroad passenger cars.

# ROLLER BEARINGS
GENERAL MOTORS

"This Tac-Ezy Metal Weatherstrip is OK"

*It saves fuel; —there's less dust and more comfort!*

"It has proven so satisfactory—I can't get it on the doors and windows soon enough. Last winter it made the coldest room in the house so comfortable that we decided to weatherstrip every room. We don't dread winter now"

**Guaranteed, too—Saves its cost in fuel in two years, so you risk nothing. Certain in results—Reasonable in Cost—Packed ready to use—Simple to apply**

The only tools required are a hammer and scissors. Just measure the space to be weatherstripped, snip off the right length of Tac-Ezy and tack it on. Thirty minutes per window and you're through.

Test it yourself. Only $1.30 for an average window. $1.80 for average doors. And if your hardware dealer hasn't it, use coupon.

*—Mail Today! Send no Money!—*

GENERAL WEATHERSTRIP CO.
5100 Penrose St., St Louis, Mo

Please send sufficient Tac-Ezy to weatherstrip doors and windows as noted below. I will pay correct charges upon delivery, plus postage.

Name
Address
City State
Windows size at $1.30
Doors size at $1.80

TRADE MARK
Tac-Ezy
Metal Weatherstrip

TOWELS OF CHARACTER

BUY Boott Towels at your store in packages of 6, or singly.

For sample of Toweling and illustration of its attractive uses, write Priscilla Boott, Lowell, Mass.

BOOTT MILLS LOWELL, MASS. U.S.A.
ABSORBENT TOWELS
WIPE DRY

BECOME AN EXPERT
ACCOUNTANT

Earn $3,000 a year and up as Expert Accountant or C. P. A. Many $5,000 to $50,000 a year men in the Accounting profession. We train you thoroughly at home in your spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous training unnecessary. Under the direction of William B. Castenholz, A.M., Certified Public Accountant, and a staff of C. P. A.'s and experts. Write for free booklet, "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays." LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 873-HA, Chicago, The World's Largest Business Training Institution

(Continued from Page 107)

movies now an' then—leastwise he did when he still had the car. Seen his old town on the screen. Times Square an' the signs—the Battery, Washington Square—the water front with the ships. To hell with it all, I'd say. But Sam, he don't feel that way. Born in the burg, he says. How about you? Born there yourself maybe."

He had forced her to speak at last. "I—I was born on Long Island," she told him.

"Yeah—Long Island," he nodded. "I know—I see movies too. Booze parties an' polo, hey? But a New Yorker, like Sam—— You know his town. Madison Square—he was tellin' me he marched through there one time—when he come home from France. Maybe you was near enough to hear the music. The heroes, comin' home—nine-ten years ago. Nine-ten years—they make a difference. Out on the desert now, Sam is. Had a career once—the war smashed it. Had a secondhand flivver—an' you smashed that for him too. Everything smashed. Has to walk when he goes to the city—ten miles—if he can't get a lift."

Nina Brockway shrugged her shoulders. "What has all this to do with me?"

"I'm wondering," Dryden answered. He looked into her defiant young eyes. "Sam needs his car next Monday. Somebody who ain't forgot the war—somebody cashin' in on it—they're doin' a picture over by Palm Springs. Want some of these disabled for atmosphere. It's a big chance for them. But they can't make it without the flivver."

"I'm sorry," said the girl coldly. She looked up at Jim Dryden, so earnest, so eager. Something about him—his sureness, his easy familiarity—maddened her. "I'm sorry, but he should have thought of that and kept on his own side of the road. Sentiment—pity—where have you been all these years? They went out of fashion long ago."

Dryden's smile faded. "All right. Hard as nails, ain't you, sister? I been readin' young folks is like that, but somehow I couldn't believe it. I thought it was all a a pose I thought you'd take one look around here an' sign on the dotted line. I was plannin' to leave a note for Sam sayin' the garage bill was goin' to be paid an' he could get his car" The girl shook her head. "It would mean a lot to Sam, sister"

"It means something to me," she answered. Her voice rose slightly. "It means something to me to stick by my guns—to—to beat you. You're so sure of yourself, so certain there's only one side to it—yours. You thought I'd be easy, didn't you? Well, I'm not. I won't surrender. A lesson to you. You need it."

Dryden nodded grimly. "Maybe I do. . . . Well, then it's all off. You won't admit you're wrong?"

"Why should I?"

"You won't pay that bill anyhow, without admitting ——"

"That would be admitting it."

He turned away, walked to a corner of the little room. "Did you notice this?" he inquired.

She came over and he pointed to a crude sign, lettered with a shaky hand on a strip of cardboard and tacked to the wall: "This space reserved for a radio—if I get it," said the sign.

"Funny idea, ain't it?" Jim Dryden said. "A radio—if he gets it. That's the one thing in the world he wants most just now—something to help him through the evenings, he said. An' maybe when there's a big hook-up on—a reception to somebody, say—maybe he can hear New York, if he can't see it. Hear the crowds an' the music ——" The girl turned suddenly away and walked to the window, where she stood looking out at the sun-drenched town. "He was figurin' this movie money might be enough, but of course ——" Jim Dryden stopped.

"Is there any reason why I should stay here?" the girl inquired.

"None that I know of." Jim Dryden shrugged hopelessly. She moved toward the door. "Well, I got something new to think of, nights on the road," he continued. "I've met dames a-plenty, but not many like you, thank God. I won't forget you, believe me, sister."

The girl looked at him—a long look. "And I won't forget you."

"That's as may be. Don't matter to me one way or the other."

"You may tell your friend to sue me if he likes."

"Sue you? Say, quit kidding. Where would he get money for that? No, you're free of this thing. It's over now. Go your way—an' I wouldn't have your conscience for a million dollars."

"It's not for sale." She paused in the doorway. "You've lost, haven't you?"

"It looks that way."

"I told you you would. If I've deflated that ego of yours a bit, then I haven't lived in vain. After this, perhaps you'll keep out of affairs that don't concern you. . . . Go back to your melons."

"I'm goin'. You've licked me, sister. Run along." She crossed the sagging floor of the veranda to the yellow glare of the street. Jim Dryden stared after her, his honest face filled with wonder. "I didn't know they came like that," he muttered.

When he went back to his truck Nina Brockway was well on her way down the road.

## IV

THE season was late; it was very warm that evening after dinner in the living room of the house at Palm Springs. Edith sat by a floor lamp, yawning over a book. Arthur was at the piano, improvising jazz. Rather clever at that sort of thing, Arthur was. Nina Brockway walked restlessly about. She stood at the window, staring at the snow of the cottonwoods drifting through the dusk.

Arthur burst into a roar of insane discords, banging the piano wildly. The girl at the window turned. "Oh, Arthur, for heaven's sake ——"

"Can't help it." He gave the instrument one last vicious blow and got up. "I'm going mad. This quiet—this eternal quiet—it's getting impossible."

Edith threw down her book. "Surely we can leave before long." She might have been pretty had it not been for her constant expression of peevish discontent. Henry C. Brockway came into the room, smoking a forbidden cigar. "Dad, how long are we going to stay in this place?" Edith began.

Her father glared at her. "How do I know? When the weather warms up at home we'll go. It's a late spring—it always is these last few years."

"I want to get back to New York," complained Edith.

"New York!" Arthur threw himself into a chair. "Never knew what the place meant to me until I came away. Shows and night clubs—people again."

"Still, this is an interesting country," said Brockway.

"Too much Nature," Arthur objected. "A highly overrated commodity—Nature. Mountains and deserts and sunrises. Not for me. Ye gods, just think—if a fellow had to stay out here—a fellow who had known something better—like New York!"

Nina turned away from the window. "Some do," she remarked.

"Rather be dead," Arthur answered.

Brockway suggested bridge.

"Again?" said Edith. "Good Lord, but I'm sick of it! However, I suppose there's nothing else."

They were at the bridge table once more. Arthur was dealing.

"By the way, Nina," Brockway said, "did you see that truck driver today?"

"I saw him." Her eyes were on Arthur's hands—the hands of a gentleman; no automobile grease about those well-manicured nails.

"Well, what about it? Is he going to make trouble for us?" Brockway wanted to know.

"He won't make any trouble." She was studying Arthur, as though busy with some vague comparison. "I've settled him."

"Fine—fine!" glowed Brockway. "I was a bit afraid of him. He looked so so sort of competent. I'm glad he's out of the way. . . . What did you say, Arthur? Pass? I make it three spades."

They played their half-hearted game in the still hot room. Once, while her father dealt, Nina inquired languidly, "How much would a radio cost?"

"A radio. Who wants a radio?" Her father looked at her uncertainly.

"Nobody. I just wondered."

At ten o'clock the game broke up. It was Henry C.'s bed hour. His younger daughter stepped out onto the veranda, then to the road. She strolled on under ancient fig trees to the main street; it was deserted, the hotels closed for the summer. On she went until she came to the desert, gray under the stars. The moon shone on the storm-twisted pines that topped Mount San Jacinto. All about her were the intriguing little noises of the desert night.

The picture of Dryden, tall, nonchalant, grinning, filled her mind—driving a melon truck through scenery such as this—night after night—driving it up to Los Angeles—coming into the market before dawn. "Get lots of time to think, nights on the desert." What was he thinking tonight?

She went back to the dark house, through the door that was never locked, up the stairs to her bed. Too warm for sleep. She lay there in the darkness, staring at the ceiling. How much did a radio cost? They had thought she wanted one for herself. The Brockways never wanted anything except for themselves.

The morning came. She was out with Edith and Arthur, galloping across the desert on a horse, her sleek bob disarranged, her cheeks red with a color that was real. Not so bad, Palm Springs in the morning. After luncheon she took her roadster from the garage. Her father was on the veranda as she drove out.

"Please be careful, Nina," he called.

She waved to him reassuringly. "I will, dad . . . See you later."

She dropped in at the small local bank, then sped away to call on a friend who was stopping at a desert hotel near Indio. At five o'clock she drove again down the main street of Green Palms and drew up before Sam Bristol's shack. She found him cooking his supper over the oil stove; the small room was filled with the pleasant odor of frying bacon.

"How do you do?" she said. "You remember me?"

He gasped. The daughter of Henry C. Brockway calling on him! His New York mind could scarcely comprehend.

"Sure I remember you," he answered. "Don't see many like you out this way."

"I was just passing, and I thought I'd look in on you."

"That's—that's mighty nice of you. Won't you take the chair?"

She glanced round at the pictures on the walls. "We're both New Yorkers, it seems," she smiled.

"Say, I guess we are! You're looking at my pictures, ain't you? Sort of carry you back, don't they?"

"In a way—yes. Would you like to go back—really, I mean?"

"Would I?" His eyes lighted. "Say, I'm going too—just as soon as I feel a little better—that is, I hope I am. I don't know, though—could I get a job? It's been so long ——"

"What sort of work did you do?" she asked.

"I was a clerk in a broker's office when the war came along. Sometimes, nights, I feel I got to go back—got to get one more ride in the Subway. I don't know, though—I'd be sort of afraid to tackle it. But if I could only feel the sidewalks of New York under me again ——" He stopped.

"Go on with your cooking, please. I don't want to interfere."

"You ain't interfering." He removed the frying pan from the stove.

(Continued on Page 113)

# The truth behind the slogan—

## *"There's an extra Quart in every Gallon"*

There is truth behind that slogan—a truth that has won more than 1,000,000 motorists to Quaker State Medium Motor Oil. We start with 100% Pennsylvania crude. We refine it to the point where ordinary oils are considered ready for your motor. Then we put it through *still another refining process*—the famous Quaker State "Extra Step." This removes the 25%, or more, of inert, non-viscous elements present in ordinary oils. And gives you *four* full quarts of faithful service to the gallon, instead of three or less. Why waste time telling you what that means to your motor—and your pocketbook? Everybody knows today that economy, at all times, demands the very best oil. *Look for it!*—wherever you see the green-and-white sidewalk sign.

35c PER QUART
*Higher in the West and Southwest*

QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CO., · OIL CITY, PA.

"THERE'S AN *Extra* QUART IN EVERY GALLON"... *because it's SUPER-refined*

*Other Quaker State Products Are:* QUAKER STATE HEAVY MOTOR OIL • QUAKER STATE COLD TEST OIL • QUAKER STATE TRACTOR OIL • QUAKER STATE AERO OIL

Cracked walls

made good as new

JUST mix Rutland Patching Plaster with a little water. Then fill the crack or hole. Your wall is as good as new!

Rutland Patching Plaster makes a *perfect* patch that's as lasting as the wall itself. It will not crack, crumble, shrink or fall out. And it's so easy to apply—no muss or bother. Anyone can use it.

Paint, wall paper and hardware stores sell Rutland Patching Plaster. If your dealer hasn't it, we will mail a package direct and you can pay the postman 30c plus postage. Rutland Fire Clay Co., Dept B 52, Rutland, Vermont. *Also makers of Rutland Roof Coating.*

TOUGH BEARD TENDER SKIN HARD-TO-SHAVE ?

try this Barber's Secret

*Amazing, New, Quick way to shave tough beards and tender skins has changed lifetime shaving habits of master barbers* **You, too, can use Prep. Prevent sore neck, razor rash, after shave misery.** By spreading a little PREP over beard before lathering, whiskers cut easier, blades last longer Get barber's secret, PREP, at drug store or barber shop or send 10 cents for liberal travel size to Mark W Allen & Co., Detroit, Mich , or Windsor, Ont , Canada

NOT A SHAVING CREAM

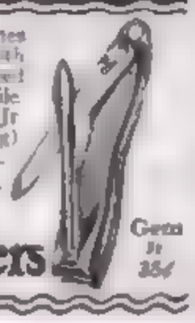
PREP

20 MILLION Painless Shaves Prove this Barber's Secret!

SEND DIME for TRAVEL SIZE

Your Nails Show What?

Neat nails at nine can't excuse untidy ones at noon. Keep them right with Gem, the compact pocket manicure. Use anywhere, any time, to clean, trim and file. Gem 50c (slips in pocket or purse) Gem Jr 35c (attaches to watch chain or key ring) At your druggist's or cutlery dealer's. The H. C. COOK CO., 5 Beaver St., Ansonia, Conn.



Gem Clippers MADE Gem Jr 35¢

(Continued from Page 110)

"I just came to say—I'm sorry about the car," said the girl.

"Why, that's all right."

"Not yet, it isn't." She hesitated. "I want you to promise that this is just between ourselves."

"Of course," agreed Bristol, flattered and puzzled.

"Not a word to that Dryden person—just between us two." She opened her purse and took out a roll of bills which she laid on the table. "One hundred and forty-five dollars, I think he said. But don't you dare tell him I gave it to you—tell him somebody paid an old debt."

"I don't get this," Bristol frowned. "You've paid it once. What does this mean?"

"I've paid it once?" It was her turn to be puzzled.

"Yes—you have, haven't you? The garage man called up the store this morning and told me to come for the car. It's out behind the cabin now. When I went in he said Dryden had stopped early this morning and given him the money. Dryden said he got it from you."

The girl stood up, a flush slowly spreading over her face. "I—I think I understand," she remarked.

"I don't," Bristol said.

"What does that matter? It's paid, isn't it? That ought to be enough for you." She picked up the roll of bills thoughtfully and glanced toward the corner with its hopeful placard. "Tell me—how much do you think a radio would cost?"

"Oh, I expect to get one for about ——" He paused. The red in his cheeks deepened. "No, thanks," he said firmly. "I—I couldn't ——"

She put the money back in her purse. "Of course not. . . . I—I rather wish I knew when Jim Dryden will be going through here again."

"I spoke to the garage man about that," Bristol said. "You see, I want to thank him. Bemis thought Jim would be through here late this afternoon. I'll have to put my thanks off for a day or two. I'm pretty tired tonight."

Nina held out her hand. "I hope you get to New York again," she said.

"I hope so too. And say, I want to thank you ——"

She shrugged. "Don't thank me," she said. "Thank your busy little friend, Jim Dryden."

Her eyes flashing, her lips a thin determined line, she sped back to the main highway. Down it she went at forty miles an hour, scanning every passing truck with interest. When she came to the Palm Springs road she turned into it, swung about and drew up at the side just around the bend. There she sat, watching the procession of cars down the El Centro highway.

The dusk came; the mountains purpled and the yellow glare died on the acres of sand. But enough light remained for her to recognize Jim Dryden's truck when it came along, traveling at a terrific speed. Her intention was to shoot out ahead of him and thus attract his attention, and she almost made it. But his front wheel struck the rear of the roadster and there was another crash, a grinding of brakes and the sound of a strong man swearing loudly in the dusk.

He came over to where she sat limp and frightened at the wheel. "You!" he cried. "Good Lord! Is this your daily accident at this corner, or what?"

"I only wanted you to stop," she said in a weak small voice.

"Well, I stopped, didn't I?" She got out of the car with no help from him. For a moment she stood there, and then began to sway.

He put his arm about her shoulders. "Brace up! What's the matter with you?"

"I—I don't know." Her voice was faint, far away. "I—I must be a little frightened"

"Fine business!" he remarked heartily. "It probably won't do you any good, but I'm sure glad to see you scared. You ain't hurt, are you?"

"I don't seem to be."

"A charmed life. But the Lord watches over children an' fools—an' when you get both in one package ——"

"Look! There's a wheel off my car," she cut in.

"Yeah. That's all right. I got insurance—I'll settle for it. Your fault again, but I know better than to argue with you. . . . How you goin' to get home?—if home's where you want to go."

"I—I can walk, I suppose."

"Oh, hell!" he said wearily. "Twenty miles out of my way, but I suppose I'll have to do it. What did you want me to stop for?"

"I merely wanted to suggest that—you mind your own business for a change." Her spirit returned. "You had your nerve to give that money to Bristol and say it came from me!"

"Why not? I didn't want him to know what I know about you. The poor simp is from New York, an' he thinks all New Yorkers is perfect. Say, how did you find out what I'd done?"

"I—I went over to see him this afternoon—and ——"

"—— an' pay those damages? By heaven, you ain't as bad as I thought you was! You decided it was your fault?"

"I did not!" she answered passionately. "I just thought—it seemed to me ——"

He patted her on the shoulder. "Don't try to explain it, kid. I want to tell you, I'm sure obliged to you. You've sort of restored my faith in human nature. Now for Pete's sake, climb up on the truck an' ——"

"Just a minute." She took her purse from the seat of the roadster. "I want you to take this—this money."

He removed it promptly from her hand. "You bet I'll take it. Things ain't so good on the ranch I can afford to toss money around. Thanks."

"You'd better count it."

"I'm in an awful hurry, kid. Your word's enough. I'll just shove your car into the ditch an' you can send somebody over for it from Palm Springs tonight." She watched him as he laid strong, competent hands on the roadster and practically lifted it from the right of way. There was an odd look in her eyes. Strange things were happening there in the desert dusk.

He turned to her: "Now, kid, onto the truck if you don't mind riding on that. Sorry I didn't bring the limousine."

She climbed up to the seat and he took his place at her side.

"It's a shame to take you out of your way like this," she ventured.

"It sure is," he agreed warmly. "I wish now I'd give you that spanking the other day." He shook his head. "You got to be more careful, kid," he warned.

"Nothing has happened to me yet," she said.

"Who said anything about you? It's the general public I'm thinkin' of. Give 'em a chance for their lives."

"You—you don't care what happens to me?"—a plaintive note in her voice.

"That's no affair of mine." They swung round a turn between dusky red hills and the road to Palm Springs stretched ahead. Dryden stepped on the gas. "Sit tight," he advised. "I got to let her out now. Seems like I'm always late."

"I'm sorry."

"You ought to be. It'll be after midnight when I get to the ranch."

"Is it your ranch?"

"Yeah."

"Tell me about it."

"Nothing to tell. Three hundred feet below sea level—reclaimed land. I like to reclaim things."

"Is that so?"

"Sure is. Having a hard struggle of it. Sometimes it just looks hopeless, an' then again it looks impossible. But we're makin' progress."

"We?" A sudden possibility loomed. Well, what of it? Why did her voice sound so stricken?

"Maw an' me," he explained. "Maw's an old-timer round here. Born on the desert. She knows this country like a book." He drove on in silence for a moment. "She'll wonder what makes me so late. Does a lot of worryin', maw does."

"I—I've been trying to tell you—how sorry I am."

"What's the good of it? The damage is done."

Silence again. "Shall you be coming back tonight?" asked the girl.

"Not tonight. Too late—what with you an' all. But tomorrow night —— Say, what's it to you?"

"Oh, I don't know. I'll—I'll think of you—tomorrow night—on that windy road by the Salton Sea."

"Well, don't come dashin' round no corners into me; that's all I ask."

"You don't like me, do you? You—you hate me."

He gave her a fleeting glance. "No, sister, you got me all wrong. I don't hate you. Only ——"

"Only what?"—a ridiculous eagerness in the words.

"Well, I guess you won't care if I say it. It's just that you don't mean anything to me—one way or the other."

She clenched her small hands in the dark. Of course she didn't care. Why should she? "Oh," she said.

The lights of Palm Springs twinkled suddenly against the black background of the mountains. So soon—so soon. A sort of panic gripped her heart.

"Thank God, there's the town," said Dryden with deep relief.

She thought of the men—all the men who had followed her, who had tried to make love to her—the men who had meant nothing—nothing at all. If only she had been a little kinder to them ——

"Take the next turn to the right," she said—"the stucco house at the end."

"I've been here before," he reminded her. "You forget easy, don't you?"

"Do I?" Her tone was thoughtful. "I wonder."

He drew up under the fig trees. "Here you are, kid. Jump down. I gotta be on my way."

She forgot all her pride. "Won't you come to see me—sometime?"

"Come to see you?" He was amazed. "What for? You've paid the money. The only thing there was between us is settled now."

"I know, but ——"

"Kid, I'm in an awful rush."

"Yes, but—but, Jim ——" She laid her hand on his arm.

He shook it off impatiently. "Blemish to you," he remarked. "Oh, I heard what you called me."

"I didn't mean it!" she cried passionately. "I didn't mean it!"

"It don't matter," he told her in a kind voice.

His words were like a sentence. It didn't matter! She leaped to the ground, and already the truck was starting.

"I'll never see you again!" she cried.

He leaned down, serene, impervious. "'Tain't likely, kid. Not if you behave yourself on the roads. That's my last word to you. Take it easy on the roads."

The engine sputtered and roared; the truck moved off, gaining speed as it went. Its red tail light grew dimmer and dimmer in the distance. She stood there a little while under the gray old fig tree that had stood there so many years.

When she went into the brightly lighted living room her father looked up from his New York paper.

"What are you crying about?" he asked.

"I'm—I'm so lonesome here," she answered.

"Cheer up," advised Brockway. "I wired for our tickets today. You'll be back in New York before you know it."

Her eyes filled again. "Oh, dad," she said, "I'm afraid I'll be lonesome there too."

She hurried past him and ran up the stairs to the shelter of her room.

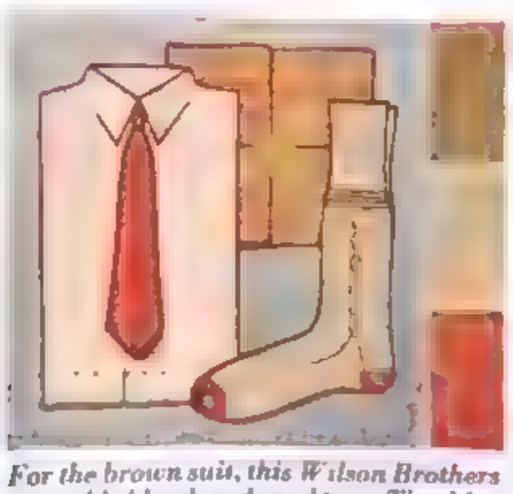
*In the club house at American tracks, smart men may select entries of the wrong colors, but there is no gamble in the selection of their haberdashery. Invariably the hues of the masculine ensemble are in harmony.*

## *It is like picking the winner*

after the race is run to secure faultless color combinations in attire nowadays. You simply step into a good haberdasher's and say: "Show me a Wilson Brothers *ensemble* for an oxford gray suit." Several are put before you. Each is complete with tie, shirt, socks, and handkerchief. Each is styled in harmony, subtly shaded in contrasting and blending hues, an ensemble conceived expressly by Wilson Brothers Style Committee to give the best effect with your oxford gray suit.

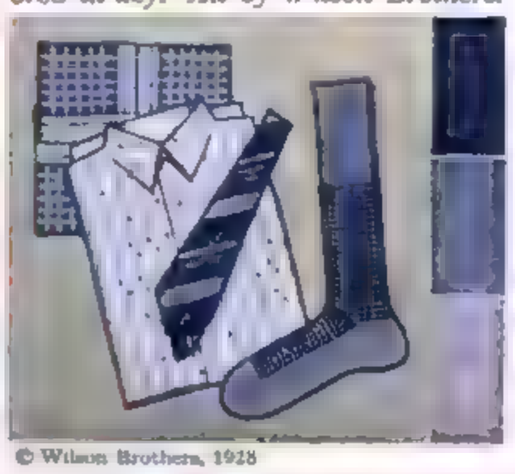
Time saved. Uncertain results avoided. And the cash register rings up an amount no higher than though the items were separately selected. Little wonder that well-groomed men have so heartily approved this new way of buying haberdashery. Better Stores are now showing the blends illustrated here.

*Shirts · Neckwear · Hosiery · Scarfs · Handkerchiefs · Underwear · Nightwear · Belts · Suspenders · Garters and Novelties*



*For the brown suit, this Wilson Brothers ensemble blends reds and tans. The shirt, with starched collar attached, is of figured madras; the tie, solid color Barathea; the hose, French lisle; the handkerchief, English crepe silk with roll-edge.*

*From the tint of the jacquard madras shirt to the shade of the French cluster-stripe tie, a scale of blues to blend with the blue suit. The lisle hose and French hand-rolled linen handkerchief are colored in key. All by Wilson Brothers.*



© Wilson Brothers, 1928

*Starched collar-attached shirt of figured broadcloth; clocked hose of full fashioned silk; self-figured jacquard tie; and French hand-rolled linen handkerchief: an effective Wilson Brothers ensemble in a range of greens for the gray suit.*

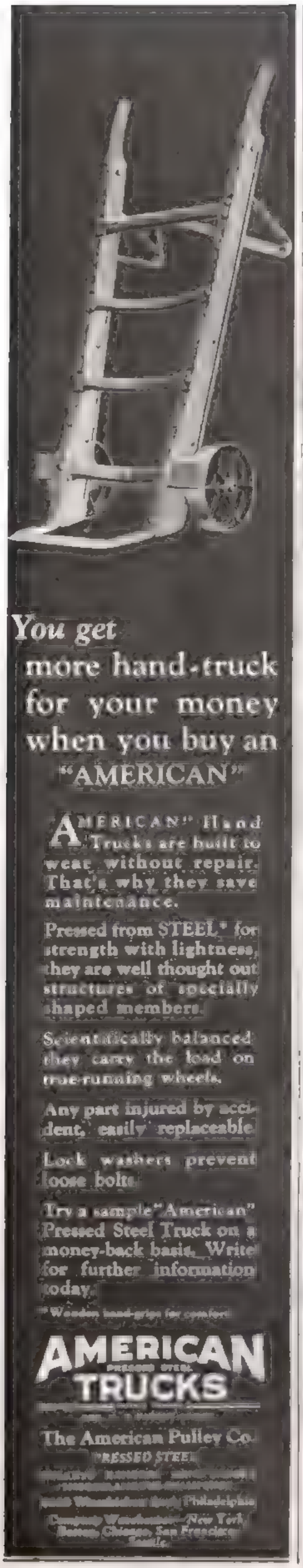
Buffer Heel WILSON Heel

*The mark of the Buffer Heel that tells you where wear is hardest. Exclusive in Wilson Brothers silk hose at 50c, 75c, $1*

# WILSON BROTHERS

## *Haberdashery*

CHICAGO · NEW YORK · SAN FRANCISCO · LONDON · PARIS


You get
more hand-truck
for your money
when you buy an
"AMERICAN"
"AMERICAN" Hand Trucks are built to wear without repair. That's why they save maintenance.
Pressed from STEEL* for strength with lightness, they are well thought out structures of specially shaped members.
Scientifically balanced they carry the load on true-running wheels.
Any part injured by accident, easily replaceable
Lock washers prevent loose bolts
Try a sample "American" Pressed Steel Truck on a money-back basis. Write for further information today.
*Wooden hand-grips for comfort
AMERICAN
PRESSED STEEL
TRUCKS
The American Pulley Co.
PRESSED STEEL
Philadelphia
New York

# ROMANCE FOR RENT

Continued from Page 13

there was no doubt about her stockings. One of her feet was curved around the leg of her chair, showing a shapely shoe of black kid and a smoke-colored silk stocking.

"She doesn't think much of it," he told himself, watching her face for the next few lines. "When she wrote the circular about the radio sets, she kept smiling and nodding. But she's only frowning at this. I wonder if I asked her, 'Miss Kohler, I wish you'd tell me something: Why do girls wear silk stockings?' . . . But no; you've got to know a girl before you can ask her questions like that."

Which obviously pointed to danger—to one of the two things which he had vowed to avoid when he came to New York.

"Unless it could be done on a business basis," he frowned to himself. "I think I've read somewhere that they have agencies in New York where you can engage a girl for the evening—girls who talk well and dress well—and everything on a strictly business basis. Now a girl like that might help at times—on a circular like this, for instance."

The girl at the desk, he thought, was frowning more than ever at the copy in front of her.

"You don't like it?" he suddenly asked her.

"It doesn't seem as interesting as your last one," she said. "At least, it doesn't to me."

"Well, never mind; don't go on with it," he told her, coming to a quick decision. "It needs more work. . . . Perhaps you can tell me something: Do you know any agency in New York where I could engage a girl for the evening?" He told her the type of girl he wanted. "Everything to be absolutely business," he concluded. "Only I want a girl who's bright and knows how to talk."

They looked at each other, and for the first time Chet noticed the length of her eyelashes and the cleft in her chin.

"Well"—she hesitated—"I'm not exactly a dumb-bell, and sometimes at home they say I talk too much. But I wouldn't mind working overtime like that—on an absolutely business basis, as you say."

"What terms would you suggest?" he asked, his serious young look never more earnest.

"Well"—she hesitated again—"all this is new to me. But an average evening would be about—about three hours. So suppose we say a dollar an hour, or three dollars for the evening."

Upon reflection, he accepted the three-dollar rate, and they also agreed upon that evening for their first meeting.

"For I've got to get that circular done, and done right," Chet told himself as he reached the street and looked at the hurrying, hungry, overhanging city around him. "Because if I ever lose my confidence in this mob, I might as well pack my trunk and go back home."

### III

THEY met in the lobby of the Hotel Longworth by the side of the fish pond.

"Hello," said a gentle little voice in Chet's ear.

He arose—just a bit awkwardly if the truth be told—and at first he could hardly believe it.

"I wouldn't have known you," he said, shaking hands as he had seen the other men do. But not having heard them, he had to speak on his own. "This—this is a great pleasure," he said. "This—this is delightful."

And, indeed, she was giving him value for his three dollars. She was dressed in an evening frock of apple-green watered silk—one of those tight bodices with a flaring skirt. Her stockings and shoes were silver, and over her shoulder was a Japanese shawl in which cherry blossoms fell from a tree.

"I hope you haven't been waiting long—and aren't too hungry." She smiled.

"Oh, yes," he said, gratefully receiving the hint. "Er—have you any particular place where you would like to eat?"

She told him about the Rochambeau Roof, where there was a good show and an even better dinner. So they started for the Rochambeau; and when they reached the street, she said "How lucky! Here's a taxi waiting." At that Chet felt a premonition of disaster, but the taxi fare was only thirty-five cents and a man can't mourn long for that.

"My brother's seen the show here," said Miss Kohler. "He says it's awfully good, but you have to tip the head waiter a dollar if you want a good seat."

Again Chet felt a vague chill of warning; but when, in exchange for his dollar, they were led to a ringside table marked Reserved—a table from which they had an unobstructed view of the stage, the orchestra and the dancing floor—and when the waiter brought a bill of fare, and instead of beginning Olives—$1.00, Celery—$1.00, it was headed "Special de Luxe Dinner, $2.00 per Plate. No Couvert Charge," again the young man from Springfield inwardly rejoiced, as one who has been delivered from grave danger.

The show was just beginning—dancing girls and prancing girls—a girl with a book who tunefully pretended to be taking Chet's telephone number—a girl with a violin and a contralto voice—a comic juggler who finally threw up his red rose and caught it in his pants pocket—a trick mule which made love to a party of middle-aged women and finally climbed up on their table and sent one old lady into hysterics—for reasons, perhaps, best known to herself and the mule.

"Miss Kohler," said Chet, leaning over the table, "what is the general feminine attitude toward life today?"

"How do you mean?" she asked.

"Well, as you know, I'm doing that circular for Gedding's. I hope to do other work there. And I think it would help me if I knew the general feminine attitude toward life." As you can probably see, this was vaguely leading to the more specific question: "Why do girls wear silk stockings?" But when Chet came to the end of his remarks, he found he was as far from the stockings as ever.

"I'm not sure yet that I understand," she said, "but if I know what you mean by 'feminine attitude,' I can tell you mine in three words—anything but love!"

"Anything but love," he repeated, staring at her.

"Yes," she said. "I don't know whether I'm modern or not, but if that's being modern, I am. Love!" she scoffed. "It's a trap—a biological trap, Schermerhorn calls it. It's baited with moonlight and flowers and spring and other miscellaneous idiocies of a sentimental nature; and if a girl is fool enough to fall for the bait, she's a prisoner the rest of her life. Playdon, though, doesn't call it a trap. He calls it a fever. You catch it like you catch any other illness. Only, when you're delirious with scarlet fever or typhoid, they watch you and take care of you. They don't let you sign an agreement giving away your life, your freedom. But when you have the love fever, that's just what you do; and when you get better—where are you?"

"In the soup," said Chet fervently. "Miss Kohler, I'm awfully pleased I've met you. Of course I haven't considered the question so much from the girl's point of view. But you've no idea how love plays the dickens with a man—a man, I mean, who wants to get on in the world. It throttles him, strangles him, takes his time, takes his money, ties him hand and foot. Not for me! And it isn't as if the girls were worth it—they aren't. With a few unimportant little differences, they're all the same—millions and millions of them—like—like germs in a test tube. And why any sane man should deliberately pick out one of these germs and—and inoculate himself with it and—and go crazy—well, that's one of the mysteries of life that I've never been able to solve."

"No," said the germ across the table rather shortly, if the truth be told. "Neither you nor anyone else. I can understand, of course, that once upon a time there was nothing else for a girl to do. But now there are so many opportunities for women. Look at Miss Gluck, for instance. She owns the place where I work. She has a chain of typewriting offices all through the business district and makes ten thousand a year—oh, easily! And look at Miss Tyser, with her tea rooms; and Mrs. Masters—only she's a widow—with her shops for women; and Miss Condon, with her candy kitchens; and Mrs. Schureman—a widow again—the best-known interior decorator in New York. And that's another reason I told you anything but love. As soon as I have a little more money saved I'm going to start in business for myself. I'm not going to spend all my life darning socks and peeling potatoes for a man who would probably be a darned sight better off if he had never met me."

The excitement of the argument had brought new color to her cheeks, an added brightness to her eyes, and it didn't occur to Chet till later that this would have been a good time for him to have said, "Miss Kohler, I wish you'd tell me something: Why do girls wear silk stockings?" Instead, he was thinking, "I couldn't have picked a better girl, either for looks or sense."

The show had come to an end and the orchestra was playing a fox trot—An Old-Fashioned Sleigh Ride for Me. The floor was darkened and snowflakes seemed to be flying through the air.

"Do you dance?" Miss Kohler asked, as impersonally as she might have asked "Do you like milk?"

"A little," said Chet, "but I'm not good at it."

"Neither am I," she told him. "But it's good exercise, and after sitting in an office all day ——"

"Shall we try it?" he asked, seeing that she paused.

Fortunately the orchestra wasn't playing too fast; and after all, you don't have to do much else but walk in a fox trot.

"I thought you said you weren't good at it," said Miss Kohler, presently looking up at him, which didn't exactly make Chet hate her.

"Now what shall we do?" he asked after they had returned to their table for dessert. "Shall we go to a show? Or shall we stay here for an hour or so and talk and—and exercise?"

"Have you tickets for a show?" she asked.

"Not yet."

"Then I think we'd better stay here," she said, marveling at his inexperience. "The orchestra's good, and I've been sitting in the office so much lately ——"

As a matter of fact, they stayed till ten o'clock; and before they left, Chet had mastered a fancy little jig step at the corners—a fancy little jig step which seemed to add considerably to the beneficial effects of the exercise.

"Now, if you like," she said as they left the building, "you can put me in a taxi and then you'll be free for the rest of the evening."

"No," said Chet, "I'm going to take you home. And besides," he naïvely added, "I've nothing else to do for the rest of the evening."

So they got in a taxi, she in her little corner and he in his, and on their way uptown, breaking a rather awkward silence, he said, "I wish you'd tell me something."

"Yes?" she murmured, encouragingly enough.

"You know I'm writing that folder for Gedding's ——" Even then he couldn't

(Continued on Page 116)

LITTLE DRAMAS IN THE LIFE OF A GREAT NEWSPAPER SYSTEM

Painted for Scripps-Howard Newspapers
by Saul Tepper

# "Kill my cow for an Editor? *I should say not!"*

A SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspaper in the center of a Western dairy district led a state fight against tubercular cattle.

For five years it struggled to convince farmers and dairymen that infected animals were not only dangerous to life and health, but were business liabilities.

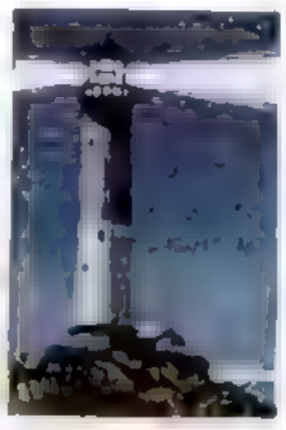
A long series of editorials and articles was published. The State Agricultural College was enlisted. And the day finally came when the dairymen who had bitterly assailed the editor wrote to the state inspector, asked him to inspect their herds, and to slaughter all infected animals.

Sections of the public are often wrongheadedly committed to a course against their own interests. The editor who attempts to convince them that they are wrong must have the courage to stand both circulation loss and advertising loss.

Public opinion changes slowly. But he gains both back in the end, in heaping measures. And he establishes his paper so firmly in the homes and hearts of his readers that no opposition can shake their trust in its integrity.

This reader-confidence that the SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspapers have built up through many strenuous years is not for sale at any price. But it can *make* sales for the advertiser.

NEW YORK . . *Telegram* SAN FRANCISCO *News* DENVER *Rocky Mt. News*
CLEVELAND . . . *Press* WASHINGTON . . *News* DENVER . . *Evening News*
BALTIMORE . . . *Post* CINCINNATI . . . *Post* TOLEDO . . . *News-Bee*
PITTSBURGH . . . *Press* INDIANAPOLIS . . *Times* COLUMBUS . . . *Citizen*
COVINGTON . . *Kentucky Post—Kentucky Edition of Cincinnati Post*



AKRON . . . *Times-Press* YOUNGSTOWN *Telegram* KNOXVILLE *News-Sentinel*
BIRMINGHAM . . *Post* FORT WORTH *Press* EL PASO . . . . . *Post*
MEMPHIS . *Press-Scimitar* OKLAHOMA CITY . *News* SAN DIEGO . . . . *Sun*
HOUSTON . . . . *Press* EVANSVILLE . . . *Press* TERRE HAUTE . . *Post*
ALBUQUERQUE . . . . *New Mexico State Tribune*

SCRIPPS-HOWARD NEWSPAPERS
MEMBERS OF THE AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS AND MEMBERS OF THE UNITED PRESS

NATIONAL ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT, 250 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK
CHICAGO · SEATTLE · SAN FRANCISCO PORTLAND · DETROIT · LOS ANGELES · ATLANTA · PHILADELPHIA

(Continued from Page 114)

quite get the question out, so he compromised. "Is there—is there any difference in silk stockings?" he asked.

"I'll say there's a difference!" she exclaimed. "A silkworm would be surprised at some of the things which pass for silk stockings. Skimpy, sleazy things—you'd wonder they hold together as long as they do. Why, there's a store ——"

For the next ten blocks she told him some of the tricks which her shopping experience had taught her, and had hardly finished when the taxi stopped at a good-looking apartment house in the West Nineties.

"Well, night-night," she said. "Please don't get out."

"Just a moment," said Chet.

From his inside pocket he drew an envelope which had obviously been prepared and placed there in advance.

"What's this?" she asked.

"Your fee," he told her.

"My fee?"

"Your three dollars."

She almost ran across the sidewalk with it; and paying off the taxi as well, Chet walked thoughtfully downtown to his boarding house.

"A Silkworm Would be Surprised," he muttered once. "There's my title, all right!"

IV

OLD John G. Gedding seemed to like the title, too, sitting at his desk on the mezzanine floor, in the center of the web which had been his life's spinning.

"Not so bad," he said, after he had read the copy. And with a shrewd bristling of his rusty brows—"I suppose Miss Dacher helped you?"

"No," said Chet. "Er—another young lady."

"Ah?" said old John G. "So soon?"

"Oh, this was strictly business," Chet hurriedly told him. "A young lady—a young lady I hired for the evening." He felt himself perspiring a little.

"Nothing like playing for safety," solemnly agreed the older man. "All right, we'll print a thousand of these and see what happens. Personally, I hope you get your fifty dollars. And now if you'd like to try another circular on the same terms ——"

"Yes, sir," said Chet in his best earnest manner.

"We've just received a shipment of French needlework—little intimate things, you know, that women wear."

Again Chet felt himself perspiring. "I'm afraid, sir," he said, "that—that I'm hardly specialized enough—in a line like that."

"But couldn't you study it—the same as you did this other subject?"

"I—I'm afraid not, sir. Not a line like that."

Old John G. said something which sounded like "Sssrrumph!" and loudly blew his nose.

"Well, let's see," he continued, considering. "Have you any—have you any objections to millinery?"

Chet also considered. As you may remember, he had tried one millinery folder, with unfortunate results. But perhaps, with the help of Miss Kohler ——

"No, sir," he said. "I've no objection to millinery."

"All right. Third floor. Ask for Miss Mooney and I'll phone her you're coming. Tell her you want to see the new Paris model that just came in—and write about that."

The new model was simplicity itself—hardly more than an old-fashioned tam o' shanter, without flare or button.

"I wonder if you'd mind if I borrowed one of these for an hour or so," said Chet in his earnest young way.

"Surely not," said Miss Mooney. "Awfully smart, don't you think? And costs hardly anything to make. I hope you'll be able to push them. It will be a profitable line. One moment—I'll get you a box."

So half an hour later, when Chet walked into the cubby-hole where Miss Kohler had her desk, he was carrying a Gedding hatbox in his hand. He gave her a serious smile and closed the door behind him.

"I have a new hat here," he said, untying the string. "The latest from Paris. And I've brought it over—er—to get your reaction on it."

From his fifth word, she might have posed for the Spirit of Attention; and by the time he had the box open she had produced a mirror from the lower drawer of her desk and had twice rearranged her hair.

"Oh, isn't it cute!" she cried as Chet lifted the hat from the box.

"No title there," he thought, after a moment's hesitation.

She put it on and did something precious with the hang of her bangs.

"Isn't it darling!" she exclaimed then.

"No title there," muttered Chet to himself.

"You wouldn't have to tell anybody it's the latest!"

"No title there," he muttered again, after a moment's thought.

"It's the queerest thing about styles," she continued. "The moment you put on the new one, it makes all the others look old."

"There!" cried Chet to himself in frowning young triumph. "'It makes all the others look old!'"

"I wish I'd been wearing this the other night," she went on, doing various tricks with the mirror, "just to see 'em stare."

Again Chet had an inspiration. "Are you busy tonight?" he asked.

"No," she said, apparently looking at the back of her head.

"Then could I engage you?"

"Why, I don't mind," she said, and hurried out to show the other girls.

Chet immediately phoned Miss Mooney. "That new hat," he said—"I'm getting reactions on it. Favorable so far. But do you mind if—er—one of my business associates wears it this evening, so that I may get reactions in a wider field? . . . Thank you very much, Miss Mooney. Yes, I'll make a complete report."

V

OLD John G. liked the millinery circular too. "Sounds like good stuff to me," he said, "but the proof of the pudding is whether it sells the goods. We'll try it out—and I'll tell you what I've been thinking. If we get results from the stockings and hats, there may be an opening for you here. A steady job for a year or two would do you good—give you a chance to find your bearings and all that. A hundred a week, say, to start. You needn't say anything now, but keep it in the back of your head and think it over."

"A hundred a week!" scoffed Chet to himself. "When I'll soon be making that much a day!"

"And now if you want to try another," continued old John G., "we've just received a shipment of cubist dancing shoes—either for dancing or evening wear. Go up and see Mr. Merry in the shoe department and tell him I sent you, and why."

"Will he let me take a sample pair?" asked Chet. And seeing that the older man was beetling his brows at the question, he explained in his serious young way: "Miss Mooney gave me a sample hat and—I think I told you that a young lady helped me with the stockings—at so much for the evening, you understand. Well, she helped me with the hat too. I paid her for wearing it last night, and this circular is based upon her own reactions and also upon the reactions which we received from other women when they looked at it. So I thought now if I could arrange for her to wear a pair of these new shoes ——"

Old John G exclaimed "Sssrrrumph!" again, preparatory to blowing his nose. "I see I'll have to be careful what lines I give you," he added. "Lucky we're not selling diamonds or automobiles. . . . All right, I'll phone Mr. Merry, but you'd better get her right size."

They were charming little shoes of mosaic leather work, each tiny piece of leather a different pastel shade, and these pieces sewed together as though by a graduate artist in patchwork quilts. A cubist design, as Chet had been told, and when you hear that the colors were lilac and pink and rose and gray and here and there a bold bit of purple and black, you will understand how gladly he phoned Miss Kohler and asked her the size of her shoes.

"Four B's," she answered in a voice of slight wonder.

He told her why he had asked her, but she didn't seem to be particularly enthusiastic.

"And can I engage you for this evening?" he asked.

"I'm afraid not—this evening," she said.

"Why not?" he asked.

She chided him by a short pause and then answered, "I have another engagement."

"Tomorrow evening then?" he asked.

This time her pause was somewhat longer. "I think you'd better call up tomorrow," she said. "I may be too tired."

He took the shoes—Four B's, an unusually pretty pair—and when he left the store he stood in the entrance for nearly a minute with the package under his arm.

"I know what I'll do," he suddenly told himself. "I'll go and show 'em to her. I may get an idea for a title—if nothing else."

If you had been there when he walked into Miss Kohler's cubby-hole ten minutes later, it might have occurred to you that she looked up at him with an indifferent eye, but that when he opened his package her glance not only brightened but her mouth seemed to water as well.

"Aren't they beauties!" she exclaimed.

"I wish you'd break that other engagement and wear them tonight," said Chet earnestly.

"I can't," she said. "You know—it's funny in a way. While I've been helping you get ideas, you gave me an awfully good one. Mr. Smollet saw us out together the other evening—I do a lot of work for him—and when he began teasing me I told him I was only hired for the evening—that everything was strictly business. So he's engaged me for this evening, and he says he can get me a lot of trade. I've been talking to some of the other girls, and they're quite keen for it too. So if you find me missing here some day you'll know I've started an agency of my own: Young Ladies for Rent. Terms Moderate. All Latest Improvements. . . . Why not?"

Chet didn't think much of it. "Who's Mr. Smollet?" he asked. "Do you know him well enough?"

"I knew him long before I knew you," she smiled. "He's in the real-estate business—awfully clever—and makes a lot of money."

"But you can give me tomorrow night," said Chet.

"I'd rather not promise." She hesitated. "I don't know yet how long I shall be up tonight. But if you'll call me tomorrow —— And I think you'd better take these heavenly slippers," she added with something like a sigh, "or I might be tempted to wear them."

"Oh, well," frowned Chet, leaving the building a few minutes later with his package under his arm, "I'll be able to do a good night's work this evening."

But though he sat up in his boarding-house room till after twelve—one heavenly slipper on each side of his ink bottle—the net results of his work were four heavily corrected sheets of copy paper—four sheets of paper which he sourly tore up the following morning after reading them.

"I'll have Miss Kohler write a few letters for me," he told himself, wrapping up the slippers. "I've been neglecting my correspondence too much lately."

So at half-past nine he walked into her cubby-hole with his package again under his arm and found her just taking her hat off. Of course it might have been imagination, but it seemed to Chet that she looked different—that there was more color in her cheeks, more vivacity in her manner than he had ever seen before. He was still waiting for her to get her notebook when a long-nosed man with a little black mustache looked in—a long-nosed man with a very able look, even though his smile at that moment might best be described as killing.

"Good morning, Mr. Smollet," said Miss Kohler, and handed him a number of letters which she had evidently written the previous afternoon.

"I'll see you again—when you are disengaged," he said, lisping a little.

Chet shut the door as soon as he could and dictated four letters—the first one frowningly, the next two sadly and the fourth with a wistful note in his voice.

"And now about this evening?" he asked, reaching for the slippers.

"No, not this evening. To be perfectly frank, I'm much too tired," she told him.

"Then tomorrow evening," said Chet.

"But I'm engaged for tomorrow night."

"With Smollet again?" he asked, returning to his frowns.

"That's not fair," she said, beginning to frown herself. "A lawyer, for instance, doesn't discuss one client with another. So why should I—with you?"

Chet left a few minutes later, his package still under his arm, his ears almost as red as his hair; and turning at the entrance, perhaps for a last reproachful glance, he saw Smollet eagerly advancing toward Miss Kohler's door. At this—as the novelists say—the iron entered Chet's soul.

"Oh, well," he thought, "there are plenty of other places where I can have my typewriting done. I shall never come here again!"

But he did. For one thing, you see, he had forgotten those four letters. And for another, he had grown accustomed to Miss Kohler and the efficient manner in which she took his dictation. And after all, their relationship had been based only upon the strictest business principles. She had a perfect right to go out with Smollet or anyone else she chose.

"I'm awfully pleased to hear you say that," she said to Chet, "because, you know, I was beginning to think you were unfair."

"And when can you give me another evening?" he asked.

She gave him the next Wednesday—and the next—until at last he had four Wednesday evenings in a row; and always, when he took her home, he reached in his pocket for the envelope which he had placed there and solemnly handed over her fee. On the last of these meetings they had dined at the Rochambeau Roof, and while they were exercising in their first dance, Chet noticed that Miss Kohler was looking carefully around among the tables.

"I know," he said—though he didn't know how his lip was curling—"this is where Smollet saw us the first time we went out together. You're wondering if he's here tonight."

"You know that isn't nice," she said.

"It may not be nice," he told her—in low voice, you understand, because of the others who were taking exercise around them, "but I think somebody ought to talk to you about Smollet. Personally, I don't think he's to be trusted."

"I do," she said. "And so would you—if I told you something."

"Tell me then," he challenged her. "I hate to misjudge people."

She looked up at him, her eyelashes never seeming so long or the cleft in her chin so deep.

"He wants me to marry him," she said, and gently lowered her head again.

Chet probably swallowed harder than he had ever swallowed before in his life. "Are you going to?" he asked when he had finally brought his Adam's apple to rest.

"You know what I told you once," she reminded him.

"Good for you!" he exclaimed, and put so much pep in his dancing that they bumped three couples in quick succession.

"Do you call that strictly business?" she asked, raising her eyes again.

(Continued on Page 121)

# What is due the public

*An Advertisement of the*
*American Telephone and Telegraph Company*

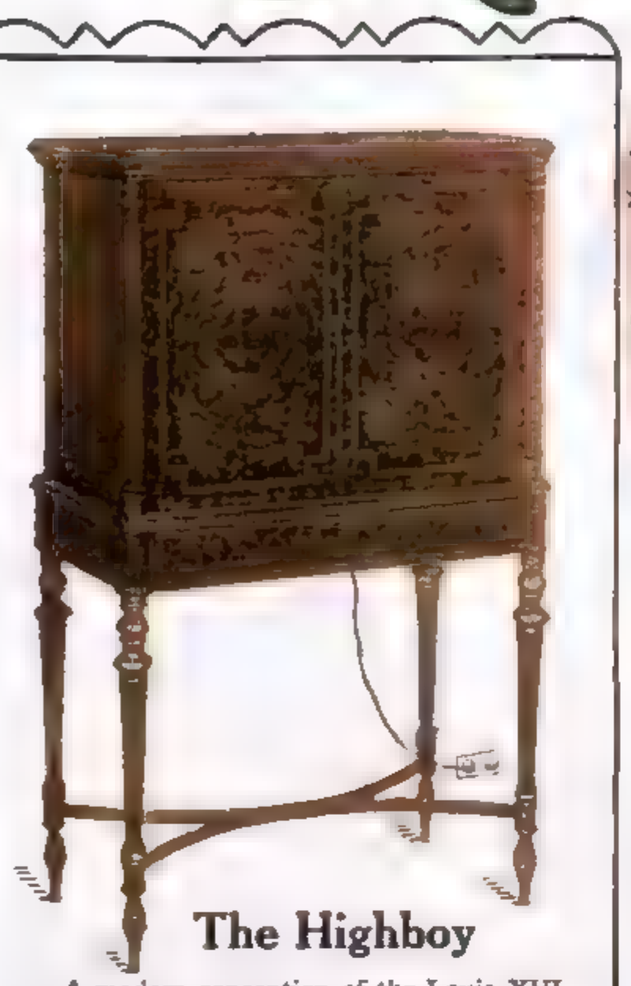
THE Bell System recognizes the public requirement for a constantly extending and improving telephone service. Last year 4 million telephones were either put in or moved. The number of local calls not completed on the first attempt was reduced by 5 per cent. The average time for handling toll and long distance calls was reduced from 2 minutes to 1½ minutes.

During the last five years the Bell System spent $1,800,000,000 on additions, and improvements of its plant.

There is equally a public requirement for safety of principal and earnings of the stock of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company—the parent company of the Bell System. Since its incorporation in 1885 it has never missed paying a regular dividend to its stockholders, who now number more than 420,000.

The very nature of the telephone business necessitates a single interconnected system. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company accepts its responsibility for a nation-wide telephone service as a public trust. It is fundamental in the policy of the company that all earnings after regular dividends and a surplus for financial security be used to give more and better service to the public.

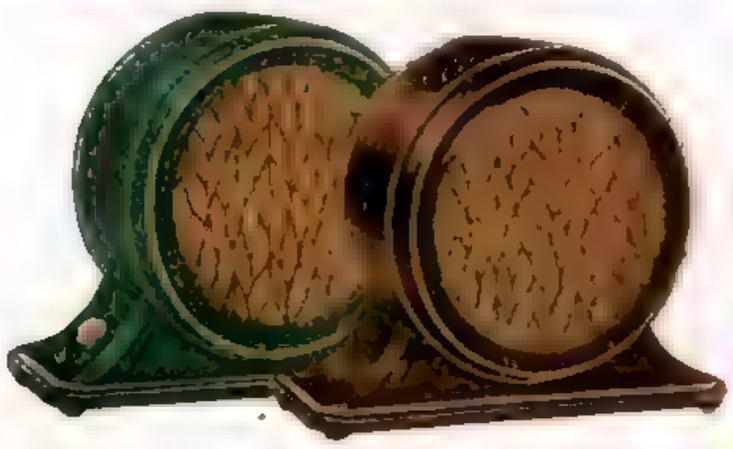
# New RADIO



## The Highboy

A modern conception of the Louis XVI period style by Albert Carl Mowitz, international authority on furniture arts. Handsomely matched walnut panels; fluted legs and pillars; swinging doors. Constructed according to the most rigid standards of furniture craftsmanship.

Philco sets are specially installed in Philco cabinets. Only through this combination is the full measure of Philco's amazing performance secured. Philco cabinets bear the Philco protective seal. Look for it—it is your assurance of full Neutrodyne-Plus performance.



## The Philco Speaker

The Philco Speaker establishes a *new standard of tone reproduction*. A tonal depth, a uniform resonance, a true articulation that are really amazing! The Philco Speaker brings forth the minutest details, the most delicate shadings of instrument or voice without smothering, distortion, rattle or echo—*even at far greater than room volume*. Above are shown two of the five colors available. To the right is shown the Philco CONSOLE GRAND SPEAKER, a masterpiece in cabinet design, including a tone chamber which gives the ultimate in speaker RE-production. A handsome support for any table model radio.

# Color! vivid color

The modern home is yielding more and more to the spell of stimulating color in all the furnishings of living room, bedroom and kitchen. As a timely response to the color trend of today, the Philco "Neutrodyne-Plus" Radio has been placed in cabinets of exquisite color. These cabinets are offered in a variety of hand-decorated, two-tone effects, softly modulated in color.

The dignified design of classic outline created by Hollingsworth Pearce, leading authority on interior decoration, is enhanced with color effects by Mlle. Messaros, one of the foremost colorists in the decorative arts. The colors are applied *by hand* under her personal direction. Each cabinet stands forth as a highly artistic ornament, captivating in beauty and charm.

**Tune In On the Philco Hour**

every Wednesday night. On the Pacific Coast Thursday night.

PHILCO

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

PHILADELPHIA

# DISCOVERY!

## "Neutrodyne-Plus"

A new term in radio to describe a remarkable enlargement of the Neutrodyne principle—a discovery by Philco Radio Engineers. It is acknowledged that Neutrodyne produces the purest tone quality known to radio science—*no howls or squeals; no disturbing oscillations.*

Now, for the first time, Philco engineers have succeeded in combining Neutrodyne with *super-power*. The result: perfect tone quality PLUS vast distance range and extraordinary selectivity—a combination *new to radio*.

### No Aerial Needed

Due to its *plus power*, the Philco will give you perfect reception of local stations—and many distant stations—*without an aerial!* Portable ground connection is provided. Philco is therefore easily *movable* from room to room.

If you wish to use an aerial, just twenty-five or thirty feet of wire *around the room* will bring in local and many distant stations. Longer aerials, indoor or outdoor, will bring in stations covering a remarkable distance range.

### All-Electric

The Philco is *all-electric*. No batteries, no water, acids or liquids *Entirely dry*. Merely plug into the light socket. Needs no special attention whatever.

### Extra Power

Philco's super-power means the ability not only to get, but *fully to enjoy* out-of-town stations. You will tune in low-power stations *you never knew existed*

### Amazing Selectivity

Marvelous sharp tuning! Many times a hair's-breadth turn will shut out one station completely and bring in another clearly, sharply, in full volume and without interference. So simple a child can tune it. And this selectivity, all with a single dial, does away with blind "groping" for stations. Under any given air conditions, Philco will give you a degree of selectivity and distance that is new to radio.

### Superb Tone

"Neutrodyne-Plus" has achieved a life-like fidelity of tone that is truly marvelous. Close your eyes as you listen and you will realize that you are hearing *not* a radio performance but an actual RE-production. The finer shadings and inflections of the high notes—the sonorous depth and character of the deep notes—are flawlessly reproduced.

### Phonograph Connection

A socket is provided on the Philco dial plate into which an electric pick-up may be inserted, thus making the amplifying power tubes and speaker available for reproducing phonograph records. Through this device Philco will give your favorite records a new depth and fullness of tone, a new volume and life-like resonance

# Hear it *on* Free Trial!

## Yes, and In Your Own Home

Any Philco dealer will be glad to send this marvelous Philco Electric Radio to your home on an absolute Free Trial. He will deliver the set, plug it into the light socket and leave it for you to operate. Judge it under your own local air conditions. "Free Trial in the Home" is Philco's national merchandising policy.

This trial in your home does not put you under the slightest obligation to buy. We want you to test the Philco in every way. See for yourself its remarkable ease of operation, its amazing selectivity, its uncanny power in getting far-distant stations. Judge its rare purity of tone—its flawless reproduction.

### Easy Payments

After you have experienced at home the vast enjoyment of Philco "Neutrodyne-Plus" performance, if you decide to buy, the Philco dealer offers very easy payment terms.

### *And* At a Price

The super-quality Philco is available in exquisite console cabinets at surprisingly moderate prices. And, in addition, *this same instrument* has been installed in hand-decorated table cabinets to sell *at popular prices!* Thus, no matter what model you choose, you may be sure of the utmost in Philco "Neutrodyne-Plus" performance.

### Trade In Your Old Radio

Your Philco dealer is in a position to offer you a *liberal trade-in allowance for your old radio set* on the purchase of a new Philco Electric Radio.

Sooner or later you will be satisfied with nothing less than an electric set, one you merely plug into your light socket—no batteries or separate power units to bother with! Why put it off any longer? Trade in your old radio as part payment on the Philco "Neutrodyne-Plus" Electric Radio. Own and enjoy the newest, the finest thing in radio!

# Call-Look-Hear

## *this remarkable Radio at any Philco Dealer*

No matter where you live there is undoubtedly a registered Philco dealer near you. Visit his store and see the beautiful Philco furniture models. See the table models, exquisitely hand-decorated in most attractive colors.

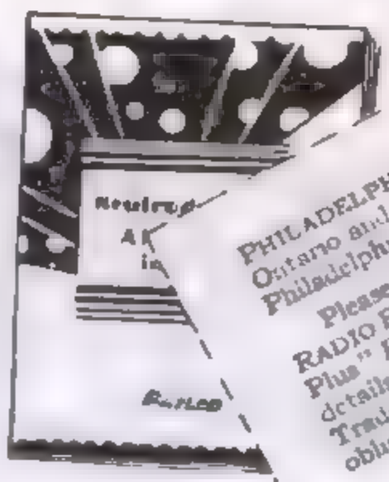
Then, tune it in—and you will understand what "Neutrodyne-Plus" means in tone, selectivity and distance. Let the Philco dealer explain to you our national policy of "Free Trial in the Home, Easy Payments and Trade-In Allowance."

# And-Send Coupon

In the meantime, merely fill out the coupon and mail it to us today. It is just a request for full details—no obligation.

## *Free Radio Book*

Yours for the asking! The coupon brings you, Free, the beautiful Philco book showing all the exquisite Philco Radio Sets and Speakers in natural colors. It tells the full story of "Neutrodyne-Plus."



PHILADELPHIA STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY
Ontario and C Streets, Dept. C377
Philadelphia, Pa

Please send me, Free, the beautiful full-color RADIO BOOK telling about the Philco "Neutrodyne-Plus" Electric Radio and Philco Speakers also full details of your national Free Trial, Easy Payment, Trade In offer. This request places me under no obligation.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

# Electric RADIO

*General Offices:* Ontario and C Streets, Philadelphia—Dept. C377

In Canada: Philco Products, Ltd., Queen's Quay, Toronto, Ontario

# *Every previous conception of Luxurious Fast Travel outdone by the new*

# *AIRMAN LIMITED*

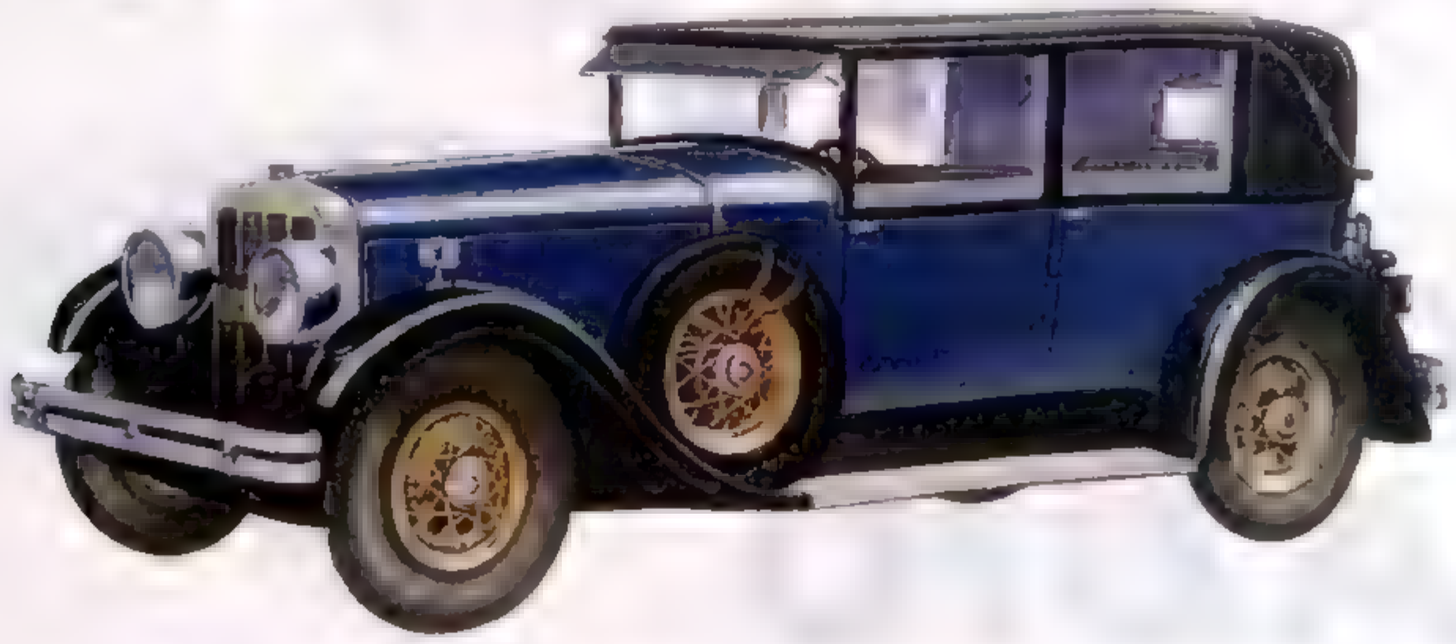
INTERIORS of *built-to-order* elegance—body lines of *distinctive* smartness—riding comfort of *all-day* restfulness—motor performance of *the fastest road car ever built!*

In each of the four essentials of complete motor car enjoyment, the Airman Limited sets an advanced pace all its own—ahead of anything ever achieved in automobile building. In the words of a new owner, "For the first time I know what a motor car can really *be* and *do*."

In the recent coast-to-coast, round-trip run, a standard Franklin Sedan, driven by Cannon Ball Baker, lowered the record by 10¼ hours—averaging 42.5 miles per hour for nearly 158 hours—many hours faster than the most famous Limited trains. Without question the Airman Limited institutes the absolute standard of road transportation—riding, roadholding, safety, sustained speed and luxury.

Only a drive can convince you that 300 or 400 miles in a day in this car means luxury—fast transportation that does not fatigue—riding ease no other car can offer.

Franklin ownership is a constant source of enjoyment. The Airman Limited is the soundest motor car investment you can make. Our nearest representative will be glad to place a car at your disposal today. Term payments are offered.



FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY • SYRACUSE, NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 116)

It wasn't, of course. But neither was the evening—being one of those balmy May nights when plum trees are in blossom and a wise old maid will shut her ears if she hears The Blue Danube. Chet had meant to take Miss Kohler to a show; but somehow when they descended from the Rochambeau Roof they took a bus instead, and then continued their exercise by a walk in Riverside Park. Above them was the subdued purr of the city at play; below them, the mysterious quiet of the river; and all around were other couples, either seated on benches or strolling side by side. Here and there the grass had been cut that day, its fragrance as sweet as the song of any birds.

"How are your circulars for Gedding's making out?" she asked him once.

"The stockings and millinery are doing well," he said. "I think we'll pay for those. But the shoe circular—Mr. Gedding didn't like it."

He didn't add—and she didn't remind him—that in his pique against Smollet he had written the shoe circular without any help from her, but he thought of it.

And still they moved slowly along among those other couples, some of them drifting along together in silence, like figures dimly seen in dreams.

"I don't know," Chet found himself thinking. "I guess they're more important than I thought." Turning this reflection over, the words of old John G. arose in his mind: "In our business, you know, we must understand the ladies or we wouldn't be able to please them."

When he gave Miss Kohler her fee that night he sighed to himself and walked slowly to his boarding house.

"Like a cross-word puzzle—maybe," he found himself thinking again. "You can't solve it just by looking and wondering, no matter how close it is. You—you've got to get pencil and paper and—and get right down to work."

VI

THE next day Miss Kohler wasn't at the office. The day after that, Chet was informed she had a cold. And on the third day they told him that her cold was threatening to turn into pneumonia.

"Poor girl, she isn't as strong as she looks," said Miss Gluck. "I'm going over to see her this afternoon."

Chet didn't wait till afternoon. He paused long enough to get a dozen American Beauties and then he hurried to the apartment house where she lived—a queer smarting in his nose, a funny aching in his throat as though he, too, was coming down with something. Arriving at her address and sending up his name, he was presently admitted by a pleasant-faced matron, who smiled as though she had heard of him more than once, and a few minutes later he was shown into Miss Kohler's room.

It was a charming room. Indeed, for that matter, the whole apartment had secretly impressed Chet. In this room in which he now found himself, for instance, the walls were covered by Japanese paper, the floor with a silky rug. By the window was a desk, and over the desk a time-mellowed painting of a red-faced old boy with a white starched choker around his neck. The furniture was walnut, the counterpane embroidered silk, and from under this counterpane a long-eyelashed young lady smiled up at Chet and welcomed him in a hoarse whisper.

"I can't talk loud," she told him. "I always get this silly laryngitis when I have a cold."

Her mother came in with the roses then—roses which were greeted with a hoarse cry of rapture.

"They're Fanny's favorite flowers," said Mrs. Kohler. "You couldn't have brought her anything to please her more."

Chet stopped about ten minutes; and when he arose to go Fanny hoarsely whispered "Wait a minute," and reaching into the drawer of a table by the side of her bed, she brought out an envelope and handed it to him.

"What's this?" asked Chet, beginning to feel warm.

"Your fee," she told him with a hoarse young bark of satisfaction.

"My what?"

"Your fee!" she crowed. "Your three dollars for coming. Everything strictly business—the way we agreed."

"I don't want your three dollars," he told her, wiping his forehead.

"But you've got to take it," she firmly barked. "I always took it. And if you don't take it you can't come again."

So Chet took it, and the next day he took his second fee—his ears playing their old trick of trying to match his hair—but on his third visit he couldn't go into the bedroom, but stayed in the living room; and once when Mrs. Kohler came out for a minute and he saw she was crying, Chet wept with her, openly and unashamed—and later peeled potatoes for the nurse's dinner.

By Sunday, though, he had the entrée of the bedroom again. Fanny's eyelashes were as long as ever and the cleft in her chin was as deep, but it only needed a glance to see how near she had been to solving a certain great mystery.

"Mom's told me how good you've been," she said.

He sat by the bed, and somehow it seemed the most natural thing that he should hold her hand while sometimes they chatted and sometimes just looked at each other with solemnly smiling eyes.

"I think there's one more fee in the drawer," she said once.

"I don't want any more fees," he gently scoffed; "I want you."

"You mean—to rent me again?"

"No; I mean to own you for good."

Somehow, by that time, Chet was kneeling by the side of the bed, her hand still in his.

"Mr. Gedding offered me a hundred a week and a steady job the other day," he said. "Do you think we could get along on a hundred a week?"

She nodded with a far-away smile—the smile of those who are happy in their dreams—and then she laughed.

"Do you remember that first night you hired me?" she asked. "And I said love was a trap and a sickness, and you said women were germs and took all a man's time and money?"

Chet snorted. "I guess we were younger then," he said. "Folks have to live and learn." And dismissing these juvenile errors with a wave of his hand, he continued in a more serious tone: "I'll bring those cubist shoes around tomorrow. . . . An extra fifty dollars would come in handy now."

# CHUMMING WITH THE CONSTELLATIONS

(Continued from Page 9)

besides this there are countless amateurs and students. I was told that there are not more than a dozen or so that are real experts and that know their cosmic onions from axis to circumference through all the layers that peel off. And there is one charming and cultivated lady who knows so much about it, and has been so successful in its practice, and advises so many people in their affairs, that I think of her as the Queen Bee of the Starry Swarm.

I talked with quite a number of practitioners, and I told all of them that I didn't intend to use their names or the names of their clients. And not using the names of the people, I've decided that it would be a good deal more delicate not to use the names of planets and constellations that have been and are being particularly kind to me.

For I have been told by several astrologers that some of these stars are taking a warm personal interest in me and my affairs right now. You see, I went through the mill personally in order to get a slant at the mechanism. Since I have made myself receptive to the stellar emanations, they mean well by me. It wouldn't be discreet to use their names. I must be respectful with regard to the thrilling whispers that come to me from the gleaming firmament. I said whispers, please, not whiskers. If I wanted whiskers I have no doubt I could put the moon on the job, think of a number, and in a short time have a naturally beautiful beard that henna couldn't compete with—nor Gehenna, either. I don't mean to say that I'm an astral sharp, by any means, but I could name a lot of names and pull a pretty flossy line of cosmic stuff, ringing in Virgo and Venus and Scorpio and the rest of the gang in a familiar way, but I might lose their friendship. I am not the sort of reporter who would go into details concerning fixed stars that trust me, or who fixed them. So I shall just refer to them by some Pullman-car name like Peritonitis or Fulcrum, and pass on.

To you that planet out there is just another pale pink planet, and you look at it and say: "Oh, yes, that is Pylorus! Pylorus is a fourteen-carat planet, four million miles on the other side of the sun." And you think nothing more about it. But I have come to regard Pylorus as a chum. And the next planet to the left there, as you go south, is Epizootis. Epizootis doesn't mean anything in your life—that you know about. But he does in mine. Epizootis isn't so darned sure whether he likes me or not.

Epizootis has had his eye on me for a long time. If Epizootis gets into the House of Dentifrice on the twenty-seventh of August, 1931, at four in the afternoon, Meridian of Greenwich Village time, I had better not go fishing that afternoon. If I do I will catch a bullhead which will horn me in the hand—you know those stiff spikes bullheads wear to protect their broad, intelligent faces and how they rush at you screaming like wildcats and stab you if you comment on their looks. Well, if a bullhead spears me on the date mentioned I will turn as spotted as a moral leopard and perish of blood poisoning. The sensible thing, knowing that, is not to go fishing on the twenty-seventh of August, 1931. You couldn't even lure me into a public aquarium on that date. There might be bullheads there. I know what Epizootis has got up his sleeve for me.

On the other hand, there is Oppedeldoc. Oppedeldoc is a handsome planet seven million miles away, slightly yellowish in color, as if he had a touch of jaundice, and weighing in round numbers as many tons as the earth multiplied by Senator Heflin's blood pressure. Oppedeldoc—I wouldn't use the real name for anything—is almost embarrassingly friendly toward me. The nicest part of it is that I don't remember ever having done anything very special for Oppedeldoc. But every time he thinks about me he wags his moons and circles like an affectionate pup with several tails. His one great grief, I gather from what I have been told of his emotions, is that he can't tag me around and sleep on my feet nights.

Some of these days Oppedeldoc is going to caper into the House of Usquebaugh, with bells on and musk roses in his long sleek ears; and if on that fortunate day I should buy a steamship company or write a play or dye my hair, the ships would float, the play would be a knock-out and the hair dye would stick. Take it all in all, I am a pretty lucky guy—or bozo, as the Chaldeans would say—with Oppedeldoc interested in me to that extent. I got hold of some pretty bad stuff not long ago, and the doctor said I might live long enough to go blind and I might not, and to this

Stop Belt Breaks ~Eliminate Costly Delays ~Speed Up Production with DETROIT BELT LACING
Belt Lacing Tools — Bakelite Pins — Belt Cutters
Write for a Free Sample and Illustrated Folder
Detroit Belt Lacer Co.—Detroit, Mich.
Bull Dog Lacer Co. of Canada—Hamilton, Ont., Canada

FASHION WELT
ENNA JETTICK Health Shoe
$5 COMBINATION LAST $6
PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA
Narrow and Extra Narrow Wide and Extra Wide
"A boon to those women who have been obliged either to pay high prices or take poorly fitted shoes."
You no longer need be told that you have an "expensive" foot.

Your dealer or Enna Jettick Shoes — Auburn, N. Y.
You'll Stride with Pride in Enna Jetticks

Scott's Creeping Bent for Perfect Lawns!

The New Super-Lawn
O. M. SCOTT & SONS CO.
284 Main Street, Marysville, Ohio

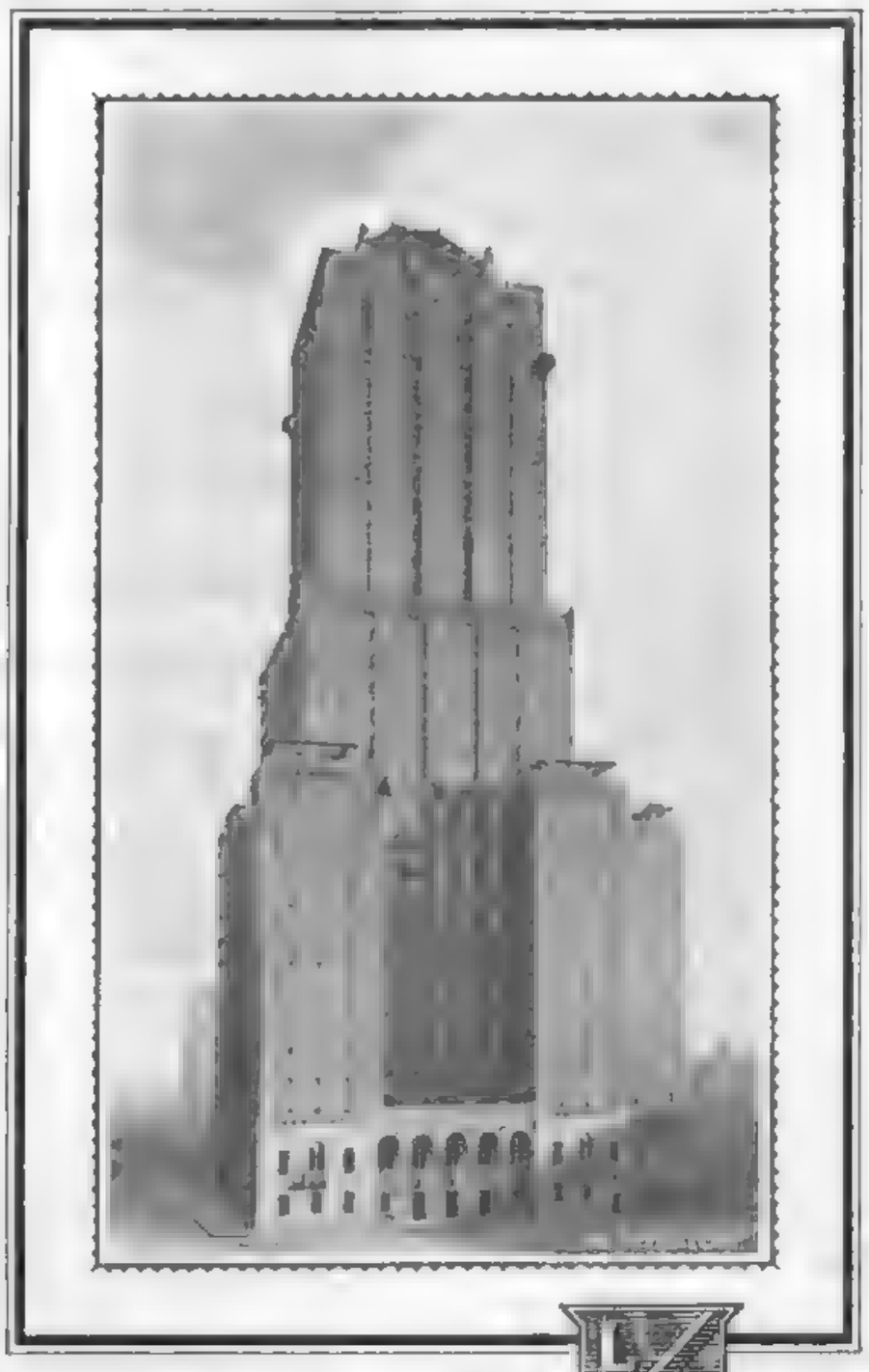
$12.35

NEW FRENCH ARMY RIFLE
Model 1907-15. 3 shot. Bolt action, with ripper bayonet for $12.35. Special circular for 2c stamp.
FRANCIS BANNERMAN SONS 501-A B'way, N. Y. City

PATENTS. Write for free Guide Books and "RECORD OF INVENTION BLANK". Send model or sketch of invention for Inspection & Advice Free. Terms Reasonable.
Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS BOOKLET FREE
BEST RESULTS HIGHEST REFERENCES PROMPTNESS ASSURED
Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, 724-9th St., Washington, D.C.

# When the Quality MUST Be Right - - - -



SHELTON HOTEL, NEW YORK

Arthur Loomis Harmon, Architect; Shelton Holding Corporation, Owner and Builder

*This building glazed with* LIBBEY-OWENS *Flat-Drawn Clear Sheet Glass*

When architects must be sure that buildings they design are glazed with the very best window glass obtainable, they specify LIBBEY-OWENS "A" quality flat-drawn clear sheet glass.

It is precisely for this reason that LIBBEY-OWENS glass was specified for the beautiful new Shelton Hotel in New York.

THE LIBBEY-OWENS SHEET GLASS CO., TOLEDO, O.

*Libbey-Owens*

FLAT-DRAWN CLEAR SHEET GLASS


moment he wonders what pulled me through. "Just luck," he said. But it wasn't luck. I know what it was. I figured it all out. The bootlegger and his infernal concoction vibrated in unison with Epizootis, but Oppedeldoc sent his messengers galloping across the night with a reprieve just in time to save me from the death chair.

All this personal solicitude on the part of these distant orbs gratifies me. At first, however, it puzzled me. I hadn't thought I was so important until I got a little way into astrology. I could see how a planet or a constellation might get to worrying about the Roman Empire or Doug Fairbanks, but who was I that the vast caverns of illimitable space should shake and quiver over my joys and perils and salvations?

I have streaks of humility all through me. It appeared to me a trifle disproportionate that a sun a billion miles away, with its age and weight running into logarithms, shouldn't have anything better to do than to scout around on my comparatively trivial business. It seemed a little unfair that I should have that much start over the rest of the fellows who didn't know how to wangle this influence. Like Sir Galahad—his strength was as the strength of ten because his heart was pure; and, knowing all that, he went and matched himself habitually against ordinary paluka knights who didn't know what purity was, and of course he gave them the K. O. It never seemed on the up-and-up to me, as a sporting proposition. And for a while I felt that it wasn't right that I should have the edge on so many people because I had found out that I was the favorite child of a number of enthusiastic constellations. But I soon got used to it. Something within my nature swelled and enlarged so as to be worthy of my destiny. I began to gain a new dignity. Now I can carry my stars without staggering.

I wish I might give you some winsome testimony as to what astrology has done for me since I took my little buggy ride with it. I have gained five pounds during that time, but as I already weighed two hundred, I don't think I really needed them. And I escaped an automobile accident on the Queensboro Bridge on a slippery day because the driver of the taxi I was in put his brakes on in time to keep from hitting a truck that had slammed into a closed car. I don't know whether Oppedeldoc did that or not; and it is true that if I had got entangled in the jam and killed, the family could have used the life-insurance money to advantage. But you can't have everything. And it all goes to show.

But a young friend of mine, who is also a writer and who has fallen for this stuff hard, recently had a personal experience and won a great victory which he attributes entirely to astrology.

### *Armed With Heavenly Cohorts*

A gentleman who buys raw material to be turned into what moving-picture directors consider a finished product—and I'll say it's finished when some of them get through with it!—sent for my friend the writer and said he was interested in acquiring the movie rights of a story that had been published in a magazine.

He offered Herbert—let us call him Herbert, for that is his name—a sum of money which, we will say, may be represented by X.

Herbert considered that it was really worth a sum of money which we shall designate by the symbol Y, which is twice as much as X.

Herbert has sold moving pictures before, so he thought he had better ask a sum of money which may be represented by Z, being thrice as much as X. Herbert thought if he talked about Z for a while, and the movie man talked about X, he might really get an offer for Y, and he would take it. Herbert said a good many movie people were not interested in money at all; they would spend a total of $100,000 making a picture and often pay the author only about 5 per cent of that, and then sometimes make a half a million off the picture. They don't consider money, because their interests are all with art and æsthetics and higher things. They have spiritual longings. So Herbert thought he had better do all the thinking about money and material things for himself. Ordinarily, Herbert said, he would have asked Z, and blushed; then he would have named Y, and would have been jollied out of it, and would have ended by taking X

But he remembered his astrology just in time. He remembered that the constellations were working for him—or if they weren't, he had a good case for breach of promise. Herbert was firm. He asked Z, and he kept on asking Z, and he stuck to it. He didn't box or weave at all; he stood right up to this movie man, toe to toe, and swapped glances with him. And all the time Herbert was saying to himself:

"Little does he know whom he is talking to! Or when! When, I say! He doesn't realize that this is the twentieth of June, and that on the twentieth of June, at 3:30 P.M., I am, for all practical purposes, invincible. Planets and suns are fighting for me this moment! Capsicum is in the sign of Parabola. Meningitis is at his nadir—where the poor bum always ought to be! Nabisco is at the zenith, and other legions of celestial busybodies are marshaling themselves for my defense in the fields of purple space! I won't bandy words too long with him, either. If he doesn't come through quick I'll let loose a pet comet to bite him."

Herbert even began to feel sorry for the fellow. He said to himself: "This man doesn't know I have constellations working while I sleep."

### *The Strength of the Righteous*

"Did you get Z for the movie rights?" I asked Herbert.

"No," said he, "but I stuck to it firmly I'll get that for it yet somewhere. But I did stick to a price on a movie for the first time in my life, even if I didn't get it. I won a moral and spiritual victory."

It appeared to be Herbert's idea that the effects of his triumph were at that moment still palpitating between Arcturus and South Ferry, and that the boys in Mars were talking about it and saying to each other: "Now you tell one!"

I was a little doubtful—this was before my own conversion, which, I am gratified to observe, is probably going to last until I get this story into the mails—I was a little doubtful as to the moral and spiritual quality of this, in a manner of speaking, victory.

"I don't see anything spiritual in it," I said. "Here you have all the resources of the cosmos at your command, and what do you use them for? You use them to try and get a couple of thousand dollars more for a moving picture! You send the constellations out on a material mission, after the jack—it is the highest kind of hi-jacking. It is like saying: 'There is Jacob's ladder, and it reaches to Paradise—let's use it to climb up to some popular roof garden!' Or it is like saying: 'Here is an infallible love philter—let's kiss the cow!' The magnitude of the machinery is disproportionate to the importance of the results. It is like setting the Pleiades to work to cure warts."

Herbert couldn't see it that way. What he could see was that it had given him courage to know that the stars were fighting for him; it had stiffened up his moral fiber. And that is no doubt the effect upon one class of believer whom I have mentioned. If he knows that he has Sirius also fighting on his side, if he is firmly convinced, any rabbit will bite a bulldog. What would Napoleon have been without his faith in his conquering star? Possibly, merely Gen. Bonaparte. And afterward, at St. Helena, he could sit down and look over the old horoscopes and figure out what slipped, and get a good deal of comfort out of that. Incidentally, it is said that he was

(Continued on Page 125)

Doesn't this man look as though he thought a lot about his personal appearance? Just ask him which shaving cream he uses!

"Always late for breakfast!" But now it's different. This new type small-bubble lather certainly gets whiskers off quick.

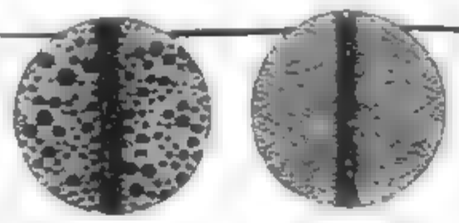
Here's a man with a stubborn beard. Bothered him for years. We'll leave it to you . . . does he look worried now?

Thought he had a tender skin. But *now* he shaves with a smile. Razor-pull, sting and smart don't bother him any more.

## *They tried this new Small-Bubble lather*

# . . . and they found the secret of a *Quick, Smooth Shave!*

**This frankly written advertisement tells how thousands found a new, quick way to shave. It describes a test that many men have made with remarkable results. See complete details in coupon below.**



*ORDINARY LATHER*

*Photomicrograph of ordinary lather surrounding single hair. Note how the large bubbles hold air instead of water against the beard.*



*COLGATE LATHER*

*Under identical conditions note the closely knit texture of Colgate lather. The small bubbles hold water instead of air against your beard.*

THE men pictured above could tell you a lot about shaving. They are men just like yourself . . . with stubborn beards . . . and tender skins.

Ask any one of them about razor-pull . . . or face-smart and he would tell you honestly that he doesn't dread it now.

They've simply discovered a new, quick way to shave . . . found a lather that gets whiskers off without drag or scrape . . . sting or smart.

They did it by reading an advertisement just like this . . . and accepting with an open mind the test it offered.

### *Here's how we did it!*

There's really no mystery to it. We've simply made a vastly better shaving cream . . . and men are changing to it by the thousands.

It's a totally different principle of beard-softening. Small bubbles . . . that's the theory of it.

You'll see the difference the minute you try it. See it in your mirror. Feel it in the velvet smoothness of your skin. Men tell us they've never felt such comfort in all their shaving days.

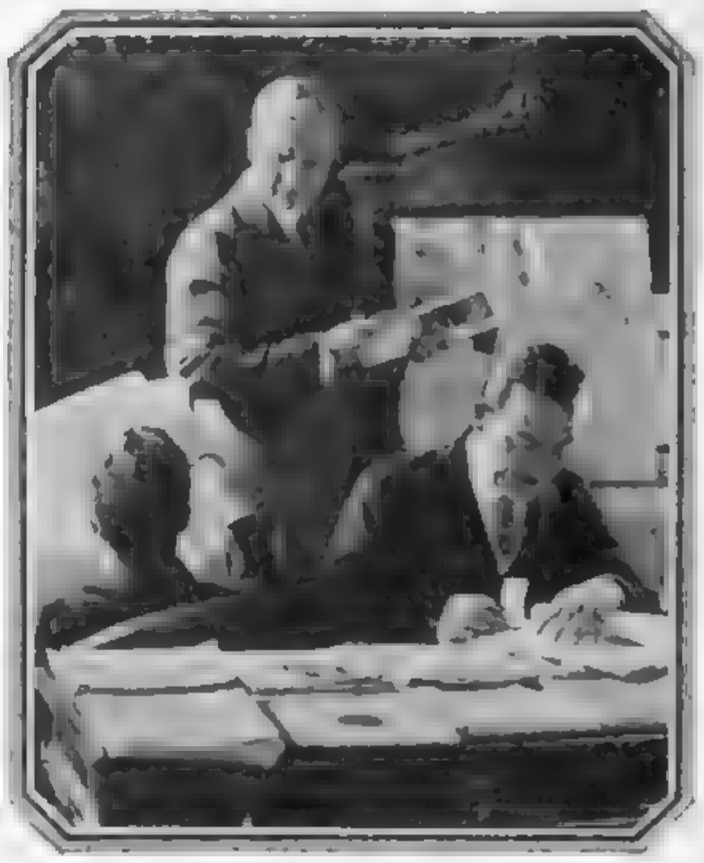
Won't you be guided by the experience of others and accept the test we offer? See complete details in coupon below.

### *Why Small Bubbles?*

No other shaving cream is like Colgate's. No other can offer you such unique results. It is, we believe, the ultimate attainment in the science of beard-softening. A shaving cream based on the now proven principle that water, and not soap, is the real softener of your beard.

Thus Colgate lather is designed to absorb more water . . . to scientifically drench your beard with moisture right at the base, where the razor work is done.

It's a "small-bubble" lather. For small bubbles hold more water. They carry it closer to the base of your beard. A glance at the photographs in the circles proves this better than words.



*Here's a man with the right idea. He clipped a coupon and banished razor-pull for good!*

### *You'll say, "Good-by, Razor-Pull!"*

That's the principle, men. Now here's what it does for you:

1. The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair . . . floats it quickly away.

2. Then billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard . . . crowd around each whisker . . . soak it soft with water.

Instantly your beard gets moist and pliable . . . limp and lifeless . . . scientifically softened right down at the base.

Thus your whiskers come off clean and smooth. No razor-pull. No stinging and smarting.

Just jot your name and address on the coupon now. Postman will bring you our seven-day tube to try.

*Extra Dividend!* We'll send a generous bottle of "After Shave," too . . . a remarkable new scientific shave lotion that's winning men by thousands.

Just try these two samples for a week. We'll cheerfully abide by your decision.

Colgate & Co., *Dept.* 502-C, 595 Fifth Ave., New York

**FREE OFFER, *MEN!***

Please send me FREE sample of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream. Also sample of Colgate's "After Shave."

Name _____

Address _____

**DON'T FOOL YOURSELF**

Since halitosis never announces itself to the victim, you simply cannot know when you have it

# Halitosis makes *you unpopular*

*It is inexcusable . . . . . can be instantly remedied.*

NO matter how charming you may be or how fond of you your friends are, you cannot expect them to put up with halitosis (unpleasant breath) forever. They may be nice to you—but it is an effort.

Don't fool yourself that you never have halitosis as do so many self-assured people who constantly offend this way.

Read the facts in the lower right-hand corner and you will see that your chance of escape is slight. Nor should you count on being able to detect this ailment in yourself. Halitosis doesn't announce itself. You are seldom aware you have it

Recognizing these truths, nice people end any chance of offending by systematically rinsing the mouth with Listerine. Every morning. Every night. And between times when necessary, especially before meeting others.

Keep a bottle handy in home and office for this purpose.

Listerine ends halitosis instantly. Being antiseptic, it strikes at its commonest cause—fermentation in the oral cavity. Then, being a powerful deodorant, it destroys the odors themselves.

If you have any doubt of Listerine's powerful deodorant properties, make this test: Rub a slice of onion on your hand. Then apply Listerine clear. Immediately, every trace of onion odor is gone. Even the strong odor of fish yields to it. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

*The new baby—*
LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM
—you've got a treat ahead of you.
TRY IT

## READ THE FACTS
### *1/3 had halitosis*

68 hairdressers state that about every third woman, many of them from the wealthy classes, is halitoxic Who should know better than they?

# LISTERINE

***The safe antiseptic***

(Continued from Page 122

warned by his professional astrologer not to give battle to Wellington at Waterloo, but that he disregarded the warning.

Some of the successful people whom I have indicated would, no doubt, have been successful people if they had never heard of astrology. They have the qualities within them which make for success—the qualities and the persevering industry. But I suppose if something slips with them they can lay it onto a faulty horoscope. I forgot to inquire whether that is the usual practice or not. It must have been a bit dangerous in the old days for the soothsayer himself to make a mistake. "Is this a good day to cross the Rubicon?" Cæsar might ask the augur. And if the augur, after examining the stars and a portion of chicken à la King, said "Yes," and then it rained or something, Cæsar might give him to the gladiators to practice on. And the magi of Nineveh couldn't afford to go wrong on the weather they promised the mighty hunter for the annual outing of the Nimrod and Gun Club. But slips aside, the general proposition seems to hold good—a man with the consciousness that the stars are with him is going to buck up, swell out his chest, acquire confidence, and set to work to make the promises of the sky come true. If you know you can't fail you'll put something more on the ball. No need to elaborate that point; the psychologists have said it.

I wondered if the reverse of this might not be true—if a person for whom some unfortunate experience has been prophesied might not become so obsessed by the sense of impending evil that it would hamper his activities, shatter his nerves, tie him up with fear and eventually contribute toward bringing on the catastrophe he dreaded. Tell a man that between the twenty-first of March and the twenty-first of April, 1929, some mysterious force is going to hand him a wallop on the ear, and it is logical to suppose that he may brood over it to the point of dyspepsia and despair; may become, in short, a mental hypochondriac creating misfortune for himself through his continuing expectation of it. I took this suspicion to the lady whom I have called the Queen Bee of the Starry Swarm, and she said to me:

"I do not teach fatality. No astrologer does who understands the science. The stars do not indicate circumstances or conditions which are beyond the control of the individual. They indicate only what will come to pass if free will and intelligence are not exercised to counteract it."

### What Will Science Do?

This lady, for whose wisdom and spirit one cannot help having a genuine admiration, is sincerely and seriously aware of her responsibilities. People come to her with every conceivable sort of problem. She is very successful, but it is impossible to escape the conviction that the money she makes out of astrology means less to her than the feeling that she is helping great numbers of people to make the most of their lives. She is sensible and kindly and shrewd. And she has a keen insight into human nature.

And here is another point I hand to the skeptics: Even if she had never heard of astrology, her advice must be of practical benefit to the people who come to consult her.

And now, seriously, what is one to think of all this current interest in astrology and its influence over influential people? I say "seriously," for if the reader has voyaged with me thus far he must have noticed a slight tendency toward josh has crept in here and there.

Granted that the men of physical science who have become interested in astrology, because of their interest in radioactive energy generally, will one day learn a great deal more about these radiations, emanations, vibrations, sent out by all the large masses of matter revolving in space—suns and planets—what will this new knowledge mean in relation to what is now known as astrology?

In my estimation this line of inquiry will lead away from what is now known as astrology, rather than nearer to it, the more it is followed.

For I think that the astrologer's present system of nomenclature and attribution is all beside the point.

For instance, there is the planet called Mercury. This planet was named for the antique deity called Mercury by the Romans and Hermes by the Greeks, who was supposed to be the messenger of the gods of Olympus. This deity, Mercury, was said to be swift, tricky, subtle, deceitful, a good deal of a liar. These were the attributes of the god.

### A Flaw in the System

The planet was named from the god. So now the astrologers think of the planet as having the traits which were originally attributed by the Greeks and Romans to the god.

Therefore they think that a person born under the influence of the planet Mercury is apt to have the traits attributed by the ancients to the deity—at his best, that person will be quick mentally and physically, clever, a winning speaker, witty, eager and swift in the pursuit of knowledge. At his worst, he will be a crook, a gambler, unstable, frivolous, conceited. Whether his worst or his best triumphs is largely due, one gathers, to the modifying influence of other planets, which have also been named from antique deities and are credited with the attributes with which these deities are credited.

Venus, for example, called Aphrodite by the Greeks, was the goddess of love and beauty. And a planet has been named for Venus. So it is said that persons under the influence of the planet Venus have the attributes of the goddess for whom the planet was named—the good qualities or the bad qualities, according to the modifying influence of other celestial bodies.

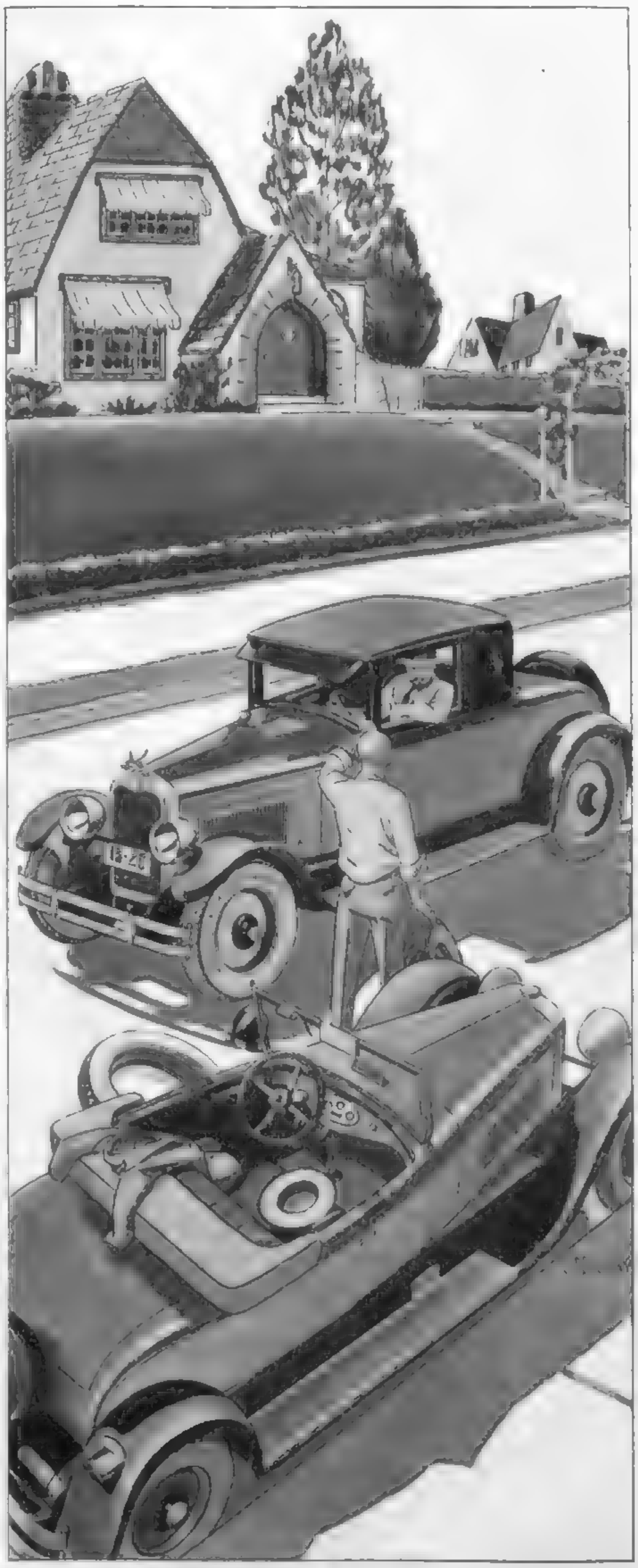
The flaw in this system of nomenclature and attribution is easily perceptible. If influences of some sort affecting human life and all life do indeed radiate from the large masses of matter in space, what have the old pagan deities, Mars and Venus and Saturn and Mercury and Jupiter, got to do with it?

When an astrologer tells me that Mars is a fiery, violent, brave, warlike, strong, contentious planet, I know that the attributes of the old heathen deity Mars, the god of war, have been plastered onto a mass of matter spinning out there in space quite without that orb's knowledge or consent.

Without going into the matter any further, you perceive the system.

But why have so many important people today taken up with the cult? I think I may be able to hazard a further guess as to that. Many persons today have lost their sense of a personal deity; they are at outs with the old-time religion. And they have not got any new-time religion, or system of philosophy, to take the place of what they have lost. Nevertheless, they still feel the necessity of identifying themselves personally and individually with the core of the cosmos; they wish to feel a part of the mystery and force of the universe; they seek contact with primal energy. So they embrace a cult which tells them that they are, in some mystic fashion, the wards and protégés of the stars.

I perceive, with a certain measure of regret, that I have not been able to vibrate in harmony with Oppedeldoc quite to the end of my article after all. It is always so with me. I start out with more belief in a thing than the man who invented it. And then I get to thinking of something else—at least, I get to thinking.



*"Say, Doc, you don't happen to have a prescription that will keep a fellow cool this weather, do you?"*

*"Sure—Kelly-Springfield tires."*

*Husbands!*
*Show this to her*

# THAT'S THE KIND OF A WIFE TO BE

**Welcome his friends, overlook his faults, make home the one place he wants to be—**

**To say that French's Mustard will do the trick is, of course, exaggeration—but it helps—for French's is mustard to a man's taste—**

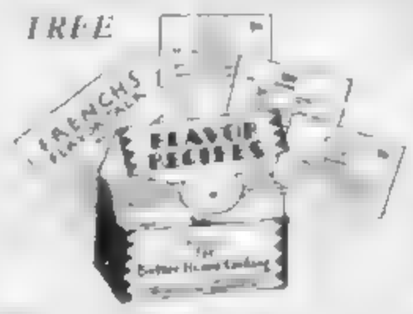
## THAT FLAVOR CALLED FRENCH

**Full flavored, yet not too hot and bitey, nor yet flat and insipid—just right for sandwiches, hot or cold meats, salads—and to add zest to the humble stew or the economical hash.**

**Let us teach you how to make your cooking more appetizing—how to use French's Mustard to pep up the flavor.**

*Free! French's Unique Recipe Outfit*

**Fill out and mail the coupon below and we will send you free—French's Flavor Talk No. 4—something new and interesting about catering to husbands; A set of French's recipe cards; A neat recipe card file for your kitchen cabinet.**




*Name*

*Address*

*State*

THE R. T. FRENCH COMPANY
12 Mustard Street - - - Rochester, N. Y.

# PLAIN PEOPLE

(Continued from Page 5)

always came by our house in the morning and we went to school together. At noon we exchanged special things from our dinner baskets. Once he brought a kind of pie of which I was fond and I traded him something for a bite of it. Without my knowing it, he had placed his finger under the pie to mark the size of the bite, which he had decided was to be small. With a view of taking more than he intended, I grabbed quickly and bit his finger. He yelled dismally and we were both whipped for it by Hayworth. The last time I saw Nate he was still carrying the scar, and showed it to me.

He was about twenty-five at the time, and I thought him a very creditable young man. The farmers were having one of their regular revolts about that time, and Nate was one of their spokesmen. I recall fierce arguments I had with him, in which he triumphed, for he was an excellent talker, and I was surprised at his fund of information—probably most of it manufactured for the speaking tours in which he was then engaged. I do not know whether he is now living or dead.

When my Uncle Joe had a family, a son was named Charles, for his grandfather, and he is now—or was some time ago—general livestock agent of the Union Pacific Railroad, with headquarters at Cheyenne, Wyoming. I have heard he had a good deal to do with originating the famous Frontier Show at Cheyenne, in which I once saw him appear with two of his children. One of his sons, Floyd, a noted trick rider, was killed while bulldogging a steer. Charley Irwin had a daughter, named Joella for his father and mother, and I saw her win a relay race at Cheyenne, easily defeating a famous woman from Oklahoma. Charley Irwin was the owner of a Wild West Show then in Cheyenne, and I ate dinner in his camp with the Indians and performers. I hear occasionally that he owns race horses and breeds polo ponies on a ranch in Wyoming. Quite recently he won a ten-thousand-dollar race and cup at Tia Juana, in Mexico, and later I saw his picture in a newspaper—an enormously large man. I have been told that when he sits down two chairs are required to accommodate him.

I wish to apologize at this late day for once treating the Roughrider, Charley Irwin, of Wyoming, very inconsiderately. A long time ago, when a boy, he appeared in Atchison with his father, my Uncle Joe, who had been burned out by hot winds in Western Kansas, and was returning to his wife's people in Missouri in a covered wagon. Evidently Uncle Joe had come for a visit, and though I sincerely loved him, I did not get along with Aunt Mary, his wife, who never liked me. I was married at the time, and my wife had notable fondness for kin; she was always writing to distant relatives, and inviting them to visit us. In thinking up excuses to get rid of entertaining Aunt Mary, I thought of a pretense that my wife did not like her. The two women had really never met. I doubt if they knew of each other's existence, but I pretended to a coolness on my wife's side toward Aunt Mary, and Uncle Joe so well knew about such things that he drove on.

I was so much amused over my joke that I told some of the men around town, and recall that two of them—the mayor and the claim agent of a railroad—at once hastened along the road Uncle Joe had taken, intending to tell him it was all in fun and that my wife was specially fond of her relations. But it happened they did not find Uncle Joe. I thus got a bad start with the most noted kinsman I have.

One of my impressions is that I never learned anything at school, which I quit for good at an early age. I never studied grammar at all, and common fractions so discouraged me I could not get the faintest glimmer of their meaning. Somehow I learned to read at home before being sent to school. I suppose I wondered what the books about the house were for, and, being lonely, slowly and in stumbling fashion found out, in time adding ability to read letters. When father went to the nearest post office, he returned with mail for half the neighborhood and I was sent to deliver it. I remember that on these trips geese hissed at me in house yards and that I dreaded them as much as cross dogs. If those to whom I delivered letters could not read them, I gave assistance, causing much astonishment. There was so much in the letters about gloomy woods and toil and hard times that I formed a poor opinion of the country the Fairview people had come from. Only recently I passed through Indiana rapidly on a railroad train and was astonished to find it so beautiful.

My education actually began when I went to work in a printing office, at about the age of eleven. A typesetter cannot avoid learning to spell correctly. If I made too many errors in my proof galleys, I was whipped for them, and desiring to avoid the whippings, learned to spell as correctly as I could. Likewise I learned the construction of sentences. From that day to this I have been educated as a natural process, without particularly desiring it. I do not remember that I ever had an ambition for a great education. All the best men I have known have been educated, but many of them have attended primary schools only briefly and college not at all.

We had books in our house at Fairview, but I remember none of them save the blue-back McGuffey school readers and Watson's Commentaries, an exposition of the Bible. I presume father greatly admired this author, since he gave me his name. Where the Edgar came from I do not know, but have been satisfied with it. It seems to me Edgar is a better name than either Edward or Edwin, if one is to go through life known as Ed. Quite recently I went back to Fairview to visit the old farm. The house in which we had lived then stood in the middle of a pasture and had been abandoned long before. In going through it I found on a shelf in the pantry a piece of the Christian Advocate, yellow with age and pasted to one of the boards. Probably it had been placed there by my mother, as I recall no other publication we received; our literature was made up of the Christian Advocate, religious books and McGuffey's readers.

Ours was a remote section, and I have wondered since there was so little game, outside of prairie chickens—so numerous that every morning at certain seasons we could hear their drumming on the prairie. One Sunday morning, after a heavy fall of snow, we awoke to find a tree near the house full of prairie chickens. Father hastily fired both barrels of a shotgun into the tree and killed eleven. It was long a joke in the neighborhood that a preacher fired a gun on Sunday, but father rather enjoyed it, having killed so many, though he said that in his excitement he forgot the sacredness of the day. The tree was called a silver maple, and we children believed that when it was old enough to bear, the fruit would be silver dollars.

Old Lee, a renter on our farm, made long trips looking for deer, but I never heard of his finding any. My brother Jim and I were once sent on a journey with team and wagon to sell a beef hide. On our return we suddenly encountered a great flock of wild turkeys. It took us two weeks to induce father to permit us to look for them. He gave us a double-barreled rifle for the purpose, a gun of a type I have never seen since—one barrel above the other—and we had one load each and no more. The upper barrel was considered the better, and somehow I traded Jim out of this. After a weary walk of hours, we came into the vicinity where we had seen the turkeys. Then we crawled a long distance and looked into the place where the game had been. I think I was never more surprised in my life than

(Continued on Page 129)

# Nothing *Finer* Can Be Said of Any Motor Vehicle Than, It is-

POWERED BY LYCOMING

LYCOMING MOTORS

LYCOMING MANUFACTURING CO.
WILLIAMSPORT, PENNSYLVANIA

*Lycoming's Vast Resources, Experience and Skill Are Dedicated to Leadership in Fine Motor Building*

# A Blowout? *Impossible!* it's only run 4,000 miles

*4 NASTY PREDICAMENT! Miles from home. Getting late. The three simple precautions described in this advertisement would have saved this motorist a lot of trouble.*

***Another tire ready for the junk man . . . when ordinary care would have saved it. A common example of the havoc wrought by this serious neglect***

TO motorists anxious to save money on tires this frankly written advertisement is directed.

It describes in a vivid, interesting way a grave situation unearthed by recent scientific tests.

It is now known beyond all question that millions of good tires are ruined every year. Junked literally months ahead of their time. Simply through the utter neglect of their owners.

Eighty per cent of all these failures have been traced to improper inflation alone. Premature tread wear . . . fabric ruptures . . . rim cuts . . . side-wall breaks . . . typify the costly results.

Thus the added mileage science builds into tires today is being largely wasted. Tire expense has been boosted far beyond actual need.

Now, Schrader, realizing the gravity of this situation, has launched a nation-wide educational campaign endorsed by tire manufacturers.

This advertisement is part of the campaign. It describes the causes and effects of improper inflation . . . suggests three easy ways to avoid it.

### *What improper inflation does*

The menace of improper inflation cannot be exaggerated. Without question it reduces the life of your tires tremendously.

When a balloon tire is run five pounds below its proper pressure its life is reduced by hundreds of miles.

According to actual tests a balloon tire in this condition loses just as much mileage as a high-pressure pneumatic tire under-inflated by twelve or fifteen pounds.

Premature tread wear is one of the most common and costly results of all. Broken-down side walls . . . rim cuts . . . fabric ruptures . . . stone bruises, also.

And yet improper inflation can be easily avoided if the three following precautions are taken:

*First*, ask your dealer the exact pressure you should carry front and rear. Then test your tires regularly . . . once a week at least. For this purpose use the Schrader Gauge.

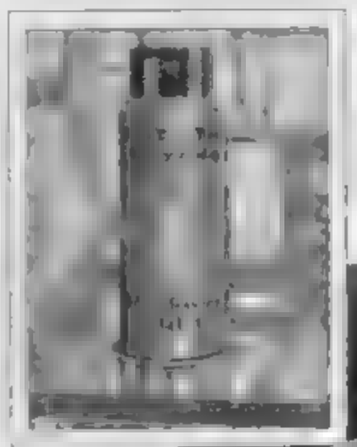
This gauge is built on simple scientific principles. It is accurate and durable. Easy to read. Easy to use. Most cars do their hardest work over the week end. So Friday has been widely accepted as the day for tire testing.

*Second*, make sure each valve stem is covered by an *improved* Schrader No. 880 Valve Cap . . . air-tight to 250 pounds.

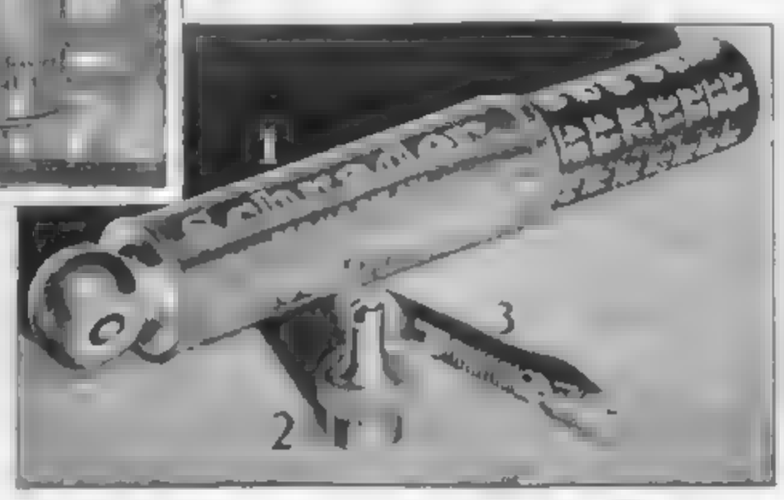
In case of a damaged valve inside, this unique cap will prevent the escape of air at mouth of valve until the valve inside can be conveniently replaced.

*And third*, change your valve insides once a year. See that you have the *genuine* Schrader . . . standard all over the world.

*THIS COSTS MONEY! Photograph at left shows what happens to an under-inflated tire when it hits a hole in pavement. Tire crushed against rim . . . fabric broken . . . inner tube bruised and cut . . . and thus hundreds of miles of service are lost!*



*HERE'S SOMETHING to remember! This bright red Schrader display cabinet in a dealer's window or on his counter is a sure sign he carries genuine Schrader products—Tire Gauges, Valve Insides and Valve Caps*




Thousands of motorists have adopted these scientific rules of tire care recommended by Schrader engineers.

Now we urge you earnestly and sincerely to follow their example . . . in fairness to yourself and to your tires.

***Go to your dealer today!***

So go to your tire dealer. Ask him what pressure your tires should carry.

And then see that this pressure is maintained by the use of the three Schrader products described above. Sold by more than 100,000 dealers throughout the world.

Send for our valuable little booklet, "The Air You Ride On." You'll find it interesting and instructive . . . and it may very easily save you many hundreds of miles of tire service. Address A. Schrader's Son, Inc., Brooklyn, N. Y.

1. *The Schrader Gauge is accurate and it is built to stand the gaff. Wise motorists use theirs once a week . . . to make sure tires are always inflated to the correct pressure*

2. *This Schrader No. 880 Valve Cap is air-tight up to 250 pounds. Box of five . . . 25c*

3. *Make sure you have the genuine Schrader Valve Insides. Box of five costs . . . 25c.*

(Continued from Page 126)

when I found no turkeys there. On our way home we concluded to fire our bullets at a mark, and Jim got his hand under the lower hammer while sighting and hurt himself. He was always so good a boy and so sincere a friend that I let him fire my upper barrel if he would quit crying.

There were many quail in the neighborhood, and Old Lee, our renter, was able to catch them, on damp days, with a net. One Sunday I went with him on such an expedition and my share of the catch was twenty. My sister Sarah Jane told on me, and for the impiety I was not allowed to eat any of the quail, though other members of the family did. In addition, I received a whipping. I think of Old Lee now as the first unusual man I ever knew; without knowing why, I liked to be with him. He was poor and somewhat shiftless, but generally said to be as sharp as tacks and of amiable disposition.

Father was easily the leading man of his neighborhood, and never lacked prosperity. He owned a good deal of wild land and his farming operations were quite extensive. The only five-hundred-dollar bill I ever saw is a recollection from that remote day, and he had it. In thinking of the old days in my life, I always conclude we had plenty to wear and eat and that my father was a good provider, although he grumbled a good deal about it. One of our staple articles of food we called thickened milk, which I heard of quite recently for the first time in sixty years, in connection with the statement from an old lady that it would be good for me now.

Father's brother Joseph once came to our house on a visit, when I was called a good chunk of a boy. The Missouri county in which we lived adjoined Iowa, and my Uncle Joseph came from that state. He looked almost exactly like father, except that he was better dressed and gentler in manner. He told us of his children, and the incidents suggested that theirs was a more contented family than ours. I recall that after he went away, father grumbled about the debasing luxury in which Uncle Joseph and his family evidently lived.

When Uncle Joseph returned home I sent his son some childish possession I was fond of, and he never replied in any way. He wrote me recently, acknowledging eighty-one years, but said nothing about my gift. I find myself still a little resentful.

I never saw any other member of my father's family except an Uncle Jacob, who came from Illinois on a visit. Uncle Jacob looked like father, too, and was also gentler. I have always loved this early memory of Uncle Joseph and Uncle Jacob, because they looked like my father and had a gentleness I believe their brother might have practiced to his advantage.

While living on the Fairview farm I do not recall a purely social gathering. Occasionally the children stayed all night with one another, and if they misbehaved, were whipped and sent home to learn better manners, it being generally admitted it was the duty as well as privilege of a householder to correct all children under his roof. Once a play was given in the church by the young men. An actor was carried in to represent a murdered man and an oration delivered over his body, but there was so much indignation that thereafter the occasional spelling and singing schools were given up. I recall but one occasion when father and mother visited a neighbor's house in the evening, and I was whipped on their return, Sarah Jane having told on me. My offense was connected with parching field corn; we had not heard of the popping kind. I doubt if there is in the world today a neighborhood as melancholy as ours was about the time of the beginning of the Civil War.

II

ONE Saturday afternoon father and I went to one of our old appointments to hold services. I can remember the family we visited and the house in which they lived, but not the name. Early in the evening half a dozen men and women dropped in and there was a short prayer service. The talk got around to the war then threatening, and a good deal of regret was expressed that Christian men did not get together and pray for delivery from armed conflict; all seemed to believe the question was entirely a religious one.

A man named Bondurant lived a short distance away, in the woods, and there was considerable regret expressed that he was so unreasonable, from which I gathered that Bondurant disagreed with our contention that slavery was not consistent with divine law. Finally it was thought to be the duty of those present to go over to the Bondurant place in the hope of insuring peace.

The men started after nightfall and I went along. They tried at first to drive the boys back, but were not very serious about it, so we were soon leading and in the way. When we arrived, after a considerable walk, all went in, and father asked Bondurant, already in bad humor because of a number of strangers entering his home unbidden, if he would object to a prayer. Being a Christian man, he could not very well refuse, whereupon we all knelt and father prayed.

I was looking slyly about while on my knees, and it seemed to me the situation was a tense one. I noted that Bondurant was a tall man of a type unusual in our neighborhood, and was afraid of him; I had heard of him vaguely as an aristocrat and slave owner, and believe he came from Kentucky at about the time we arrived from Indiana.

At first father prayed in the old manner I was familiar with, and then touched on the power of prayer in settling differences. Later he mentioned the war cloud, the subject then uppermost in the minds of men, and said a good many things about liberty that made me shiver, as he was a violent partisan. At last he said amen and we arose from our knees.

For a time there was awkward silence, and then Bondurant asked in an angry, insolent way, "I wonder if you realize that you could be sent to the penitentiary for that prayer."

Father replied that he did not, and the argument soon became heated, bitter things being said on both sides. The Bondurant womenfolks were present, looking frightened, and several hired men were standing at the open door, a negro or two among them. Bondurant soon roughly ordered us all out of his house, and we went, feeling foolish, which feeling possessed us as we walked back through the woods. Father tried to strike up a hymn as we stumbled along through the darkness, but someone suggested that the music of a fife and drum would be more appropriate.

We had been rudely rebuffed, and knew it. Father had always been king in his home and neighborhood, and no one had before objected to his reign. It was an amazing thing to me too.

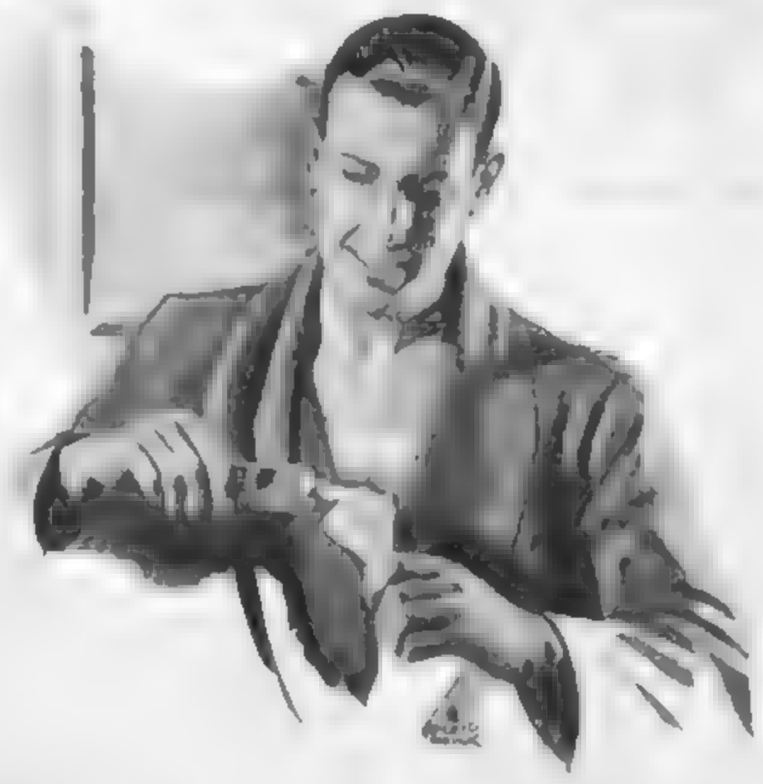
That night I occupied with him the middle of three beds in the one big room of the house we were visiting, and noticed that no one slept very well; even the children in the trundle-beds were restless, as I was.

At a late hour, when I was still awake, father raised his head, and called softly to his host, who slept in an adjoining bed, "Wesley, are you awake?" Wesley replied that he was, and father said, "Was I well within my rights as a Christian man in going over to Bondurant's?"

Wesley replied that he thought so, but the answer somehow did not assure me. Probably it did not father, for they talked softly back and forth for quite a while, and it was easy to see that both were disturbed.

We went our usual round the next day, and everywhere the Bondurant incident was talked of, to the exclusion of nearly everything else. At the house where we spent the night a crowd so considerable collected that it amounted almost to a war meeting.

Someone brought word that Pryor Plank, Bondurant's pastor, was furious, and he appeared at our house next morning soon after our return. I had been hearing for a considerable time that he pretended he

# To new shavers —and old:

***Make this 10-day test before you decide you've found the ultimate in a shaving cream that suits your face***

GENTLEMEN:

When we decided to go into the making of a shaving cream we were told that men were fickle—that they changed shaving creams as easily as they changed their shoes.

But this we believe is wrong. For in the few years this new shaving cream has been sold, we find there is a peculiar loyalty to it. We find the younger generation is "going Palmolive" when it comes to shaving.

And we know for fact that the great majority of those who take our 10-day test, remain wedded to it.

If you do not know Palmolive Shaving Cream, why not send the coupon now and give us a chance to win you? You'll thank us when you know the joy it brings. And the burden lies entirely with us to prove our claims.

***We first asked 1000 men***

We sought, first, the shortcomings of other shaving methods before we even started to create Palmolive Shaving Cream. 1000 men's views were asked, their answers analyzed.

Then our world-famous laboratory put its most skilful men on the problem to exceed these expectations. Time after time they failed in one way or another—129 times in all. Then success came.

***These 5 unique new features***

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

***Now make the trial, please***

No doubt your present shaving preparation suits you, yet there may be a better way. We've tried to find one for you, and will thank you to give it a test. Just send the coupon now.

**Palmolive Radio Hour**

Broadcast every Friday night from 10 to 11 p. m. eastern time; 9 to 10 p. m., central time—over station WEAF and 32 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company

3976 ***With the new unbreakable Bakelite top***

**35c**

To add the final touch to shaving [illegible] Palmolive Shaving Cream especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Use the [illegible] we are sending free with a tube of Shaving Cream. There are new delights here for every man. Please let us prove them to you. Clip the coupon now.

**10 SHAVES FREE**

**and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc**

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1550, Palmolive Building, Chicago, Ill. Residents of Wisconsin should address Palmolive Building, Milwaukee, Wis.

(Please print your name and address)

WITH THE

*Shock-less Chassis*

The ELCAR alone has the famous *Shock-less Chassis* ...adding to your comfort and riding ease in this new "120" Eight-in-Line. Its twelve travel-air features and the ELCAR-Lycoming motor, developing 115 horsepower, insure a beauty of performance equal to the physical beauty of this car of style and strength. The low price, made possible by ELCAR manufacturing advantages, means unequaled value. Dealers will gladly demonstrate.

*20 superb models, $1295 and up, f. o. b. Elkhart, Indiana*

ELCAR MOTOR COMPANY
ELKHART, INDIANA

Dealers will find it advantageous to write us about the ELCAR'S sales-producing features, including the famous *Shock-less Chassis*. Valuable franchises in good territories open. Excellent co-operation.


could take the Bible and convince anyone that slavery had divine approval.

Plank was soon so violent that father said to him, "If I were not a Christian man I'd give you a whipping for your insolence."

Plank became more furious than ever at this, and said it would be dangerous for any man to lay a hand on him.

"To convince you that you had better keep your temper," father said, with a laugh which sounded liked a curse, "I'll show you."

And then the two men closed and struggled as if fighting, the contest ending by father throwing Plank violently to the ground. Then Plank laughed in an unnatural way, thinking it had better, and they walked into the house, Plank brushing dust from his clothes. There was blood about his mouth, which he wiped away with a handkerchief.

Both tried to be good-natured when they sat down in our best room and began to argue and refer to the Bible and Watson's Commentaries, but were soon violently quarreling. Pryor Plank was specially indignant because father had not come to him to discuss the Bible instead of to Bondurant, while father referred heatedly to being ordered out of Bondurant's house.

Soon the neighbors began dropping in, as though the encounter had been expected; and when the number became so great that our best room would not accommodate them, it was agreed to adjourn to the church in the afternoon. Pryor Plank was invited to remain for dinner, but refused rather roughly. Then we ate without father asking a blessing, a thing I had never before known him to neglect.

The neighbors also went away, as if to collect a crowd for the afternoon. Pryor Plank seemed to have gone after reenforcements, too, for when he appeared at the church at two o'clock Bondurant and several others were with him. New men on our side also appeared, and the excitement was as great as though news of a declaration of war had come from town.

Rules of some sort were agreed upon, and Pryor Plank opened. He made a fiery talk, and when father's turn came he replied with equally strong language. The debate went on for three days, the crowd steadily increasing. I knew somehow that many of those who appeared were Abolitionists from Iowa, and that some others were from counties below ours, where there was more sentiment denying that the Bible prohibited slavery. I knew also that some of the men were armed.

Two of the strangers who dropped in looked like preachers and frequently asked to be heard from the floor. When permission was granted, they urged that only Bible phases of the question be discussed. These men seemed to be on opposite sides of the question and acted as though they were keen to get into the discussion.

When father went home at night, he remained up late to search Watson's Commentaries, and on going to the church in the morning took voluminous notes with him. He paid no attention to his boys, so we did as we pleased, and attended the debate.

On the afternoon of the fourth day, Perry Devers, the sheriff, a small man known to be of undoubted courage, walked in and quietly sat down among the other men, most of whom knew him. Father was speaking at the time, and seemed to believe the sheriff had heard of his success in confounding the arguments of Pryor Plank, for he was particularly eloquent and forceful until he closed. The sheriff then walked up to the pulpit and served a warrant. At that time there was a law in Missouri providing a heavy penalty for inciting slaves to rebellion, and someone had sworn to such a complaint.

The appearance of the sheriff greatly increased the excitement, for the meeting immediately broke up and the men gathered in groups in the yard. The sheriff told father to appear in town the following Monday morning, as court was in session; his widow told me long afterward that her husband was bitterly criticized because he did not bring the prisoner to town in disgrace.

The bickering in the churchyard became so threatening that Perry Devers warned the men to disperse. The sheriff's power over the angry men was so great as to cause me to remark it specially, for he was small and seemed ill. I looked at him frequently to see if he was armed, but apparently he carried no weapon except the majesty of the law and a pencil, which he carried in his right hand, and shook at those he warned to keep the peace. Occasionally he used the pencil to make notes in a little book, as if putting down the names of those specially belligerent. After somewhat calming the excited men, he mounted his horse and rode away.

Early Monday morning father started to town, riding the horse which carried us on the preaching trips, and I rode behind him, as though he had a vague notion that somewhere in the court proceedings we would sing some of our songs, to influence the judge, the jury and the crowd. For a mile or two I was familiar with everything I saw, but after that there were many questions I wanted to ask and did not dare to, for father was the sort of man who had little conversation with his boys except to tell them what to do.

On reaching Polecat Creek, he stopped to let the horse drink, and I recalled that in rainy times it was a dangerous crossing. A neighbor of ours had once attempted to ford Polecat Creek when it was high and was drowned; his horse and wagon were carried half a mile by the flood. After that the stream was a terror in our neighborhood, and when a man went to town his wife and children begged him to be careful in case a rainstorm came up.

A number of men were waiting for our appearance at the county seat, as the trial was to come up at eleven o'clock that morning. I soon realized that the town was full of excited men and that many of them were armed. I saw Perry Devers, the sheriff, going everywhere among them in his quiet way, demanding peace. I soon realized, also, that father's friends were in the majority because of the great number of Iowa men who had come over the border. It seemed to be the Iowa men who were causing most of the disturbance the sheriff was trying to keep down, for they talked louder and more threateningly than any of the others.

When the groups began moving toward the courthouse, I followed, finding myself at last in a large room upstairs, with a judge on the bench. I have been informed that the court was opened formally and father placed on trial, but the confusion on the street greatly increased in the court room. Men in the audience, with guns in their hands, defied the judge to send the prisoner to jail and the judge became very indignant. At last he seemed awed by the angry crowd and ordered the prisoner admitted to bail in a large amount, whereupon the men on our side cheered and started downstairs.

It developed that they were going to sign a bail bond then being prepared. For hours the office of the clerk of the court was filled with men signing the bail bond or waiting to qualify for signing. I do not recall positively the year this occurred, but probably it was in the spring of 1860. An old printer told me lately that in that year he was employed in a weekly newspaper office in the East, and that he put in type an account of the affair clipped from the New York Tribune, for it was a very violent and pronounced Abolitionist victory.

The excitement continued until toward evening, when father started home, but was stopped by so many who wished to talk to him that we did not get away until late. I heard some of the men telling him the bail bond was still being signed, although it already contained hundreds of names.

Five or six horsemen accompanied us for a time, but finally it was decided there was no danger, and we reached home after nightfall. Mother seemed greatly worried,

(Continued on Page 133)

# Escape!

## *from Summer's Stifling Heat*

*Science now provides a way of protecting your home from scorching sun's rays*

EXCESSIVE sun heat brings misery to the entire family. It keeps children awake when they need sleep . . . makes them fretful and nervous; it worries parents and deprives them of needed rest.

Today there is a way of escaping this suffering—of making homes *more livable* all year 'round.

Celotex, a building board perfected by science, shuts out scorching summer heat, piercing winter cold and penetrating dampness. It makes homes *quiet*, for Celotex deadens sound; *strong*, for it reinforces walls; *economical*, for it replaces other materials and reduces fuel bills.

Celotex is made from the long, tough fibres of cane which contain millions of tiny sealed air cells—just what is needed for efficient insulation!

Everywhere Celotex Standard Building Board is used for sheathing; for lining basements, attics and garages. Celotex Lath, used as plaster base, is designed to eliminate plaster cracks and lath marks.

Celotex Roof Insulation Board is used in industrial buildings throughout the world. Acousti-Celotex quiets sound in offices, hospitals and schools; corrects acoustical problems in auditoriums and churches. Celotex insulates thousands of refrigerator cars and household refrigerators.

All reliable lumber dealers can supply Celotex Building Board and Celotex Lath. Ask your contractor about the *comfort* of Celotex homes . . . the *beauty* of Celotex plastered walls. The Celotex Company, Chicago, Ill. In Canada: Alexander Murray & Co., Ltd., Montreal.

*When you buy a new house look for this sign . . . it is your assurance of greater home comfort*

# CELOTEX

BRAND

**INSULATING CANE BOARD**

The word CELOTEX Reg U S Pat Off is the trademark of and indicates manufacture by The Celotex Company Chicago, Ill.

CELOTEX IS THE ONLY INSULATION MADE FROM THE LONG, TOUGH FIBRES OF CANE

SHOP COSTS FALL PRODUCT VALUES RISE

*An Example of Improvement with Economy*

The Chrysler Corporation, after many tests and experiments, has found that Follansbee Forge Steel Sheets are most satisfactory for certain body and fender parts where deep drawing is necessary.

It was found by using these sheets that the percentage of rejections was cut to a minimum and that the smooth surface after drawing and bending, made possible the flawless, glass-like finish that is one of the outstanding features of beauty for which Chrysler cars are noted.

FORGING ADDS STRENGTH

# when this strong steel is used

Because of the exclusive qualities produced by the forging process, Follansbee Forge Steel Sheets often save expensive shop operations and increase product values by giving added strength, longer wear and finer finish.

Saleability of such products is multiplied because buyers and consumers know that *Forging Adds Strength.*

FOLLANSBEE BROTHERS COMPANY
PITTSBURGH, PA.

*Branch Offices and Warehouses:* New York, Chicago, Detroit, Louisville, Indianapolis, Milwaukee, Rochester, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Nashville, Memphis, Philadelphia

**Follansbee Forge**

**STEEL SHEETS**

(Continued from Page 130)

and came down to the gate to meet us—a thing I had not known her to do before.

III

WHEN I heard of the Battle of Bull Run I believed it began in our neighborhood, the first incident being the prayer father offered at the Bondurant house in the woods, and that the fighting was to decide whether the Bible favored slavery.

The next development was a celebration the Abolitionists arranged in Bethany, the county seat. A noted man from a long distance away came to our house and stayed all night; for a long time I remembered his name, but do not now. He slept in our best room and we were in awe of him. That he was a great man could be easily seen, for he was better dressed than anyone I had ever seen before, and his manners more correct. Evidently he was not a farmer, and all the men I had known before were of that calling. I respected him unreservedly as of a superior type, and believed he came from the great outside world where things were done better than we did them in Fairview.

The day of the celebration we took the great man to town, where he was to make a speech, surrounded with loyal men from Iowa and our part of Missouri. The top of a wagon had been widened and lengthened, and on this there was placed a huge log, from which a young man, dressed to represent Abraham Lincoln, was splitting rails. This was the first time I ever heard of Lincoln. The wagon was pulled by ten yoke of oxen. Four of the oxen belonged to us, and I thought they looked strange in so great a company.

I do not remember the speech in Bethany—only incidents a boy would take more interest in. Almost everyone in our neighborhood went to town that day, including many of the children. Two of these were the Winter boys.

In the afternoon, when the parade and the speaking were over, some town men attempted to turn over the wagon on which was Abe Lincoln's log. There was immediately opposition from the Abolitionists, and a fight. I was timid and kept out of it, but Hard Winter went in promptly and scratched and screamed and fought. He was an adept at throwing stones, and I admired the manner in which he hit several of the opposition. One of our men finally fought almost alone, the others having deserted him, and I recall his doing well against three or four others.

Finally he said, "Men, I can't whip the whole town!"

This appeal to fairness was effective, for in a little while he was in peaceful possession. Hard Winter and I rode home on the wagon with the victor, and as the pace was slow, did not arrive until long after dark. One of the men held me on his lap and I listened with awe to their talk. It was about war and forming a company. They agreed that father was to be the captain, and later I told him about it. I do not recall ever before telling him anything in which he seemed to take an equal interest.

I can only recall the larger incidents of that remote time. The next thing that stands out is of a meeting in the church where farewell was to be said to a company of volunteers that had been organized. Father had been selected captain, and he preached a patriotic sermon, dressed in his uniform. Someone had found a drum, and as everyone took a turn at it, there was considerable interruption. Father's sermon was about the war and slavery; he frequently declared the Holy Bible said all men should be free. He spoke of the dead in battle, sacrifices to God, and the women cried softly, as they did at prayer meetings when their burdens were mentioned.

Then the men assembled in the yard, the drum beating furiously and the women crying more than ever. The men went through evolutions and did them very well, as though they had been practicing when I was not present. I supposed they would march away to war at once, but at a word of command they broke ranks, and did not actually go away until a week later. When they did go, they went in wagons and had a great amount of baggage. The horse father and I had ridden on the preaching trips was led behind one of the wagons. Some weeks later we found him with the other horses in our pasture. Evidently he did not like war and had deserted. It was long considered a marvelous thing that the animal was able to find his way back.

I have a dim recollection of some of the soldiers later coming home. One had been shot entirely through the chest in a battle, but strangely enough, without much damage. He was an object of such curiosity that he was barely able to keep his shirt on, the people were so anxious to see the wound. All those who returned came to our house to report about father. They called him Cap, and I did not know at first to whom they referred.

That was certainly sixty-six years ago, but I recall the men telling how they stole the Cap's Bible as a joke. He also had a book in which he had written the notes and words of his songs, and this was frequently taken.

Once a party of three soldiers came to our house with a prisoner, a wretched boy, and mother fed them. I do not know what they later did with the prisoner, the charge against him, or who he was; he did not belong in our neighborhood. When the men were at supper, the prisoner was expected to wait, and was so tired he went to sleep on the floor of the best room. My Uncle Joe and Jim took a gun from the closet and pretended to be guarding the fierce fellow. Somehow the gun was accidentally discharged, tearing a hole in the floor. The men rushed in and the prisoner awakened in terror. When the men had gone out again, laughing, the prisoner was so much of a boy that we asked him all sorts of questions, but I cannot now recall his answers. My Uncle Joe later enlisted, and when he came home on furlough, I recall his telling a story about shooting a rebel. Jim and I agreed we did not believe it, although we kept quiet in presence of the hero.

Another squad came through on recruiting service. One of them was a tall lieutenant named Tom Neal; and hearing that a lodge of Knights of the Golden Circle had been organized by rebels in the neighborhood, he attended one of the meetings to demand that the treasonable organization be disbanded.

The rebels had erected a flagpole and our older boys had been trying to bore it down. They went at night and bored many auger holes in it, in the hope of weakening it sufficiently to be able to push it over. They bored auger holes, instead of chopping, that the rebels in the vicinity might not be aroused. I used to go along on these midnight excursions, and they were very exciting. But when Tom Neal and members of his squad heard of the flagpole, they rode boldly over with an ax and chopped it down.

While Tom Neal and his men were at home there was excitement of some kind every day. Once we heard a drum beating and thought it meant the approach of an army. But the noise was made by three new recruits who were leaving for the front, and they came by our house to see if mother had any word to send to Cap.

During this time Jim and I helped the war widows—women whose husbands were in the army. I do not believe we were ever of much assistance to them, for we played on the way, and when we arrived at a war widow's home, usually found other boys and old men there who seemed engaged in some sort of frolic instead of serious work. I think what we ate cost more than the work we did was worth.

Tom Neal issued an order that all guns and pistols in the neighborhood be brought to our house. One man refused to give up his pistol, and it was known he was a member of the Knights of the Golden Circle. One of the soldiers who had come back with Tom Neal went over to the farm where the man was employed, and in the encounter that followed, shot him dead. Fifty years


# Cools and Soothes tender skins

THE moment Ingram's touches your face . . . you feel the difference. It *cools* and soothes as you shave. It leaves your face refreshed . . . no burn . . . no smart . . . no matter how tender your skin, no matter how dull the blade.

Try Ingram's Shaving Cream. It lowers the temperature of your skin and raises your spirits. Men like its clean, pleasant odor. After shaving you *need* no lotions with Ingram's, the pioneer *cool* shaving cream . . . Ingram's lather takes care of that.

Even the package is different for this different shaving cream. Ingram's comes to you in a neat blue jar . . . with a wide mouth. You can see that you are using just the right amount. No waste. The cap keeps the cream properly under cover when you're not shaving . . . and doesn't roll under cover when you are.

**FREE!**
**7 COOL Shaves for you. Different from all others**
Use coupon below.

Over a million men now enjoy cool shaves with Ingram's Shaving Cream. Twice as many as last year. Three times as many as year before last. It won't cost you anything to try Ingram's.

## 7 Free *COOL* Shaves Await You

Most of the million men who now use Ingram's every day tried it first—at our expense. Be sure before you buy. Let Ingram's prove itself on your own face. Just send the coupon . . . and your 7 free shaves will go to you at once. Or, buy the full-size jar that will give you 120 shaving treats for 50 cents.

# *Ingram's Shaving Cream*

COOLS *and* SOOTHES *as you shave*

**Frederick F. Ingram Co.**
Established 1885
**1150-10th Street, Detroit, Mich.**
*Also* **Windsor, Canada**

I want to find out what goes on when my beard comes off . . . when I use INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM. Please send me the 7 Free Shaves.

*Name* ..

*Address*

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE
*with Feeture Arch*

Aids the arch! Defeats fatigue! Gives support where you need it . . . and freedom where your foot should have it. Relieves and strengthens the weakened arch . . . comforts any normal foot. Scientifically built . . . with style retained.

*Twelve Dollars*

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY · *Manufacturers* · CHICAGO

# What Did He Do
## *To Make So Much Extra Money?*

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
712 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Extra Money is what I'm looking for. Please tell me—of course without obligation—how it can be mine.

*Name*_____ *Age*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

## He First Sent Us a Coupon Like This

AND then, in spite of the fact that he was employed by a large company, Mr. Noah A. Weiner of Connecticut quickly started on a profitable career as our local representative. That was fourteen years ago. Nearly every month since he has earned Curtis subscription profits; in one day not long ago an even $12.00!

Now, *how about you?* Surely you can spare an hour now and then, to follow the simple directions we will give you. You need no experience, no capital—only the willingness to TRY. Above is a coupon—mail it today.

**Profits From the Start**

later the soldier was arrested, charged with murder, and acquitted after a sensational trial.

Word came one day that my Uncle George, my mother's brother, had been killed in battle. A mournful service was held in the church and we all sat on the front seat. On returning from the service, Aunt Lu, my Uncle George's widow, returned with us, to remain as a member of our family.

One day, I do not remember just when, father came home. He had been incapacitated in some way. I do not believe he had been wounded, although he was ill for a time. Later I heard he did not intend going back to his company, but had bought the rebel newspaper in town and would in future fight for freedom through its columns.

*IV*

MY LIFE actually began at about the age of eleven, when we moved from the farm to the county seat. It was my first sight of the world—a poor enough corner of it, but wonderful after Fairview. I found unusual people and events wherever I went. E. R. Martin, the printer who taught me his trade, was the old-fashioned kind who had his bed in the office, and he played a guitar. I had never before seen a musical instrument or known there was such a thing. He also wrote verses and sketches, and, most surprising of all, these were sometimes printed in a New York weekly which I believe was called the Mercury. I think of him now as the best all-round country printer I have ever known.

Fortunately he liked the two country boys who were placed in his care, and did many things to please and improve us. He said that sometimes at night, when he played the guitar softly, with the moon streaming in at the windows, the mice would come out and listen. I feared this fine gentleman had turned out a boaster, like Nate and the other boys I had known on the farm, but once he invited us to visit him, and, greatly to our surprise, proved his statement. The occasion was a supper he gave us in the office. That night he told us one of the stories for which he was famous, and we disgraced ourselves by going to sleep in the most exciting part.

Jim and I delivered the paper to town subscribers, and when New Year came Mr. Martin wrote a Carrier's Address and printed it very handsomely. He told us to sell the addresses for whatever we could get—for a half dollar or a quarter, if we could persuade subscribers to such extravagance, but to take a dime, or five cents, if we could do no better. I came in with pockets full of money, but it seems Jim said to his subscribers, when they asked the price:

"Mr. Martin said to get a half dollar or a quarter, if I could, but to take a dime or five cents if you won't pay more."

So most of them gave him five cents, and when he saw my money, he demanded an equal division of the total income. I argued that the money I took in was mine and Mr. Martin decided I was right. I remember the incident specially, because decisions have usually been against me. I recall a cross old fellow I annoyed to buy one of the addresses, and only accepted five cents at the end of an hour. The money he gave me was a piece of yellow paper called a shinplaster in that day.

Mr. Martin was the first gentleman I ever knew, and strangely enough, my greatest admirer. Jim was a famous good boy, but Mr. Martin was partial to me, which no one had been previously. I recall that a good deal of amazement was expressed in our family when it was known that the wonderful Mr. Martin preferred me to Jim.

Indeed, the people of Bethany were kind to me, and I got along better with them than any other member of our family. Father, a fanatical Abolitionist and Methodist, soon began preaching both doctrines at the courthouse, and never seemed popular, as most of the Bethany people were Campbellites and Democrats. He believed sprinkling the proper form of baptism, but the Campbellites insisted on putting the converted under water. I heard this question discussed by the hour—sometimes with curses and blows.

I paid no attention to the religious and political differences of the townspeople and got along better. Mother was not well, and few saw her. My brother Jim would not make up with the rebel boys. Once he pulled a barlow knife on some of them, and they were afraid of him, whereas my plan was to go everywhere, know everybody and be friendly. Sometimes the men chased me out of their way, but half good-naturedly, and did not seem seriously to object to my presence.

Bethany was my awakening. I saw my first melodeon there, and tried to play on it so much that I was a nuisance. Finally a piano was brought to town by a bride and I had to be chased away from that.

Mr. Martin was gentle and taught us that side of life. A young man named Humphrey Ramer, also a printer, taught us the rougher side. Although almost a man grown, he had no use of his legs, which were shriveled, but went everywhere with the aid of crutches.

Humphrey made us conform to proper rough rules and his influence on all the town boys was excellent. While we were roaming the town until late at night, our parents thought we were in mischief, but we were learning the necessary rough rules of life from a capable teacher.

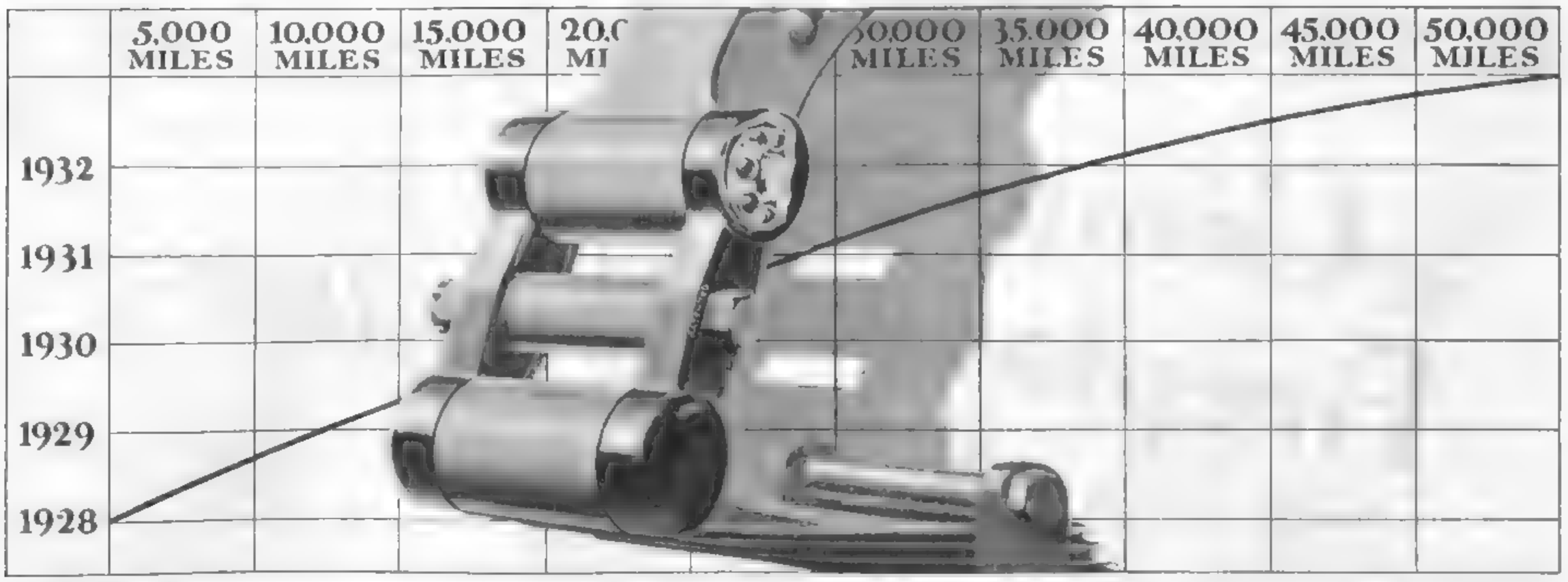
He once pretended he had discovered the place in the creek where the women went in swimming, and frequently, after dark, led us with great caution and mystery to the spot, but the women were never there. I know now the women had no favorite swimming hole and did not go swimming at night or any other time, but firmly believed it then. I have often wondered why Humphrey thus made game of us, for he always pretended to be surprised when he found no women in the swimming hole to which he led us; he said someone in the party had told his secret, and usually blamed me, for I was always talking. Humphrey was studying law at night, but not doing much at it, and used to stand before us on his crutches and make speeches. From these I learned a good many useful things, for he knew more than I did. If one in his audience misbehaved or became restless, Humphrey would correct him with one of his crutches and proceed with his oratory.

In course of time the services of both Mr. Martin and Humphrey Ramer were dispensed with, and all the work in the printing office was done by members of our family. Aunt Lu, widow of my Uncle George, learned to set type, as father did. Jim and I had a key to the office and slept there. Frequently we went in late at night, accompanied by other boys, and cooked eggs on paper on top of the stove. Once an objectionable rebel boy tried to get in and Jim drew his famous knife. E. R. Martin died in Bethany many years ago and a monument was erected over his grave by popular subscription. I never heard of his owning a paper and do not know of a similar compliment being paid a man who always worked as a journeyman printer.

Soon after going to town we heard of a circus and that printers were given free tickets. When the agent of a wagon circus finally came and we went in to get our passes, we found the editor had quarreled with him and said he would not pollute his columns with a circus advertisement, as circuses were immoral. The editor further said he would use his influence to see that few attended.

He immediately began a terrific crusade against the coming show, with the result that when it finally arrived the greatest crowd of people in the town's history greeted it. Many came into the office and joked the editor because his attack on the circus had only resulted in bringing in more people than the tent would probably hold. While this merriment went on in the front office, I resolved to see the circus, whatever the consequences. Jim urged me to work all day,

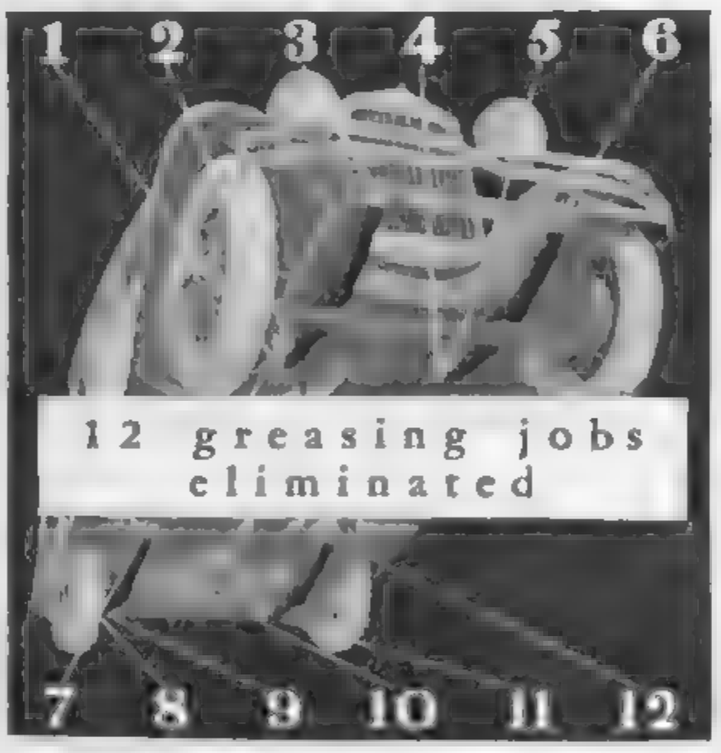
(Continued on Page 137)




# New car riding comfort for 50,000* miles

MILE after mile—year after year, cars equipped with Fafnir Ball Bearing Spring Shackles retain new car comfort. Springs always flex freely, unhampered by tight shackle bolts—hard, jerky riding, the usual mark of an old car, is prevented. Shock absorber action is permanently uniform and efficient. Even after 50,000 miles, or more, springs yield easily to road holes and bumps—ridges and ruts.

Shackle greasing is never needed. Because of the freely rotating balls in Fafnir Shackles, all discernible wear is eliminated. No tightening or adjusting is ever required. There never can be any nerve-racking squeaks and rattles These facts have been proved by several hundred thousand miles of road testing, over all kinds of roads—in all parts of the country.




**After hundreds of thousands of miles of road testing, Fafnir Ball Bearing Spring Shackles showed no discernible wear. There is every evidence that they are good for more than 100,000 miles of service.*

Announced to the automobile industry less than a year ago, these Fafnir Ball Bearing Spring Shackles are already standard equipment on new Studebaker President, Commander and Dictator models. Stop in the nearest Studebaker show-room and see them.

*On most makes of cars, plain shackles can be replaced by Fafnir Ball Bearing Spring Shackles. Distributors are now being appointed.*

THE FAFNIR BEARING COMPANY
*Shackle Division*
NEW BRITAIN CONNECTICUT
*Distributors for Canada*
Knight Rebound Controllers, Limited, 752 King St., East, Hamilton, Ont.

*Studebaker Sixes and Eights are now equipped with*

FAFNIR
BALL BEARING SPRING SHACKLES

THE MOST COMPLETE LINE OF BALL BEARINGS MADE IN AMERICA

# A Complete Fireplace--at an Amazingly Low Price-

from $98.00 to 105.00

F.O.B. KALAMAZOO

IF IT'S HEAT YOU WANT—

The HUMPHREY Radiantfire

The Odorless Gas Heater

NOW you may have a complete gas fireplace unit (just as shown) that makes possible a mantel installation anywhere at a minimum cost.

The mantel is artistic and beautiful in appearance. Containing as it does the famous HUMPHREY RADIANTFIRE, it is the ideal heating installation in the living room, dining room, bedroom, sun porch—or anywhere desired.

It is easy to install, requires no skilled labor, no tile setting and above all saves that expensive chimney ashpit construction common to all fireplaces of the old type.

Notice the amazingly low prices. Never before have you had an opportunity to get so much quality, comfort and appearance for so little money. If you are building or remodeling, you cannot afford to overlook this new and modern fireplace.

Remember that the HUMPHREY RADIANTFIRE is absolutely odorless, ashless and dustless. It is ready for service in an instant, making you master of weather conditions. It will burn either natural or manufactured gas at the small cost of a few cents per hour.

This complete fireplace is available in various finishes. You will instantly admire and appreciate the fine workmanship and graceful lines.

Any home can have this fireplace at its remarkably low price. Any home will be happier, healthier, and better for it.

Can also be furnished with 3 K.W. electric heating element, having high-low control switch—$20.00 extra.

Your gas company or dealer can supply you. Ask for it by name and insist upon getting the genuine Humphrey-made product.

GENERAL GAS LIGHT COMPANY, KALAMAZOO, MICH.

New York : 44 West Broadway San Francisco : 135 Bluxome Street

IF IT ISN'T A HUMPHREY, IT ISN'T A RADIANTFIRE

(Continued from Page 134)

as we had been ordered to do, but when he couldn't persuade me to his own virtue he went along on the wild adventure.

We could not get in to the afternoon performance. It seemed easy to crawl under the tent, but a man caught my legs and pulled me out, and while he was cuffing me I saw another man cuffing Jim, who had failed not far away. We could not borrow the necessary money, as we were compelled to hide a good deal, knowing that father was looking for us. But at night, in desperation, we applied to a member of father's church for a loan of half a dollar each. We told him we had run off and without his aid would get a whipping without seeing the show. Our appeal was effective and he gave us the money, with a warning to say nothing about it to anyone. He not only loaned us the necessary money but gave us a little more with which to buy something to eat, as we had had nothing since morning, not daring to go home. We each bought a bowl of cove-oyster soup at the saloon—a thing we had been longing to do. I recall that while we had been thinking cove-oyster soup, cooked over a spirit lamp at the saloon, was about the best thing to eat that could be had, we did not much care for it, once it was set before us. The saloon keeper made us pay before he began the cooking, doubting we had any money.

There have been a few wonderful events in my life, and heading the list is the performance given by Miles Orton's circus in Bethany, Missouri, about 1864. Several years ago I wrote about it in a magazine, and an old circus man living in Minnesota remembered the incident; an editor of a paper refusing a circus advertisement, a thing unheard of up to that time, had become circus history.

The only flaw in the show, to me, was a handsome boy who rode a horse, for I knew all the town girls were crazy about him. Fortunately the boy soon fell off and hurt himself and did not appear again. One delight succeeded another for an hour, when a drunken man appeared and caused a delay. We did not know him. There was only one drunkard in town and this was another man. We concluded the stranger had been attracted with the crowd from an adjoining town.

The drunken man said he knew the clown, who was called Doctor Gilkerson. I remember that the clown, in shaking hands, gave a sudden jerk and the drunken man tumbled over and over, greatly to the delight of everyone. Finally the clown recognized the man; it seemed they had gone to school together, a long time before, in a distant place, and talked a while about old days, when the clown asked: "What has become of that old Howe who used to teach the school?"

Here was the town's first show joke on a local man and the crowd began to roar.

"Why, haven't you heard?" the man answered. "He is running a paper here in Bethany about the size of a postage stamp, and is so good he won't print a circus advertisement."

And then the crowd went wild, in which Jim and I joined. We knew we were to get a whipping after the show and thought we should get all the enjoyment possible.

Later, the drunken man insisted on riding one of the show horses and the clown let him try it, saying that maybe he would kill himself and then they could carry him out of the way. But the man did pretty well and we were rather proud of him, until he began taking off his clothes.

I think I was never more shocked in my life, as he seemed determined to take off every stitch he had on; but he turned out to be a circus man, in tights, and about the best rider they had. Some of the other boys said they knew what was coming all the time, and I said I did too. After the show we were confronted with the necessity of going home. When we sneaked in, father was waiting for us, as we expected.

"Well," he said, "you've been to the circus?" I would have denied it, but there was no use, so I admitted it. "How did you like it?" he asked.

I was too wise to say I liked it, so replied it wasn't very good, although I have never since seen a show that pleased me so much.

"Did they say anything about me?"

I replied that they had, and he wanted to know how the crowd took it. Whereupon I had an idea. I said the joke didn't go very well; that Bill Hillman and several other leading men went down to the ring and told the clown and drunken man that Henry Howe was the most prominent and useful citizen of the town, and they would not see him abused by a lot of low show people. I laid it on pretty thick, but it seemed to please him.

"Well," he said, "hurry up to bed. We have a big day's work ahead of us tomorrow."

I sometimes regret I got that favorable start in deception, for it has never worked equally well with me since.

Some time later Mabie's Menagerie came to town, and as it was educational, father cheerfully printed its advertisements. He was also given a free ticket for Henry Howe and Family, and I still recall he took in a good many in no way connected with us, to the great indignation of the showmen.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

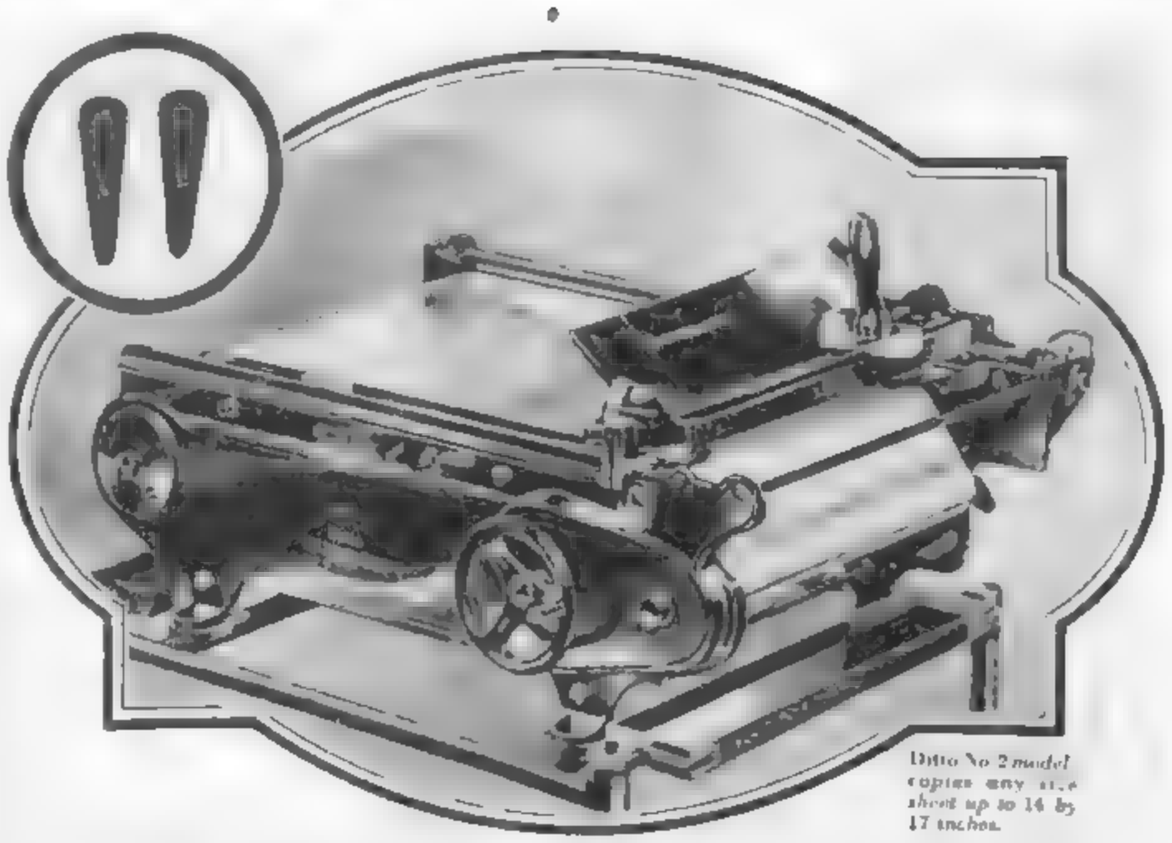
# A DOG'S LIFE

(Continued from Page 40)

followed the scent farm by farm, his policeman collecting the bones of rabbits along the trail, and he accused the miscreant dog in his own farm yard. The murderer's footprints, when measured, tallied exactly with those at the farms and along the trail. In the following week he solved two cases of gross sabotage, and a day or two later made a remarkable trail of another woman, forty-eight hours after she had disappeared from her home, finding her hidden away unconscious in the forest. The next day he trailed out another miscreant dog who had killed four pedigreed hares. Altogether a pretty useful citizen.

And so in eight weeks with us the dog has got the foundation of his education in all these branches. He is not considered a finished police dog by any means; no more so than a boy who has gone through a business college is accounted a business man. Each policeman, on leaving, is reminded that both he and his dog have only a modicum of education; the rest must come with long-continued practice and experience. What very different counsel from that given to the layman who wants to buy a so-called police dog; a dog with a parrot education of a few months, turned loose on an unsuspecting world with no one to guide him—"Excellent watchdog—will defend you from any danger—attacks wonderfully—you can leave your car anywhere without fear." The proud owner takes him home and—woof!—he bites the pants off the guest making a few practice swings with a golf club in the front hall. There is a place for everything and everything should be in its place. As I have said, the dog is the world's greatest companion and an all-wise Providence has arranged that there should be all kinds of dogs to be companions to all kinds of people, but the man who doesn't know how to use a shepherd's brain shouldn't buy his body. The man who can't ride doesn't choose a Man o' War for his first outing; and he who knows little of dogs should content himself with one that can hold down a companion job very efficiently and not try to buy himself a sort of dual-purpose, davenport-by-day-and-bed-by-night kind of dog when he hasn't the vaguest idea of how to draw him out or shut him up.

And so, gentlemen, to a better understanding I give you again: The shepherd dog!

Ditto No 2 model copies any size sheet up to 14 by 17 inches.

**Ditto makes copies**
direct from your original writing, typing, or drawing —no stencil, type or carbon.

*Write for booklet "Cutting Costs with Copies"; tells fully how* Ditto *will save money for your business*

Ditto *copies five colors in one operation, your original may be written and drawn with pen, pencil, and typewriter.*

**Ditto Incorporated**
Manufacturers of Duplicating Machines and Supplies
2251 W. Harrison St., Chicago, Ill.

**Good Pay for Easy Work**

EDWIN C. BAILEY
OF IOWA

Mail the Coupon

HERE are many reasons why Edwin C. Bailey likes representing *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* in his spare time.

For one thing, the work is easy, permanent and pleasant. Second, it brings him in contact with the best people. Third, it is out-of-doors and healthful (though one can succeed without leaving his home). Fourth, it requires no experience, no capital.

But above all, it PAYS well. Mr. Bailey earned more than $40.00 one week in his spare time.

**Big Money For You**

You have the same opportunity that has brought extra dollars to Mr. Bailey, and hundreds of other Curtis representatives. Even if you have only a few hours a week to spare, Curtis work may pay you big money for the time invested.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
713 Independence Sq., Philadelphia, Pa.

Please tell me more about your easy plan that earns such good money.

Name _____ Age _____
(Please Print Name and Address)

Street _____

City _____ State _____

O. W. Hendee
(Nebraska)
$175 a Month

Elizabeth Gibson
(Pennsylvania)
$200 in One Month

W. H. Guscott
(Ohio)
$90 in One Month

YOUR QUESTION:

# How Can I Make More Money?

OUR ANSWER:

# Sell Us Your Spare Hours!

HUNDREDS of thousands of extra dollars are earned every year by the representatives of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*.

You are invited to share in the earnings. ***You will find the work easy and pleasant, and, above all, profitable.***

**Commissions**

For every subscription that you secure you will be paid a generous commission.

**Monthly Bonus**

In addition you will be offered a monthly bonus, based on your production. This alone may run as high as $300.00 a month.

**Additional Profits**

Once you get fairly started, we'll be in a position to offer you *three* profits for your subscriptions, a liberal *extra* payment in addition to commission and bonus.

**Territory**

There is no restriction on the territory in which you may work.

**Your Profits**

The table that follows will give some idea of the extent of the monthly profit for part-time or full-time work:

| Average Subscription Production of | Total Monthly Profits About |
|---|---|
| Less than 3 a week | $ 5.50 |
| Less than 1 a day | 15.35 |
| Less than 2 a day | 47.00 |
| Less than 4 a day | 64.00 |
| Less than 10 a day | 167.00 |

**Act NOW!** Take advantage of this money-making opportunity.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
715 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Please rush full particulars of your offer.

Name ____ Age ____

Street ____

Town ____ State ____

3 Drafting Lessons actually FREE!
to prove you can get ready for a well-paid Drafting Job—at home, in spare time!
AMERICAN SCHOOL Dept. DC-87 Drexel Ave.

# GLASSHOUSES FOR STYLE

(Continued from Page 35)

sorts of questions about gardening and myself and my family. Many is the sixpence he has given me.

He was about middle height and squarely built, with a fair, clear complexion. He wore the usual Friend's coat—he was a Quaker, the first ever to sit in the cabinet—and I can see him so clearly—a bow tie and a black silk double-breasted waistcoat with white polka dots on it and a standing Gladstone collar. His hair was longer than now worn by men.

Now, he was a Quaker, and so he didn't believe in any kind of artificial ceremony and fuss or humbug. The Quakers, you see, believe that we are all brothers and consequently one of us must not kotow to another. So John Bright wouldn't take his hat off to the queen.

When the new members of Gladstone's cabinet had to go in to the queen to be invested with their offices, Mr. Gladstone was embarrassed because John Bright wouldn't take his hat off. He had to go in first to the queen and apologize.

"Your Majesty," he said, "you see, Mr. Bright is a Quaker and doesn't believe in taking off his hat to anyone. It is against his religious principles."

"Oh," said the queen, "let Mr. Bright come in as is!" This is the way this story used to be told. And so he did—with his hat on. And yet I have seen him, at Quinta, stand fully fifteen minutes with his head bared, looking up at a grand old oak on Major Barnes' place. Upon my word, I think he was praying! He himself had a place in Lancashire. He called his place the One Ash. Yes, he loved trees, I can tell you.

People in these days are all for style. But they don't go in for what an old-fashioned duke or earl would consider real style—for things like flowers and trees. Today style is more in a fine car or in expensive plumbing and fancy lamps and furniture and such things.

I have known people to spend $50,000 for a tapestry, and if they only grew flowers they would have more beauty than all the rugs in Turkey, I swear, with Mother Nature doing almost all the work. I have been on magnificent estates here in America in July and August, with eighteen men working on the place, and you couldn't pick twenty-five cents' worth of flowers off the whole place. If a few flowers were wanted for the dining-room table they would have to go down to the florist's and buy them.

### *For Beauty and Health*

In the suburbs there are nice lawns and shrubs. But that wouldn't suit me. Even if I had only a mean little plot I would rig up my own little greenhouse and I would have my trained fruit trees and flowers. And I would not have a sun porch in my house with nothing but wicker furniture in it, but I would have a true, old-fashioned conservatory with a glass roof and glass walls to the floor, and it would be full of orchids and rare plants and flowers and English ivy and handsome little flowering trees in wooden tubs, and the sun would be streaming in. This conservatory would be especially for the health of the children in my house.

For we seem to have forgotten that plants are necessary for health. People breathe in the atmosphere; the oxygen is used by the lungs and carbonic-acid gas is exhaled. Automobiles—all forms of combustion—also use up the oxygen in the air. Under the action of sunlight the green leaves of plants break up the carbonic-acid gas; they use the carbon for themselves and free the oxygen for human beings to breathe again.

Nearly a century ago, in quiet, rustic old England, gardeners were comforting themselves with this thought—I have read it many times in old gardening books that belonged to my father and grandfather and that were handed down to me: Though there are continually more people and animals in the world to impest the air, heaven be praised, they said, it will always be necessary to grow more plants to feed them with; and so the extra plants will restore the balance and mankind will not go about gasping in defiled, impoverished air.

Well, we hear little of such talk now, though it is as true as ever. Think of our cities, crammed with people and automobiles, all breathing out poison, and hardly a spear of grass in many square miles!

### *A Profitable Pleasure*

But to return to style. Glasshouses were our idea of style. First, we thought them so beautiful to look at, with the sun glancing and flashing on them, with the translucent through-shine of the pale-blue glass, and inside of them scarlet and purple magenta flowers and rich black hothouse grapes and golden nectarines and little pear trees, and so on. These glasshouses would have such graceful shapes, like glass minarets, with a beautiful tall glass dome in the middle for orchids.

Glasshouses would often pay for the gardening on the whole estate. One rich lady in Pittsfield whom I worked for paid all her gardening expenses and my wages and the wages of ten or twelve workmen by the hothouse fruit that we grew. A ton of hothouse grapes could be grown in one fifty-foot house. That was forty years ago, and at a time when the best Concord grapes were sold at eight cents a pound. I sold and delivered, at that time, to Mrs. Folsom, whose beautiful daughter married President Cleveland, and to several other society ladies in Pittsfield, hothouse grapes at $5 a pound in winter and $3.50 in summer. And though the best outdoor peaches were a drug on the market, fifty cents apiece was willingly paid for those grown under glass, and for tomatoes and other things in the same proportion, practically.

In the 90's I knew an old French gardener on Long Island who had a few old-fashioned greenhouses. He could grow fine big strawberries for Christmas and New Year's. He actually often got fifty or seventy-five cents apiece for them. The late Mr. Whitelaw Reid was one of his steady customers. We used to see this old French chap trotting along to New York to deliver with his own hands two quarts of strawberries worth about thirty dollars.

Just to give you an idea of the value of some glasshouses: My brother worked for a gentleman in Pittsfield whose passion was orchids. He would go to the other side of the world and into jungles below the equator to get a new species that he had heard of. I have known a pot of six orchid blossoms in his greenhouse to be worth $10,000. When he died some of his orchids were sold to Mrs. FitzEugene Dixon of Philadelphia, the daughter of P. A. Widener, for something like $100,000.

So, greenhouses for style, I say. When I was a young apprentice in Wales, working on the estate of the Earl of Powis, two miles from there was Ruthin Castle, where Mrs. Cornwallis West lived—the famous Irish beauty. She had two daughters. One was married to the Prince of Pless and one to the young Duke of Westminster. She was the champion matchmaker, Mrs. Cornwallis West was, for, although they belonged to the family of the Earls De La Warr, the little girls had hardly any endowment in money and they married two of the richest noblemen in the world.

Well, I knew these little Cornwallis West girls when they were about ten and twelve and saw them many times, and they were certainly unassuming and pretty, full of fun and frolic, and lively and jolly, with plenty of yellow hair. I used to ride over to Ruthin Castle on a velocipede with a fifty-inch front wheel, and I and other boys

(Continued on Page 142)

EMPLOY A GOOD PAINTER GOOD PAINTERS USE EAGLE

*The enduring paint*

*in beautiful new plastic finishes*

OUR DECORATORS have worked out a number of new interior finishes of extraordinary beauty—rich and varied effects—suitable for all types of homes. They are very modern, yet extremely livable, and easily produced by a good painter.

We have described them in a new free book, which we will gladly send you on request.

EAGLE *Pure* WHITE LEAD

OLD DUTCH PROCESS

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

*One of many lead, zinc and allied products of*

THE EAGLE-PICHER LEAD COMPANY

134 NORTH LA SALLE STREET, CHICAGO

*Eleven Plants, Branches in All Principal Cities*

*Enjoy the Long Winter Months with*

# ALLEN'S

## *Parlor Furnace*

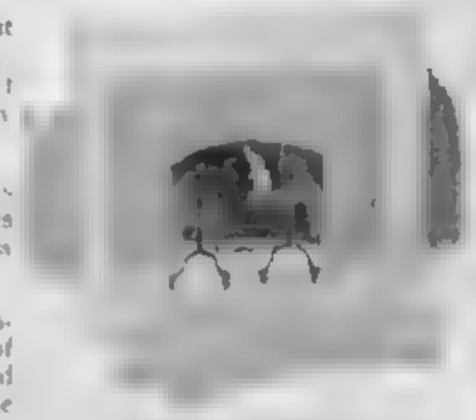
Every room cozy and comfortable in coldest weather. Circulates moist, warm air with furnace like efficiency and saves fuel. Thousands of homes, churches, schools and stores satisfactorily heated.

There is no other heater like ALLEN'S. Its patented construction provides the advantages of modern heating with the joy and cheerfulness of the old-fashioned hearth.

With its classic design and walnut, porcelain-enamel finish, ALLEN'S resembles a piece of beautiful period furniture. Quickly installed and easily operated. Burns any kind of fuel. Made in a special model for burning gas.

### Heat Radiating Fins

The heating unit castings are provided with fins which greatly increase heating capacity—another exclusive ALLEN advantage. Ask the nearest ALLEN dealer for a demonstration.



*"Oldtime Fireside Cheer"*

In designing this new type of heater, ALLEN has made possible the enjoyment of happy hours in the firelight glow without a sacrifice of the comfort and convenience that are associated only with modern heating.

When the ALLEN outer cabinet doors swing open, you have all the sweetness and comfort that for centuries have been associated with the old-time fireside. This unique construction is a patented ALLEN feature.

Patent Nos. 69,731—16,677.
Trade Mark No. 202,578

ALLEN MANUFACTURING COMPANY

*Stove Specialists for a Quarter Century*

Nashville, Tennessee

ALLEN MFG. CO., Nashville, Tenn.
I am interested in
☐ "Oldtime Fireside Cheer" Model
☐ Gas Burning Model

Name

Street or R. F. D.

City

Free booklet

# Index of Advertisers

## *August 18, 1928*


| | PAGE |
|---|---|
| Allen Manufacturing Co. | 140 |
| Allen & Co., Mark W. | 112 |
| American Pulley Co., The | 114 |
| American School | 138 |
| American Telephone & Telegraph Co. | 117 |
| Art Metal Works, Inc. | 99 |
| Bannerman Sons, Francis | 121 |
| Bassick Manufacturing Co., The | 39 |
| Benjamin Franklin, The | 52 |
| Bohn Aluminum & Brass Corporation | 91 |
| Boott Mills | 110 |
| Buick Motor Company | 84, 85 |
| Cambridge Press | 138 |
| Campbell Soup Company | 25 |
| Cannon Mills, Inc. | 143 |
| Celotex Company, The | 131 |
| Central Alloy Steel Corporation | 144 |
| Cheek-Neal Coffee Company | 78 |
| Chevrolet Motor Company | 48, 49 |
| Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Pacific | 104 |
| Chrysler Sales Corporation | 45 |
| Cities Service Company | 106 |
| Clark Lighter Co., Inc. | 88 |
| Coleman, Watson E. | 121 |
| Colgate & Co. | 123 |
| Congoleum-Nairn Inc. | 30 |
| Cook Co., The H. C. | 112 |
| Creo-Dipt Co., Inc. | 82 |
| Cyclone Fence Company | 141 |
| Davis Tailoring Company, The P. H. | 100 |
| De Soto Motor Corporation (Division of Chrysler Corp.) | 89 |
| Detroit Belt Lacer Co. | 121 |
| Ditto Incorporated | 137 |
| Eagle Pencil Company, The | 139 |
| Edison Electric Appliance Co., Inc. | 53 |
| Elcar Motor Company | 130 |
| Electric Vacuum Cleaner Co., Inc. | 47 |
| Elgin National Watch Company | 87 |
| Enna Jettick Shoes | 121 |
| Evans & Co., Victor J. | 121 |
| Fafnir Bearing Company, The | 135 |
| Fairbanks, Morse & Co. | 102 |
| Federal Rubber Company | 54 |
| Fisher Body Corp. | 32 |
| Fleischmann Company, The | 77 |
| Florsheim Shoe Company, The | 134 |
| Follansbee Brothers Company | 132 |
| Franklin Automobile Company | 120 |
| French Company, The R. T. | 126 |
| General Electric Company | 42 |
| General Gas Light Company | 136 |
| General Weatherstrip Co. | 110 |
| Glover Co., Inc., H. Clay | 55 |
| Goodrich Rubber Co., The B. F. | 36, 37 |
| Hart Schaffner & Marx | 2 |
| Holeproof Hosiery Company | 1 |
| Hoover Company, The | 94 |
| Hupp Motor Car Corp. | 101 |
| Hyatt Roller Bearing Company | 108, 109 |
| Ingram Co., Frederick F. | 133 |
| Insurance Company of North America | 98 |
| Jantzen Swimming Association | 81 |
| Kelly-Springfield Tire Company | 125 |
| Lambert Pharmacal Company | 124 |
| LaSalle Extension University | 110 |
| Libbey-Owens Sheet Glass Co., The | 122 |
| Lycoming Manufacturing Company | 127 |
| Mueller Co. | 92, 93 |
| National Carbon Company, Inc. | 34 |
| North Bros. Mfg. Co. | 64 |
| North East Service, Inc. | 105 |
| Oakland Motor Car Company | 65 |
| Packard Motor Car Co. | 60, 61 |
| Palmolive-Peet Company, The | 129 |
| Parke, Davis & Co. | 69 |
| Pennsylvania Rubber Co. of America, Inc. | 96, 97 |
| Perfect Circle Company, The | 56 |
| Philadelphia Storage Battery Co. | 118, 119 |
| Plumbing and Heating Industries Bureau | 80 |
| Polk Miller Products Corp. | 74 |
| Pratt & Lambert-Inc. | 51 |
| Quaker Oats Company, The | II Cover |
| Quaker State Oil Refining Co. | 111 |
| Reid, Murdoch & Company | 63 |
| Reo Motor Car Company | 41 |
| Rhodes Mfg. Co. | 57 |
| Rogers Bros. 1847 | III Cover |
| Russell Mfg. Co., The | 76 |
| Rutland Fire Clay Co. | 112 |
| Schrader's Son, Inc., A. | 128 |
| Scott & Sons Co., O. M. | 121 |
| Scripps-Howard Newspapers | 115 |
| Stone Straw Corporation | 79 |
| Swift & Company | 27 |
| Trico Products Corporation | 142 |
| United States Radiator Corporation | 58 |
| United States Rubber Company | 68, 75 |
| Universal Pictures | 44 |
| Upson Company, The | 103 |
| U. S. Hoffman Machinery Corp. | 70 |
| Vacuum Oil Company | 29 |
| Valentine & Company | 67 |
| Victor Talking Machine Co. | IV Cover |
| Willys-Overland, Inc. | 72, 73 |
| Wilson Brothers | 113 |


While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index

# Money!

*Generous Pay for Spare Time!*

# Money!

***Could You Find an Hour to Sell?***

# Money!

Say once or twice a week? Would you accept up to $1.50 or $2.00 for it? For work you can do in your own neighborhood? Or even without leaving home? Hundreds of busy men and women add $5, $10 or more regularly every week to their incomes as our subscription representatives. Don't pass over this opportunity without investigating it. It will cost you only a postage stamp to find out. Mail the coupon now.

**The Saturday Evening Post**
**711 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania**

Mail me your offer. I'll look it over. But I don't promise anything more.

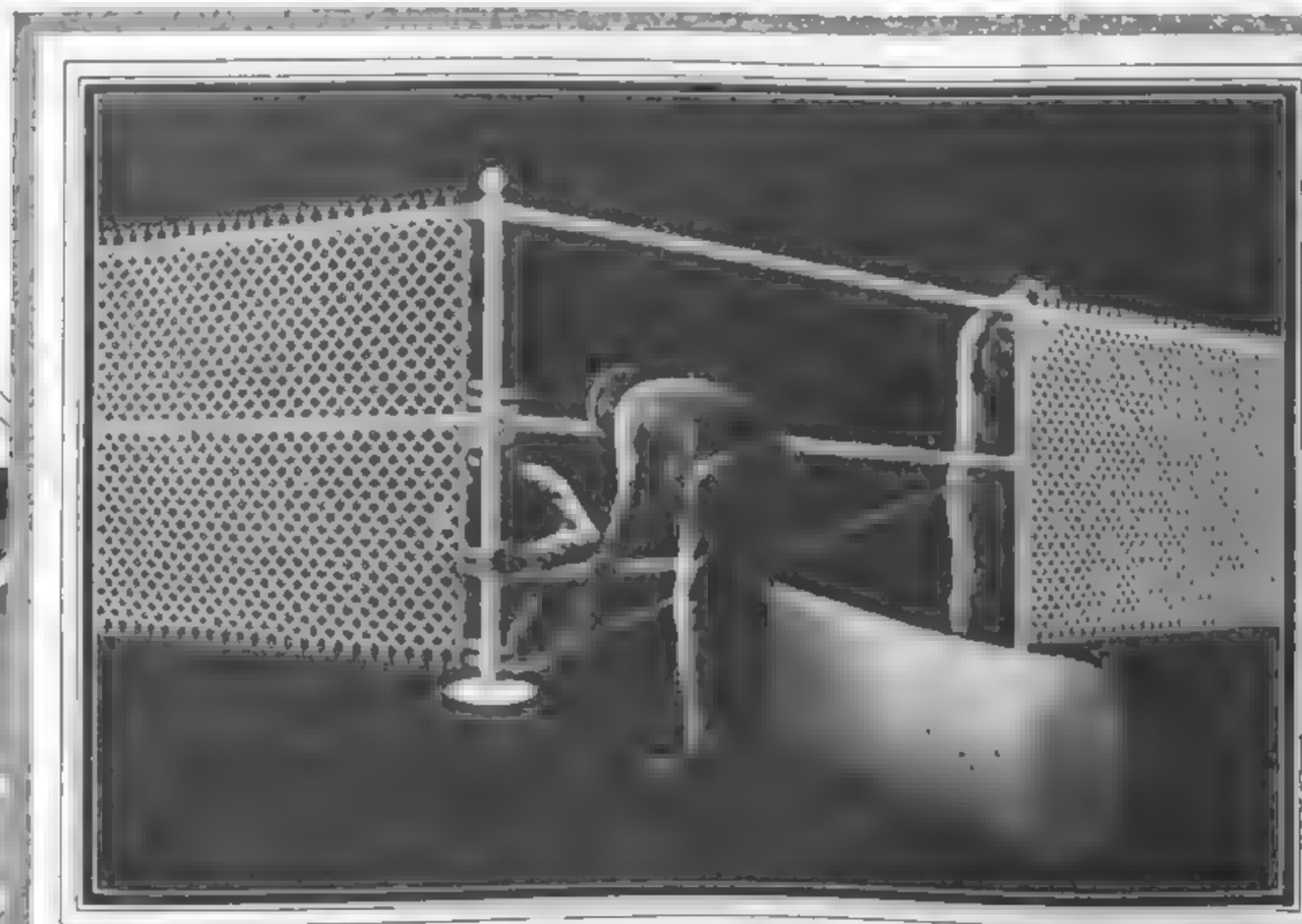
Name _____ (Please Print Name and Address) Age _____

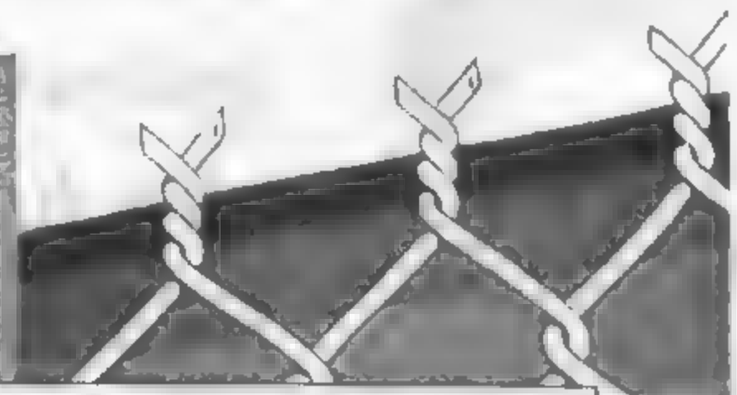
Street

City

# A SITUATION

## YOU COMPLETELY CONTROL





### *Enclose Schools and* ATHLETIC FIELDS *with Cyclone Fence Now*

Cyclone Fence establishes definite boundary lines at the school playground and provides a barrier that keeps children out of streets—away from speeding trucks and other dangerous traffic. Children must enter and leave the grounds at gateways which can be located for greatest safety.

Athletic Fields, enclosed with Cyclone Chain Link Fence, provide greater revenue in admission fees. Often the first year's admissions pay for the fence. No watchers needed to prevent free entry. Crowds are handled in an orderly, systematic manner. Erect your Cyclone Fence at once—have it ready for the opening game of the football season.

Buying a fence is just what you make it—either a sure-value purchase, or a risky transaction. Strange as it may seem, it is possible to buy good fence materials and yet get an unsatisfactory fence job. If you start with poor materials, disappointment is sure.

But why take an unnecessary risk? Start right—choose a good fence, made of copper-bearing steel, with full-weight materials throughout, all heavily hot-dipped galvanized. Equally important, find out, before you buy, the exact details of the erection methods to be used, and exactly who will do the work of erection. Don't be satisfied with evasive answers such as "We take care of erection." Don't take too much for granted when you are told "We have a representative in your city." Make sure the company who manufactures the fence will actually erect it and be responsible for the finished job. No fence can give long service at low annual cost unless it is properly erected.

The Cyclone Fence Company not only manufactures fence, but provides a complete engineering and erection service, maintaining more than 100 erection crews at all times. Instead of sub-letting erection work to local agents or outside fence erectors, installation specialists on the Cyclone pay-roll do the work and you can hold the Cyclone Fence Company alone responsible for the completed installation. That is the only basis on which Cyclone Chain Link Fence is sold.

Cyclone is a national organization of fence specialists with six large factories making fence exclusively, 13 fully-stocked warehouses located for quick shipment to any locality, and direct factory branches in all principal cities, owned and manned by the Cyclone Fence Company. Cyclone Service—quick, complete and efficient—is available everywhere.

*Fencing for schools, playgrounds, factories,*

*residences, estates, property of all kinds.*

# Cyclone Fence

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

CYCLONE FENCE COMPANY · *Main Offices:* Waukegan, Ill.

*Works and Offices:*
North Chicago, Ill., Greensburg, Ind., Cleveland, Ohio, Newark, N. J., Fort Worth, Texas, Oakland, Calif., Portland, Ore.

*Direct Factory Branches:*
Atlanta, Baltimore, Buffalo, Charlotte, Cincinnati, Des Moines, Detroit, Hartford, Conn., Houston, Indianapolis, Jacksonville, Fla., Kansas City, Mo., Milwaukee, Minneola, N. Y., Minneapolis, Mount Vernon, N. Y., Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Syracuse, Toledo, Tulsa.

*Pacific Coast Division:*
Standard Fence Company, Oakland, Los Angeles and San Francisco, Calif., Northwest Fence & Wire Works, Portland, Oregon, and Seattle, Washington.

© C. F. Co. 1928

## *Call a Cyclone Fence Specialist*

The Cyclone Fence Company will send a man who is equipped to discuss fencing with you intelligently—a man who has worked in one of the Cyclone plants, studied fence application in the field and actually erected it. Ply him with questions on any phase of fencing, consult him on any specific problem—you will find him prepared to furnish convincing proof that Cyclone Fence and Cyclone Service constitute maximum fence value. *It pays to buy fence from an organization of fence specialists.* Write, phone or wire nearest offices.

The VISIONALL, the perfect Windshield Cleaner, is Standard Equipment on the big fleet of Packards and Pierce-Arrows operated by Van Dyke of Buffalo—Arthur Mintz drives one of these well equipped cars.

*"I know my passengers in the back seat like to see, too!"*

"I drive one of the Van Dyke Packard and Pierce fleet day and night, rain or shine. And I've heard more favorable comments on my windshield cleaner than on any other feature of our big cars. It's easy to understand... for the first time since motor cars were invented, passengers in the rear seat can see ahead in a storm. There's none of that "cooped-up" feeling you get with a blurred windshield.

"You'll find it mighty comfortable to sit in the back seat and know where you are heading. The wide open, all clear windshield, clean clear across, gives everybody in the car a chance to see the road ahead. When you want to add an improvement to your car, put on a Visionall!"

The Visionall has two vertical blades that *drain* as they *wipe*. It is run by the powerful engine of your car. No electrical connections. At dealers' and service stations everywhere.

New 5-ply Rubber Blade fits any cleaner

The Visionall has two of these new Trico five-ply Permoflex blades. They clean marvelously. These blades fit any suction cleaner. 15c each (U. S. A.) postpaid if your dealer can't supply you. Pat. Feb. 14 1928.

TRICO
*VISIONALL*
*Twin-Blade Windshield Wiper*
PATENTED: U. S. A. AND PRINCIPAL FOREIGN COUNTRIES
TRICO PRODUCTS CORPORATION, BUFFALO, N. Y.


(Continued from Page 138)

would play marbles with them and join them in one-bat cricket, and if they hit a ball into the thorn hedge, we would get it for them. Where I was working we had the most beautiful pansies in the world, much larger than a silver dollar. I brought these and mushrooms and roses to these little girls with much pride, and I must confess I brought them even if I had to crib them.

When seventeen, Daisy—her real name was Mary Theresa Olivia—married the Prince of Pless and went to live in a castle in Upper Silesia so huge that visitors had whole suites of rooms at their disposal and were provided with a footman whose duty it was to conduct them from one part of the castle to another. The dining room seated 300 people. There were more than 200 servants. The carriage house had fifty carriages, and the family court coach was gold and scarlet like King George's, and there were 250 carriage horses. The gardens had no less than twenty-seven fountains; and this would impress us for its magnificence and grandeur more than anything else—there were glasshouses covering three acres.

In the old days patience was one of the great virtues. Work today, we told ourselves, and the next day and the next, and be good-natured and cheerful and do not repine, for some day, there your work will be—something to look at and be an honor to you. But patience is out just now. The world seems to be full of nervous flibbertigibbets who have so little patience, they can't act at all. These people couldn't grow anything.

The United States Government spends millions to teach people how to become agriculturists and to encourage horticulture and arboriculture. But the only thing that will make people really learn and hanker for it is for them to do it for themselves. It makes me think of singing in church. In the old days of Moody and Sankey, people sang for themselves in church. Everybody could sing. Now they have a choir that does it, but it doesn't go through your bones the same way. In our church the choir went away on a vacation for a month and, I swear, the people couldn't sing at all. Why, I was the only one in the place you could hear! And it's too bad, because singing for yourself—that's good for you; it warms your heart.

So it is with gardening. Don't hire a furnace man or an ash man to take care of your place. Do it yourself and "make the desert bloom," as they say of that great man, the fifteenth Earl of Shrewsbury, who has been sort of canonized by all gardeners in England. And begin now, for, mark my words, people will be getting homesick for trees and flowers again. There are plenty who are forlorn for them now.

Editor's Note—This is the second of three articles by Mr. Edwards. The last will appear in the September first issue.


THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

*(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)*


IS fully protected by copyright and nothing that appears in it may be reprinted, either wholly or in part, without special permission. The use of our articles or quotations from them for advertising promotions and stock-selling schemes is never authorized.

# *Table of Contents*

August 18, 1928

Cover Design by Norman Rockwell

SHORT STORIES


Nina and the Blemish—*Earl Derr Biggers* — *Illustrated by Saul Tepper* — 6
Valor—*R. G. Kirk* — *Illustrated by J. Clinton Shepherd* — 10
Romance for Rent—*George Weston* — *Illustrated by Grant Reynard* — 12
Patient Hears Mockerbird—*Oma Almona Davies* — *Illustrated by William Liepse* — 16
The Last U—*Leonard H. Nason* — *Illustrated by Anton Otto Fischer* — 18


ARTICLES


Plain People—*E. W. Howe* — *Illustrated by Herbert Johnson* — 3
Chumming With the Constellations—*Don Marquis* — *Illustrated by Wyncie King* — 8
Trunk Liners of the Air—*Commander Ralph D. Weyerbacher, C. C., U. S. N.* — *Photographs* — 14
The Foreign-Loan Hazard—*Will Payne* — *Cartoon by Herbert Johnson* — 23
Confession of a Cartoonist—*Bud Fisher* — *Photographs* — 31
Glasshouses for Style—*William M. O. Edwards* — *Photographs* — 33
A Dog's Life—*Dorothy Harrison Eustis* — *Photographs* — 38


SERIALS


The Duke Steps Out (Third part)—*Lucian Cary* — *Illustrated by Arthur William Brown* — 20
Swag (Fifth part)—*Charles Francis Coe* — *Illustrated by Saul Tepper* — 26


MISCELLANY


Editorials — 22
Short Turns and Encores — 24
Who's Who—and Why — 50
Cartoon and Comedy — 55



A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Publishers also of *Ladies' Home Journal* (monthly) 10c the copy, $1 00 the year (U. S. and Canada), and *The Country Gentleman* (monthly) 5c the copy, 3 years for $1 00 (U. S. and Canada). Foreign prices quoted on request.

# *Summer shows the value* of the Cannon Bath

## *—and the economy of* Cannon Towels

*Trade-mark label that identifies Cannon towels.*

*Above, Cannon Seagull turkish towel; border in pink, blue, gold or lavender. About $1.50. What could be more suitable for use on motorboats, or at the seashore?*

THESE are the days when the Cannon Bath has been leaned on heavily and when Cannon towels have had plenty of work to do. For summer is the time when not merely the customary morning tub or shower is the rule, but when often enough an evening bath is necessary too—besides swimming and sea-bathing. If you haven't found out by now how much benefit the Cannon Bath gives you, if you don't know the joy of reaching for a fresh Cannon turkish towel every time you step out of the water, then you have missed something this summer. Missed a lot.

So take stock of your towels. Have you enough? Are they Cannon towels? Can you have a clean Cannon turkish towel whenever you want it, even on the morning of laundry day? Unless you insist on that fresh Cannon turkish towel with every bath, you still aren't taking that Cannon Bath.

To make it possible for every home to have at least a dozen Cannon turkish towels for each person, Cannon towels come in all possible sizes, types, designs and prices. No matter what you want to spend on towels, you can find Cannons to suit your budget. And they will be long-lasting too. The majority of hotels, athletic and country clubs and hospitals use Cannon towels because they have found out from experience that these towels are more economical. They stand hard use by the public. And everybody likes them. You will find them in the most exclusive establishments where everything is the best obtainable, as well as in institutions where every penny is counted closely. In Cannon towels, luxury and economy become one and the same. There are also Cannon huck towels, wash cloths, bath mats and bath sheets. Sold by dry goods and department stores everywhere. Prices from 25 cents to $3.50. Cannon Mills, Inc., New York City.

### *To sleep on a hot summer night*

Just remember that the *after effect* of cold water is warmth, and of warm water, coolness. So when the night is hot and sticky and you can't get to sleep, take a warm bath. Temperature about 100 degrees. A bath thermometer will tell you and it's well worth having. Stay in the water until you are comfortable, but don't let the water grow cold or even cool. Add warm water if necessary to keep the temperature right until you begin to feel perhaps a bit drowsy. Then get out. Easy, now. Don't hurry and get all worked up again. Rub dry gently with a fresh Cannon turkish towel. And so to bed, cooled off and happy, for an easy, restful night. That's the Cannon Bath for hot nights.

*Cannon Flamingo turkish towel; border in pink, blue, gold, lavender or green. About $1.50.*

*Cannon turkish towel with border in pink, blue, gold or lavender. About 70c.*

*Cannon turkish towel with design in pink, blue or gold. About 50c.*

*Cannon Whale turkish towel with border in pink, blue, gold, lavender or green. About $1.75.*

*All colors in all Cannon towels are guaranteed absolutely fast*

# CANNON TOWELS

# How Builders are Conquering Repair Expense with rust-resisting TONCAN IRON

**In the New York Life Building 125,000 square yards of metal lath made of Toncan Iron will serve unseen—combating rust and corrosion**

MASSIVE buildings of today must return a profit on a tremendous investment. Every repair expense reduces the revenue. Sometimes the heaviest repair items cover those materials that serve unseen, such as metal lath, ventilating ducts and the sheet metal work exposed to the elements. That is why Berloy Metal Lath, made of Toncan Iron, was specified in the immense New York Life Building.

Where ordinary sheet metal is used on a building, rust gains an easy foothold. Quickly and surely it eats its way. To conquer this rapid destruction, architects, contractors and sheet metal workers specify Toncan Copper Mo-lyb-den-um Iron for cornices, gutters, downspouting, canopies, flashing, skylights and ventilating systems. No matter how large or how modest the building, the use of this scientifically alloyed iron is an economy.

Manufacturers of metal products, always seeking improvements, were quick to adopt this rust and corrosion-resisting iron. Toncan is widely used in stoves, furnaces, refrigerators, kitchen cabinets, sinks and drain boards. Most of these makers are proud to place the Toncan label upon their products. It is a badge of quality; look for it.

Toncan Iron is available in many forms; welded and seamless tubes and pipe, light weight spiral pipe, bars, plates, sheets and strip, wire, rivets, bolts and screws. In thousands of applications it fights a stubborn battle against rust and corrosion.

An interesting book, "The Path to Permanence," tells how Toncan is made, why it is so durable, and points out its many uses. Send for a copy.

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
TONCAN
COPPER
Mo-lyb-den-um
IRON

*Curtis-Yale-Holland Co. of Minneapolis, makers of Curtis woodwork, use Toncan Iron on their warehouses as protection against fire and rust.*

*Home on Amherst Estates, Buffalo. Toncan Iron used on all sheet metal work. Mann & Cook, architects, Buffalo, N. Y.*

The famous family of steel products under the Agathon trade-mark includes Alloy Steels, Special Finish Sheets as well as all standard finishes, Electrical Sheets, Hot Rolled Strip, Galvannealed Sheets and Enduro Stainless Iron. Write for information on any product. It is gladly furnished.

ACATHON STEELS

## CENTRAL ALLOY STEEL CORPORATION, Massillon, Ohio

MILLS: CANTON AND MASSILLON, OHIO

Cleveland Detroit Chicago New York Philadelphia Tulsa Los Angeles Seattle Syracuse St. Louis San Francisco Cincinnati

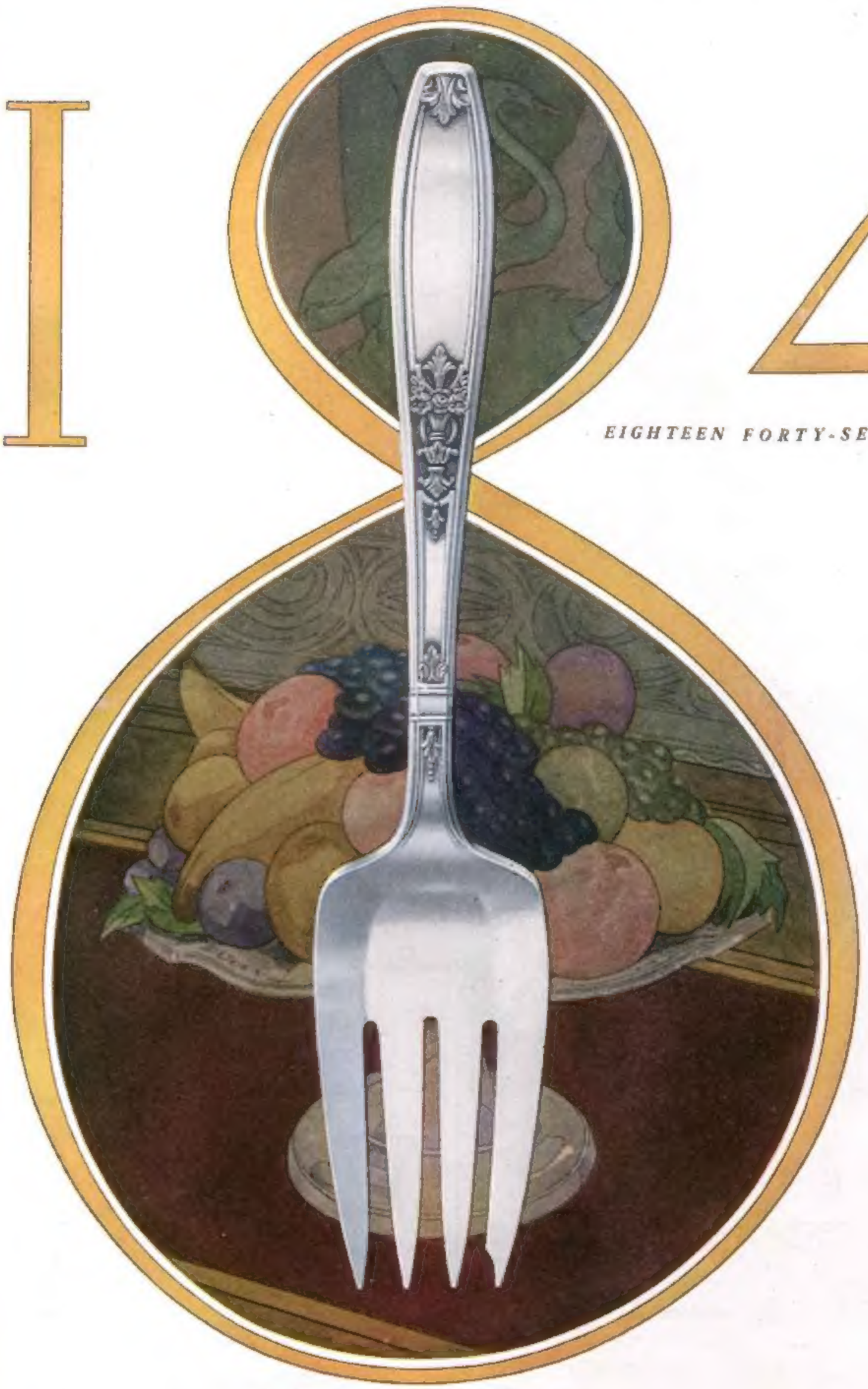
Toncan is fabricated in Canada by The Pedlar People, Ltd., Oshawa, Ontario

*WORLD'S LARGEST AND MOST HIGHLY SPECIALIZED ALLOY STEEL PRODUCERS*

ON THE TABLES OF AMERICA'S FIRST FAMILIES SINCE

# 1847

*EIGHTEEN FORTY-SEVEN*



The AMBASSADOR Pattern

Cold Meat Fork . . . $2.50

*Other Patterns:* ARGOSY
ANCESTRAL . ANNIVERSARY

## There Is But One!

So recognized is the leadership of 1847 ROGERS BROS. Silverplate in the field of fine silverware, that others often seek to suggest its quality by similar sounding names . . . But sateen is not satin. Those who go part way in name, seldom go all the way in quality and craftsmanship.

The *complete* trade mark enchased on every piece thus: 1847 ROGERS BROS. insures your complete satisfaction through a lifetime of silver service. . . . There is but *one* 1847 ROGERS BROS. Silverplate. In service for 80 years, it is guaranteed without time-limit.

Nothing so bespeaks the refinement and distinction of the home as a silver service of matching pieces. Such a service . . . in 1847 ROGERS BROS. Silverplate . . . may be assembled in a leisurely, inexpensive manner, as your needs and your purse dictate.

The PIECES OF 8 Set forms the logical basis of a matching service . . . eight of each in knives, forks and spoons . . . (Priced at $43.75) . . . Then PIECES OF CHARM in the same pattern . . . butter spreaders (8 for $8.30), salad forks (8 for $10.00), bouillon spoons (8 for $9.65), serving pieces and the other incidentals of the well-appointed table. These may be purchased separately or as a set . . . Finally, appropriate hollow ware; dinner and coffee sets, handsome ornamental pieces . . . to complete a service of matching and matchless beauty.
*(All prices slightly higher in Canada.)*

# ·1847 ROGERS BROS·

SILVERPLATE

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO

MAY WE SEND YOU THE FASCINATING BUDGET BOOK?
*—telling of a new and delightful way to acquire an all-embracing service in silverplate . . . with pleasing speed and painless thrift . . . Write for Booklet V-90 to International Silver Company . . . Department E. . . Meriden, Connecticut.*

SALESROOMS: NEW YORK, CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO . . . . CANADA: INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, HAMILTON, ONTARIO

# MUSIC NO DANCE-LOVING FEET CAN RESIST

*The New Orthophonic*
**Victrola**

THE sparkling ripple of high-pitched, soprano saxophones . . . the rhythmic strum of banjos and piano . . . the staccato beat of snare-drum and cymbal . . . in no sense raucous, but modulated, melodious, seductive. One insistent thought crowding out all others: "Let's dance!" You are in a ballroom—*in your own home!* ' ' ' So realistic is reproduction through the Orthophonic Victrola, you almost *see* the orchestra, the ballroom and its happy company. You choose a partner and are on your feet—dancing, dancing, and enjoying it! ' ' ' All kinds of music are at your instant command when you have one of these versatile entertainers. The new Victrola gives so much and costs so little, it is pointless to be without one. See your Victor dealer now and arrange for a demonstration *in your home.*

VICTOR TALKING MACHINE COMPANY, CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY, U. S. A.

*Model Seven-twenty-six. Victor Electrola Radiola. Electrola reproduces and amplifies records electrically. Radiola is the new, all-electric R C A 18. List price, $425, with tubes.*